Endangered

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by Icalynn, Ischa

Summary

An AU where Bruce Wayne is bitten by the beast that killed his parents and is thrust into a world he never knew existed. Years pass by and Batman not only hunts the criminals of Gotham, but also the feral wolves that haunt his city. He only begins to learn more about his new world when he takes in Dick Grayson a pureblood.
~One~

Dick grinned, there was a full moon tonight. He could feel it in his bones, but he never needed the moon to transform into his better half. Dick was excited that Damian could join him tonight… Damian definitely needed some fun. And what was better than playing in the garden under the moonlight?

He closed his eyes, his senses expanding as he searched for the scent of his brother. He opened his eyes and raced down the hall, discarding his clothing as he went. “Hey!”

Damian scowled at him, crossing his arms over his chest. So defensive. He looked so much like Bruce. So closed off, he needed to run around in the garden and play like a child his age should.

“You know you want too!” He tugged off his pants and boxers. Now this was the part he loved the most. Dick jumped up into the air, felt his body shifting with ease, and then he landed on all fours. He howled with excitement and looked up at Damian.

“Show off.”

Dick stretched, smiling even if he knew he really couldn’t in this form. But he felt alive and happy. He trotted over to Damian, rubbing against his legs until Damian sighed and let his fingers brush against Dick’s silky white fur.

“Fine.” Damian groaned after a moment and started to remove his clothing as well.

“Master Dick,” Alfred’s voice rang out. Dick ducked his head down, letting out a whimper when Alfred suddenly appeared at the door, holding Dick’s discarded clothes in his hands. “Must we have another talk?”

Dick barked, wagging his tail as he darted over to him, rubbing against his legs until Alfred reached down and petted him. He sat down, looking up at Alfred. He was the first human that had
ever shown him affection like this outside of the safety of his circus. Alfred cared for him like he was his own pup. He was the best. He took such great care of their pack.

“Very good, young sir. But next time.” Cause there was always a next time, Dick couldn’t help it! He’d walk around nude if he could, Dick felt like clothes were so restricting and he loved being free in his wolf form.

Dick licked at his hands, rubbing his head against Alfred, showing him how much he loved him. He darted back to Damian, circling around him as Damian finished undressing. Dick sat back down, watching as Damian shifted. The pain was noticeable in Damian’s face, but it only lasted a fraction of a second compared to what it had been.

Damian dropped to all fours, trembling for a moment until Dick rubbed against him, licking his face. Damian whimpered and covered his face with his paws. Dick stayed near him until Damian felt well enough to get up.

Damian was a stunning gray wolf.

It always took so much out of Damian to change into his wolf form, Dick never understood why Damian fought it so much… Dick had a feeling that it was his Grandfather that had hurt him and taught him to hate this side of him. Damian rarely talked about his Grandfather, but Dick disliked what he’s heard so far about him.

Dick barked, glancing expectantly at Alfred and then at the glass French doors that closed them off to the garden.

Alfred nodded and opened the door for them. Dick immediately sprinted out, racing along the paths and then stopping to howl at the moon in excitement. He turned to Damian who joined him.

Damian’s howl was still light and sharp, showing his age. Dick’s was starting to get a little deeper, but he was still a pup to most eyes.

They raced around for a while, until Dick tackled Damian to the ground, just playing. Dick made it a point to play with Damian as much as he could in both forms… but he preferred moments like this. It was the best thing ever, Dick lived for these nights were they could just let go and play in their natural wolf forms.

Damian suddenly froze, growling as he glanced back at the manor. Dick followed his gaze, his eyes focusing on the dark figure on the rooftop. Bruce. He was a massive wolf, fur as black as the night… he blended into the shadows, it was only his piercing blue eyes that gave him away.

He seemed more like the Batman in this form than in his costume. And Dick wondered if this form was what really influenced his other nightly activities. But the Batman never patrolled when there was a full moon. Bruce never ventured away from the manor on these nights either.

Dick closed his eyes as Bruce’s scent wafted down over them. It was a deep musky odor that was always more pronounced when he took on his wolf form. He was their father and pack leader. Bruce looked down at them, watching over them. Protecting them from afar as he always did.

Dick knew from experience that he shouldn’t engage Bruce, but he still ached to do so. To curl up close and feel the heat of Bruce’s body against his. It was times like this that he really missed his parents and the comforting heat that surrounded him, making him feel loved when they curled protectively around him.

Damian pulled away and Dick growled, feeling like their fun was cut short. Damian let out a low
howl that was answered by Bruce’s. It echoed through the yard and Dick couldn’t help the response it stirred in him.

Dick jumped up, racing over to the edge of the manor and darted up the side with ease. He paused, prostrating in front of him, out of respect, until Bruce nodded in acknowledgment. Dick neared him, bumping his head against Bruce’s massive chest and rubbing against him. Bruce's black fur was silky soft against his own.

Bruce remained firm and unyielding as he’s always been, but it never deterred Dick. He loved Bruce and he would always try to engage him in some way. He licked at Bruce’s chin and then nuzzled close for just a moment longer.

Damian whimpered from below and Dick felt guilty for leaving him. Damian was still unable to follow him up in wolf form, still unsure of the more graceful movements that were inherently his as well.

Dick barked and then looked once more at Bruce before he darted down the side and jumped on Damian. Damian barked back and they played, rolling around in the grass until Alfred called them in.

Dick didn’t even realize it had gotten so late. He reluctantly followed Damian in, they settled in front of the fireplace and cuddled until they shifted back.

~*~

“There’s been more killings,” Bruce stated as he studied the reports on the screen.

“Where?” Dick questioned as he finished suiting up in his uniform. He would have preferred patrolling in his wolf form, but Bruce forbade it. Dick understood and he grew to love his Robin persona… it was reminiscent of his Flying Graysons’ costume.

“The Narrows.” Bruce’s voice cut into Dick’s musing and focused him onto the task at hand.

The Narrows. Dick tensed, he knew there were feral wolves lurking in the Narrows and were most likely the source of the killings… but it wasn’t their fault. “Our kind?”

Bruce gave him a piercing look and grunted. He pulled on his cowl. “Let’s go.”

Dick nodded and followed. They’ve investigated the area before, but they’ve never found anything… but maybe tonight they would. Dick hated the thought of one of their kind killing so many. It made his heart hurt. There had to be another explanation. It was crimes like these that gave them a bad reputation, humans would never care and understand them until they could clear it up once and for all.
Detective John Blake scoured over the open cases on his desk. They all had the same M.O. and John was convinced that there were more to the reports than meets the eyes. And there was something familiar about the newest case...

The Wayne murders.

John inhaled sharply as the thought occurred to him and he rushed to the archives and pulled out the old case files. It was a hallmark case and it was still taught at the academy. But John had studied the case before he went into the police force, it had fascinated him. Bruce Wayne, fascinated him.

John shook his head, focusing his thoughts as he quickly read over the original report and he felt a rush of excitement as he found what he was looking for. “Bingo.”

It was identical. The same thing that killed the Waynes had killed the last victim and countless others. Was it a serial killer? But that made no sense.

John’s gaze narrowed on a note that John had never seen before. It was never discussed in class either. Bruce Wayne, the only witness had claimed that a scary beast had killed his parents. Of course they dismissed it at the time. It was surreal, supernatural… but John liked to keep an open mind.

Granted they were only stories, but John wondered more and more of the validity of them. John was almost positive that these killings were due to wolf bites. Werewolves were hunting the streets of Gotham and he needed to do what he could to help.

The Batman’s presence deterred most crimes and overall the crime rate was down. But these killings still lingered. The Batman couldn’t do it on his own.

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John knocked on the door of the Manor. It was a huge risk coming here, but he needed more information. And he needed to know everything that Bruce Wayne had seen that night. Perhaps with his help they could possibly reopen his case and prevent more murders in the Narrows.

The door opened and an older gentleman appeared. Alfred Pennyworth. The butler and Bruce’s caretaker when he was a boy. “Yes, Officer, how may I be of assistance?”

“I’d like to speak to Mister Wayne.”

Alfred frowned, “I’m sorry, but Master Wayne does not take any unscheduled appointments.”

“It’s in regards to his parent’s cold case,” John stated quickly. “I need a statement in hopes of reopening it.”

Alfred’s eyes widened a fraction and nodded his head. He opened the door further to let him in. “I shall speak to Master Wayne, but there’s no guarantee he’ll see you.”

“Understood.” John followed him into the grand foyer.
“You can wait in the study.” Alfred began as he led the way.

John stopped in his tracks as his gaze caught a blur of white fur running down the stairs. John inhaled sharply as he realized that it was a wolf pup. A wolf. Pure white with brilliant blue eyes… it was simply hypnotizing. “A wolf?” He croaked, glancing at Alfred. “As a pet?”

“What else would a billionaire own?” Alfred smiled fondly and continued to lead the way, the wolf following them down the hallway and rubbing against Alfred as he left John waiting.

The wolf approached John, sniffing him.

“Hey, there…” John tentatively held his hand out to him. “Boy.”

The wolf licked at his hand and then barked at him, circling around him. John guessed that meant that the wolf liked him? This was so fucking surreal.

“He’s an excellent judge of character.”

John’s gaze snapped over to the man he came to see. Bruce Wayne. He was more breathtaking in person and it took a moment for John to put his thoughts back in order. But he found he was still tongue-tied. “He’s magnificent,” he stated instead, needing another moment longer.

The wolf barked at him in response, it was uncanny…. almost like the wolf could understand him. The wolf rubbed against John’s legs before going over to Bruce and doing the same.

“Yes, he is.” Bruce smiled. “But I’m sure that he’s not why you’re here. Alfred said something about my parents’ case.”

John nodded. “Yes, in the original report you claimed that it was a beast that attacked your parents. The detectives on the case dismissed that idea and didn’t follow up on it.”

Bruce reached down, running his fingers through the white fur almost as if he was lost in thought. “Yes, they said I was making it up.”

“I don’t.” John stated as he sat down and took out his notepad. “In fact, I believe that the more recent murders have been identical and could possibly be connected.”

“I don’t see how I can help.” Bruce replied as he took a seat, the wolf curling around his feet… John felt like the wolf was watching him, it was almost unnatural. The blue eyes were sharp and knowing.

“Just tell me anything you can remember,” John paused, realizing how insensitive he sounded. “If it’s no problem. I know it’s been a few years, but any small detail could help.”

The wolf whimpered, pressing his head against Bruce’s leg.

Bruce nodded as he absentmindedly stroked the wolf’s fur in response. They seemed close, which was a foreign thought to John. How could a wild animal be so tame?

“Take your time.”

Bruce took a deep breath and then he told John everything he could remember about the night his parents were killed. He barely skipped a beat and John knew that Bruce had replayed that moment over and over again in his mind. John understood. His own father was killed in front of his eyes in a scene he’d never forget.
The wolf whimpered a few times, nuzzling Bruce’s leg.

“Thank you,” John stated as Bruce finished.

“Don’t thank me yet,” Bruce stood up, the wolf following suit. “You can see yourself out.” Bruce dismissed him, leaving before John could add anything else.

John sighed, rubbing his face. He wanted to reassure him that this would help future victims… that the beast that killed his parents would be caught.

John tucked the pad away, there were a few things to go on. It was a start.

John made his way out into the hallway, startling slightly as the wolf greeted him there. There was a sadness in his eyes that hadn't been there before. “Hey, boy.” John smiled, petting him once more and glancing down the hallway. “Going to escort me to the door?”

The wolf barked, nodding his head.

“You’re pretty smart, ya know that?”

He barked once more and then darted down the hallway. John followed him to the door and left the manor with a few answers, but strangely enough he had so many more questions, mainly regarding the white wolf.
Part One: Chapter Three

~Three~

Jason was shivering as he woke up and his mouth was filled with the metallic aftertaste of blood. He made himself look down at his hands: there was blood underneath his fingernails too.

He could see it all too clearly, even in the darkness of the approaching morning.

He pressed himself harder against the wall of the doorway he woke up in. He did it again. He didn't want to, he never wanted to, but it just happened anyway.

He still felt wild and feral around the edges of his human skin.

Jason breathed in and then closed his eyes, so he could catalog his body. He was cold, and he was bloody and he ached in all the wrong places, but the ache was already fading. He wasn't hungry, which – he hoped to god it was rats or a cat or something. He didn't really want to think about any other possibilities.

Jason knew that he had to get up and get out of that doorway sometime soon, but it was hard to care. It would in winter, as soon as it started to get cold. He knew he needed clothes. This back ally wasn't going to hide him forever and a naked kid would attract all kinds of wrong attention in this part of town.

He didn't think he could outrun any kind of wrong attention – not now, in a few hours, sure, but not so soon after the change back.

He bit his lip until he tasted his own blood and stood up. His feet hurt too. He felt vulnerable all over and wished not for the first time that he had a place to stay, a place to rest, a place to go so he could feel safe.

Draken offered you that place and you ran away from him, a voice at the back of his mind said. He shut it up. It was a weak voice. The wolf inside him was growling at him. Draken had wanted things in return. Things Jason wasn't prepared to give. Would never be prepared to do, no matter how desperate he was.

He was pretty desperate now, but he knew it would get worse once winter started.

He looked around, oriented himself, and then climbed over a few crates to get out of the ally through backyards and shortcuts.

~++~

Jason didn't know exactly what he was, Draken had called him a pup, but Jason hated it. Hated how Draken smelled, and hated that there was an ache on his shoulder where Draken had bit him that flared into immense pain whenever he resisted Draken's pull.

Jason knew that it had been an accident, more or less. Draken had never meant for Jason to be turned.

Jason had thought he was going to die back then. He lied there besides his mom's body and he could smell how she went bad in those three days the fever had him. He had clutched her hand anyway, had refused to look at her dead eyes and ripped out throat. It had been Draken who did it.
Jason wasn't sure why.

Draken had been a regular. Mom kinda liked him. Hell, Jason had kinda liked him too. He still didn't hate him, he knew he should, but some part of him just couldn't. Probably the same part that ached to be part of Draken's pack. The same part that was weak and whimpering, wanting a place to stay and someone to curl up with.

The other part, the human part, the angry part wanted nothing more than to rip out Draken's throat like he did to Jason's mother. He wanted to tear him limb from limb and bathe in Draken's blood.

It was a nice fantasy, but really nothing more than that.

Jason was a fucking kid and even as a wolf he wasn't a match for Draken. He knew Draken only let him roam the streets because he was sure Jason would come back to him and his pack. There was nothing else to do, there was nowhere else to go. The pack could offer protection.

If he stayed out here alone sooner or later he would make a mistake, they would catch him.

No one was to know about them. Draken had looked at him hard, his hand around Jason's fragile human throat, and he had told Jason that this was a rule that no werewolf ever broke. Humans weren't supposed to know about them.

Jason understood; people feared what they didn't understand, people killed what they didn't understand.

~+~

It was bound to happen, Jason thought, it's still a strange kind of thought, that was more feeling and tasting than real thought, but he didn't think he would get much opportunity to get used to it anymore.

The Batman had him by the throat and he was snarling and trying to bite the gloved hand, but it was really no use.

“Batman!”

“There is blood all over him,” The Batman snarled. There was a growl in his voice and Jason's senses were catching up with the rest of him. The Batman smelled – right, but also wrong. Not like Draken, but not like safety either. The other scent – he glanced at the other person; Robin.

“He's a pup,” Robin said.

“He's a killer. He has to be put down,” Batman replied. The hand around Jason's throat tightened. He was still kicking and trying to bite.

Robin was at his side in a flash and he was flashing his teeth. He was growling and – shit, Jason thought, changing.

“No,” he snarled. “Let him go!”

“Robin! Stand down. That is an order!”

“NO!” And the material of the Robin suit was stretching and ripping. And the ‘no’ was more of a growl.

Batman let go of his throat and Jason fell to the floor. It was a good thing, he thought, that they
were in the worst fucking neighborhood and that it was the early morning hours. Still dark, and no sane person would be awake. He made himself small. Robin was a wall of shiny white fur in front of him. His clothes shredded around him. He smelled safe. Jason wanted to curl up with him, but he just watched the silent conversation happening in front of him instead.

Eventually the Batman turned sharply and Robin looked to Jason, barked to follow and – really there was nowhere else to go. At least he knew that the Batman wasn't likely to imprison him or kill him now. Robin wouldn't be okay with that.

Robin was a fucking beautiful wolf. Jason felt – insignificant compared to him. He followed Robin to the Batmobile and hopped in the backseat right beside Robin.

Batman wasn't looking at either of them, but Jason could smell the tension on him and that other scent that was closer to his own – mixed with something he had smelled on Draken. He snapped his head up and looked at the Batman, the Batman didn't acknowledge his staring, Robin gently pushed into his side and Jason settled down.

The drive – wherever – lulled him into sleep. Maybe it was exhaustion.

~+~

When he woke up he was in a soft bed and he was naked and human again. He took a deep breath and sat up.
No restraints, but it didn't mean he could leave. The room was big, but sparsely furnished. There was a big French window that showed a garden and woods behind it.

He draped the sheet around himself and inspected the room further. It was big enough to run around in a bit. The windows were locked, and Jason had no doubt the glass was bulletproof.

There was water on the side table. His stomach growled. He looked around and then tried the door. It wasn't locked.

Outside was a kid. Camped out in front of the door it seemed. Jason looked down at the kid and then the kid looked back at him.

“You're up,” the kid said.

“Who are you?” Jason asked, because really, what the fuck was going on? This kid wasn't Robin.

“Ts, no manners at all,” the kid said, getting up from the floor.

Jason wanted to answer with something sharp, but then his stomach growled.

“Follow me,” the kid said.

Jason did, because what else was there to do?

“Where are we going?” Jason asked and then he smelled something delicious cooking.

“Kitchen,” the kid said. “You are hungry.” It wasn't a question at all, but Jason nodded anyway and followed the kid. The sheet trailing after him.
Part One: Chapter Four

~Four~

Damian watched the pup with a mixture of disgust and fascination. Dick was in awe with him, that much was apparent from the moment they came in. And the fact that Dick broke protocol and turned into his wolf form to protect the pup spoke volumes.

The pup they brought in was filthy, covered in blood and other filth. He had even stained Dick’s white fur…. Because of course Dick had cuddled with the feral wolf and stuck beside him as Pennyworth looked him over for injuries and cleaned him up.

Damian snorted, crossing his arms over his chest as he felt the stirrings of jealousy flare up and he immediately disliked the pup even more. What was Father thinking bringing him home?

Father was furious, but he didn’t say a word. The tense silence filled the cave and he was probably waiting until Dick turned back to properly yell at him.

Damian watched in awe once more as Dick shifted back with such ease. It was so easy for him. Damian wondered if he had grown up with caring parents like he did, would Damian be able to turn without the pain that he felt every time he turned.

“Bed, now.” His father demanded and Damian frowned. Of course he’d be dismissed before the good stuff happened.

Damian grumbled under his breath and headed up to the manor. He hated missing out. Just because he wasn’t old enough. He flopped down on his huge bed and just waited. He knew Dick would come up to tuck him in and talk to him. And even though Damian wouldn’t admit it, he liked sharing a bed with his pseudo-brother. It made him feel less alone and loved.

“Damian?”

“Grayson.” Damian looked over at him as he entered his room. He looked sad and Damian instantly wanted to hurt someone for putting that look into his eyes. “What?”

“Bruce grounded me. I have to stay in my room for a week and I can’t even go on patrol for a month!” He sighed as he crawled into bed with Damian.

“You did break protocol.” Damian stressed and Dick sighed again.

“Batman was going to kill him!” He gasped. “He’s just a pup, he’s newly turned… and he’s like me.” Dick whispered. “It wasn’t his fault, he just needs a pack to love him and support him. He needs us.”

Damian groaned, not so sure.

“His name is Jason Todd, he’s a ward of the state.” He continued to explain and Damian assumed that his father had looked him up. “He needs us.”

And Damian knew that there was no way he could fight Dick on this. “Fine.”

Dick smiled brightly and immediately threw his arms around Damian and hugged him close. “You’re the best. I knew I could count on you, Damian.”
Damian grunted.

He pulled back. “Can you watch him for me? Until he wakes up?” Dick’s gaze darted to the door. “I’m not even supposed to be here. But I don’t want him waking up alone, that’s the worst. Please, Damian?”

“You so owe me, Grayson.” Damian deadpanned, but really, he’d do anything for him if he asked.

“Love you, too.” He grinned, pressing a kiss to the top of his head and then he darted off the bed. “Alfred put him in the guest bedroom in the east wing.”

Damian snorted and then waited until Dick left before he made his way to the guest bedroom that they used for guests… which was pretty rare. “Tt.” He glanced over the wolf pup, he still hadn’t changed back and he probably won’t until dawn. His coloring intrigued Damian, he was a reddish brown with black accents. The black markings meant he wasn’t born as a wolf, he was turned… that’s why he smelled so differently. Like Father.

But he must have had some genetic markers or he wouldn’t be able to turn without a full moon. That was pretty rare. Even though Damian was born with his affliction, he wasn’t able to change at will.

~*~

“What’s your deal?” Todd questioned him after a hearty breakfast from Pennyworth. “You’ve been staring at me this whole time.”

“Tt.”

“Master Damian.” Pennyworth reprimanded and Damian groaned. Pennyworth glanced at Todd. “Will there be anything else you’d like Master Jason?”

“No, I’m great. And Jason is fine, you don’t have—”

“Nonsense, young sir.” Pennyworth quickly cut in, taking the empty plates away from the table. “Er, thanks or something.” Todd sighed, rubbing at his neck. “So, um, where’s Robin?”

“He’s been grounded.”

“Figures, I’m guessing he like broke all the rules?” Todd questioned. “He was fucking amazing when he changed liked that and jumped in front of the Batman.”

“Language.” Pennyworth and Damian stated at once and Todd groaned.

“Whatever, can I see him?” Todd asked, looking between them.

“No.” Damian snorted, like Father would allow that.

“As a matter of fact,” Pennyworth smiled, a mischievous spark in his eyes. “I’d be forever grateful if you could bring this tray up to Master Dick.”

“Dick? Is that his name?” Todd chuckled. “I like it.” And he got up quickly, cinching the sheet tighter around himself. “I’ll take it up.”

“Thank you, Master Jason.” Pennyworth nodded. “Would you like to change into something more suitable before you go up?”
“At least he used a sheet, Grayson would have just walked around naked.” Damian snorted.

Todd’s eyes widened and then he laughed. “Thanks, Alfred I’d really like that.”

Pennyworth handed him a small pile of clothes and shooed him into the nearest bathroom.

~*~

Dick’s door was wide open, like it always was. Dick hated being cooped up in one room. Todd knocked on the door; a pile of blankets shifted in the bed and Dick poked his head out. He smiled brightly at them and then jumped out of the bed.

Damian was grateful that Dick was at least wearing his boxers. Damian rolled his eyes as he realized he wasn’t wearing just any boxers, he was wearing the bright blue Superman ones.

“Hey, how are you feeling?” Dick asked as he rushed over to them. He glanced out the door and quickly gestured for them to come in, shutting the door behind them. “And you brought food. I knew Alfred would find a way to get you up here, he’s the best.”

“I’m okay, I guess.” Todd handed over the tray and Dick took it, sitting back on the bed to eat as Todd wandered around the room, looking at all of Dick’s knickknacks.

Damian joined Dick on the bed, watching everything. “Father is probably still sleeping.”

“True.” Dick nodded, “So we should be okay.”

“Wait, Father?” Todd asked as he turned back to the bed. “So you’re really his son?”

Damian just glared at him in return.

“Damian is blood related, I’m not so much… but he took me in before Damian arrived on our doorstep.” Dick explained as he popped a grape into his mouth.

“Huh,” Todd mused as he sat down beside them. “So?”

“I’m so glad you didn’t run off!” Dick stated in-between bites. “I can help you, like I helped Damian, and Bruce- but he didn’t really want my help with the transition and such. But it’ll be easier with you, Jay.”

Todd just stared between them. “Fuck, I thought I smelled it on the Bat- I mean, Bruce. Wow. This is all too much.”

“Language.” Damian reprimanded.

They both rolled their eyes at him and Damian huffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I know it’s a lot to take in, but you’re going to stay, right?” Dick smiled and Todd nodded, shrugging his shoulders.

“Not like I have anywhere else to go.” He stated a bit sadly and it almost made Damian feel sorry for him.

Dick put his food aside and hugged Todd as tight as he could. Todd stiffened at first, and Dick didn’t let go until Todd fully relaxed and returned the hug.

“Grayson’s very touchy-feely… you’ll get used to it.”
Todd just nodded, “Kay.”

“This is great,” Dick gushed as he finished his meal.

Damian still wasn’t sure. He’d have to keep an eye on Todd. He seemed decent enough, and Dick did have a way with others. Maybe it’ll be a good thing.
Part One: Chapter Five

~Five~

Jason didn't see or hear from Bruce Wayne in days.

“He's avoiding you,” Damian said as they were bringing Dick's breakfast up. Jason thought it was bordering on cruelty to ground Dick. He was constantly in motion and even if his room was really big (twice as big as his mom's last apartment in fact) it was nothing compared to the rest of the manor and the gardens.

Pennyworth had taken Jason out two days ago and it seemed to Jason that the grounds of the manor stretched out endlessly.

“No shit,” Jason said.


“I'm trying, but that was not how I was raised,” Jason replied. He wondered where Damian had been raised to make him so- old-fashioned. It wasn't normal for a kid of ten to be so – Jason didn't even have the words for it to be honest.

“It makes Pennyworth sad when you swear,” Damian said.

“I'm trying to be better – wait. Are you pulling my leg?” Jason asked, looking at him.

Damian's face was pretty much expressionless. “No.”

“You are,” Jason said. Little shit, he thought. Damian was like the little brother Jason never wanted to have.

“Why is he avoiding me?”

“Because you are a kid and you killed people.”

“I don't know-”

“Your DNA was on two of the victims,” Damian cut in. Jason looked at the tray he was holding.

“Oh-”

“You didn't even know you were killing people?”

“I – no. I wasn't sure,” Jason said, but maybe he had avoided looking too closely at what he was doing. It wasn't like he blacked out when he changed. He had still been himself, but the first few times with Draken, they were different. He couldn't even describe it properly. It had been like he was drugged.

“What? Did you forget or what? I know how it feels and you always know what you are doing.” There was something sharp in Damian's voice that reminded him too much of the Batman.

“In fact yeah. Kinda, I don't know.”

“Tt,” Damian said.
“Whatever that means.”

“That I'm thinking and that I don't know if you're just feral or dangerous,” Damian replied.

Jason was spared from answering because they arrived at the end of the staircase and Dick's room door was open like always.

Their hearing was better than any humans even in human form.

“I swear I'm going to die out of boredom,” Dick said as they entered the room.

“You're being melodramatic again,” Damian said, setting the tray down.

“How would you feel, being cooped up all day in one room?” Dick shot back. “I'm bored and I can't really stretch my legs.”

“Your sentence is nearly up,” Damian replied.

“Thank fucking god,” Dick sighed. He did a back-flip just because, apparently. Two days ago they had helped Dick push all the furniture against the walls so he could do some gymnastics.

Jason was pretty sure no normal person should be that bendy.

“Language,” Damian said.

Dick just gave him a look. “So what is happening in the real world?” He asked, as he grabbed the tray and began to eat.

Jason listened as Damian filled Dick in on Batman business.

~+~

Jason was still a bit awed that he was actually living in the Wayne manor and that Mister Wayne was also the Batman.

He was pretty sure no one was going to kill him, but he wasn't sure what the hell he was going to do here. Hell, Bruce Wayne still hadn't shown his face after nearly a week.

Jason was becoming impatient and twitchy.

~+~

“Master Jason,” Pennyworth said as Jason finished his breakfast. There was something odd in Pennyworth's voice. It made Jason look at the man properly.

“Yeah?”

“Master Bruce will see you in his study, as soon as you're done eating,” Pennyworth said.

Jason nodded. He was pretty much done eating. He had a bit of milk in his glass, he downed it and got up.

Damian was looking at him.

Jason had no idea what to say to him, so he just shrugged.

Dick was still in his room. His sentence would be up tomorrow. They were going to run in the back
garden.

“Good luck.” Damian said eventually.

“Jesus,” Jason exhaled shakily. He still remembered the Batman's gloved hand around his throat. His own hand came up to it and he stroked it gently.

Damian looked at his plate. He knew all about it, because Dick told him and Jason felt stupid for doing it, for being weak for a second.

He nodded at Pennyworth. “I'm ready now. Just point me in the right direction, or you know draw me a map.” He grinned, but it didn't sit right on his face. He could feel it unraveling.

Pennyworth offered to escort him and Jason gladly accepted.

~+~

The study was dark and smelled like old leather and even older books.

Bruce Wayne wasn't sitting behind the desk, he was looking out of the big French windows. Jason followed his gaze and didn't know what to do. He knew that Bruce Wayne knew he was there. Pennyworth had knocked before he ushered Jason in.

Jason bit his lip and then took a breath. “You wanted to see me?”

Bruce Wayne turned to him. He was – so fucking big and his piercing blue eyes were directed at Jason. It made Jason nervous.

“Yes, Jason.”

Jason waited, but Bruce Wayne didn't say anything else.

“So? Am I just gonna stand here and be looked at or is there a point to me being here?” His heart was hammering in his chest, but really what was Wayne's deal? Dick had made him out to be some kind of really great father figure and great person, but Jason really didn't feel the love right now.

Wayne's lips curled to a small smile. “There is a point to this, Jason. Take a seat,” he said.

Jason sat down on the small sofa, it was surprisingly comfortable and the leather soft. “Thanks, for not killing me by the way.” He blurted out.

“That was all Dick,” Bruce replied.

“You could have done it anyway and Dick too, because you're pack leader,” Jason said.

“We don't work like that. You know a lot about packs?”

Jason shrugged. He didn't want to talk about Draken. “Some.”

“You can change at will,” Bruce Wayne said.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “So can Dick.”

“Yes, but Dick was born a werewolf. His parents were werewolves too. And their parents. And so on. You were bitten. Bitten wolves usually don't – in fact, Dick has never heard of one that could change at will.”
“Oh,” Jason said. That would explain Draken's behavior so fucking much.

“Yes, oh. Then there is the matter that you claim to not remember the murders.”

“I don't remember them,” Jason replied firmly. “I swear I don’t.”

“You killed two people Jason.” Bruce Wayne stepped in front of him. “I’ve made it my mission to put all feral werewolves down.”

Jason swallowed hard.

“But Dick is right, you are just a pup,” he continued. “And I don't kill children. Do you see my dilemma?”

“Yes, Mister Wayne,” Jason replied. “So what did you decide while you were avoiding me?”

“You're a sharp kid,” Bruce said.

“I guess,” Jason replied.

“I decided that you deserve a chance to prove yourself to me and to Dick. He was the one who saved you after all. You owe him your life.”

Jason nodded. He didn't know what that meant exactly, but he was forever grateful to Dick for stepping in that night.

“What happens now?”

“You will stay here. We can't have you on the streets, or in the system.”

“Okay.”

“Do you like your room?” Bruce Wayne asked.

“I – yeah, I guess. It's nice.”

“Good. If you need anything. Clothes, books, or whatever, just ask Alfred and he will get it for you.”

“Okay...” Jason said. He wasn't expecting the talk to go so well. “Thank you.”

Bruce Wayne nodded. “If you kill one more time Jason, I will put you down.”

“I know,” Jason replied.

“Good,” Bruce replied.

Jason knew a dismissal when he heard one.

Fuck, he thought, once outside.

He really wasn't sure if being under Batman's protection was a blessing or a curse.

He guessed only time would tell.
Part One: Chapter Six

~Six~

Dick looked at Bruce, waiting, hoping. “Now?” He was fidgety, restless. He hadn’t been able to run free for a whole week…. It was pure torture.

“And have you learned your lesson?”

Dick bit his lip, “I would do it all over again in a heartbeat.” He responded honestly. He really liked Jay, he’d never let Bruce hurt him or any pup.

Bruce sighed, rubbing his brow. “Perhaps I should extend your punishment.”

“That’s not fair!” Dick gasped in outrage. “You know what I did was right.”

“You broke protocol, how can I ever trust you to be Robin again? To follow orders and not endanger civilians.”

Dick tensed, his eyes widening as he realized what his punishment was for…. It wasn’t for saving Jay and challenging the Batman like he thought. It was for shifting into his wolf form while in his suit. “I-” Dick’s voice wavered when he realized he couldn’t promise he wouldn’t do it again. It was so much easier to promise not to before, it was hypothetical and he never thought he would need to. But now? He wasn’t so sure.

“You’re still grounded. No patrol until the end of the month and then we’ll revisit this.” Bruce stated briskly. “But you’re free to leave your room.”

Dick nodded, worrying his lip in thought for a second longer before he darted out of the room and down the hall. He flew out of the French doors and practically belly flopped onto the ground and rolled around on the soft grass. He sighed, looking up at the crystal blue sky in pure contentment.

“That didn’t take long.”

Dick smiled up at Jay and then jumped up, tackling him to the ground and pinning him down. “Are you ready?” Dick sure was, he’s been waiting for this all week!

Jay stiffened and pushed Dick away. “What if I hurt you?”

“Not a chance.” Dick knew that Jason would never hurt him, he could just feel it in his bones. “Besides it’s easier when you decide to shift, versus being forced to. You’re more in control.”

Jason frowned, rubbing his neck.

“What is it?” Dick questioned, bumping his shoulder against his.

“It hurts.” He whispered.

“That’s cause you’re not letting go. You fight it, you don’t want it.” Dick shuddered as he remembered the first time he coached Damian through this very same thing. “Your bones break and you can feel it all. I’ve never felt that way, I can’t even comprehend not embracing the truest form of myself.”

“It’s still so foreign to me.” Jay confessed. “You’ve lived with this your whole life. I haven’t.”
“But it’s always been there,” Dick began. “You can shift at will. That’s a rare gene that’s normally only seen in purebloods, like in my family. My father was able to, but my mother couldn’t. My grandparents could too. It’s in your blood. Your mother was probably a carrier and never even knew it. She’d be sought out by one who could, to breed—”

“Wait, what?” Jason asked, sharply, grabbing onto his arm.

“My grandmother said that I’d be able to smell it in my potential mate to continue on our legacy. So—”

“So that’s why he fucking killed my mom?” He hissed, growling under his breath.

“Who?” Dick questioned.

“The fucking bastard that turned me, that made me this way!”

Dick’s eyes widened, his thoughts racing at the new information. “Your mom must have turned him down and he took the chance that you carried the same genes… fuck, Jay. We have to tell Bruce.”

Jason shook his head, “No, what the fuck is that going to do?”

“We could hunt him down… his pack is probably behind all those killings.” Dick mused out loud. “This is a huge break.”

“No!”

Dick sighed. “Jay—”

“No, I don’t want to go after him… not when I can’t control this, I want to be able to change like you. I want to be in charge.”

Dick nodded, understanding the need. “Okay,” he smiled as he started to take off his clothes, pausing as he glanced briefly at the manor. “Oh, and be careful where you discard them.” He laughed as he remembered all the times Alfred scolded him and then looked back to Jason who was still just starting at him. “Come on, slow poke.”

He finished undressing and then he jumped in the air, shifting with ease. Dick landed and stretched out his legs. He shook out his fur and then looked to Jason who was just looking at him in awe.

“You make that look so fucking easy.” Jason remarked as he finished undressing and took the time to fold his clothes. He seemed very fond of them.

Dick barked, nodding his head and then he rubbed up against Jason’s legs.

“Oh, okay,” Jason closed his eyes and then he cried out as he started to shift. His whole body was shaking and Dick could see the pain in his face. Dick remained at his side, waiting until Jason was finished and dropped to the ground panting with the exertion.

Dick nuzzled him, licking at Jason’s face. He wish he could tell him that it would get better but he wasn’t able to. This was all Dick could do in this form to show his support.

Jason whimpered and slowly got up to his feet, stretching and testing his body. Dick howled and then jumped on him. Jason pushed back until they were rolling around and just playing. Dick wished Damian could join them, then it would have been perfect, but not until the next full moon.
Dick got up and then they raced over the ground. It felt so good to just let go after being cooped up in his room. Dick tensed as he caught a hint of something in the air and stopped. He glanced over at the mansion in the distance.

Jason growled at his side, his gaze focused on the mansion as well.

And suddenly Dick knew his assumption was right. There were humans nearby... someone had moved into the old mansion. It had been empty for years. Dick looked to Jason and then nodded back to the manor.

It was getting late and Dick was starving. And it was best not to tempt Jason with this, he was still learning self-control and in this case, it was best to turn away.

~*~

A week had passed and the full moon was upon them. Dick had taken Jason out every day and Jay had progressed so much.

Dick curled more into Jay, still half asleep. They had shifted back in their sleep as they had most nights. Jason still couldn’t shift back with ease and needed to sleep it off. So Dick always stayed in wolf form, cuddling close until morning.

“Fuck,” Jason groaned as he stirred against him. “I’m starving.”

“As you are every morning.” Dick chuckled. “We’re growing boys and shifting takes a lot of energy.”

Jason snorted.

“Tonight will be even better! Damian will be able to join us.”

Jason sighed. “He doesn’t even like me.”

“He does too, he just takes some warming up to.” Dick kissed Jason’s cheek. “Now let’s get some breakfast.”

Jason nodded, rubbing at his neck, where he had been bitten.

“Does it still hurt?” Dick asked as he reached out and ran his fingers over the fading scar. Every time Jason turned it would become less and less noticeable, until it disappeared.

“Yeah.” Jason sighed, leaning into Dick’s touch. “My body doesn’t ache as much as it used too after, but my neck hurts like a bitch.”

Dick frowned, not knowing how to help or if it would go away. “It’s your pack mark as well.”

“And you’re not much of a pack.”

“Not really.” Dick sighed. “Bruce is our leader, there’s no doubt about that... but I think he’s terrified of embracing that side of him. Our pack bond is there, but it’s not as strong as other packs. Like my first pack.”

“The circus?” Jay questioned and Dick nodded. “I don’t get why you’d leave.”

“I didn’t have much of a choice, I was ten.” Dick began, “I’m a pure blood... they killed my parents. My pack thought I’d be in danger and Bruce was offering his protection. And I felt this
connection to him, I felt safe and I just knew I’d be okay.”

“But are you?” Jason wondered. “You’re out there fighting crime as Robin, I mean… that’s not really safe. Ya know?”

Dick smiled. “Robin saved me, it gave me focus and let me channel the feelings I had never felt before when my parents were killed. I love Bruce, he’s my father and pack leader.”

Jay nodded, looking thoughtful and unsure. “I get it, you… that night? You made me feel safe.”

Dick’s eyes widened, smiling brightly at Jason’s words. He leaned in and kissed Jay… it wasn’t like the platonic kisses he’s shared before and his heart skipped a beat when Jason returned it. Dick inhaled sharply, pulling away quickly when he felt a heat in his groin he’d never felt before. “Come on, let’s get some breakfast.”

Jason didn’t protest and Dick was glad he didn’t push. This was new and scary and he’d never thought he’d feel something like this for another boy…. But it felt good.

Dick smiled at Jason and Jason nodded, returning the smile.

~*~

“I want you boys to stay near the manor when you go out,” Bruce stated as they finished their dinner. He knew that they’d be out on the grounds running around and playing.

“Why?” Dick asked, already guessing the answer. “Is it because of our new neighbors?”

Bruce nodded. “The Drakes. They have a house full of servants as well.”

“We’ll be careful.” Damian insisted.

“We’re always careful,” Dick added. “We’ve been out every night.”

Bruce looked between them. “I know, just be cautious.”

“Are you going to join us?” Jason questioned and Bruce immediately stiffened. Jason shot a look to Dick and Dick shook his head. “This is why you have a fucked up pack!” Jay snapped at Bruce.

Dick tensed at his comment and watched as Jason jumped up and headed outside. “He’s just curious,” Dick offered quickly.

Bruce didn’t say anything, just nodded and pretended to go back to his dinner.

Dick glanced over at Damian whose gaze was on his dinner as well. Dick sighed, no longer hungry and rushed off to find Jason. He was sitting in the garden, staring up at the moon. “Jay-”

“I know. I just, I dunno.”

Dick felt the sudden need to wrap his arms around him, Jason was still trying to find his way in their makeshift family, his pack. And Dick knew that Jason’s been waiting for tonight to see Bruce in his wolf form… to find that connection. To feel safe.

“You guys better not start without me.” Damian grumbled as he neared.

“We wouldn’t dream of it,” Jay snorted, looking over at him.
“Then why are we wasting time?” Dick grinned. “Last one is a monkey’s uncle.” Dick laughed, knowing that they needed this. To be free and to run.

They quickly discarded their clothing and Dick shifted with ease, jumping up with excitement as his pack started to turn as well. There was still a wince of pain in both of their faces.

Dick was so proud of both Jason and Damian. They were getting so much better and he rubbed against them, howling into the night. They echoed him and Dick was about to dart deeper into the gardens when Bruce echoed his howl.

He paused, turning toward the manor, expecting to see him perched on the rooftop, but he wasn’t there. Dick howled with everything he had, loving that Bruce was standing like the magnificent beast he was only a few feet from them.

Dick was the first to cross over to him, prostrating before him as he always did. He waited until Bruce nodded and then rushed forward, rubbing against Bruce’s strong chest. He loved these moments together. Dick forced himself to pull away and let Damian do the same.

Jason stood before Bruce, sniffing him out. It was a challenging stance and Dick’s heart hammered in his chest as he watched them. This was everything they had been working for. Jason bumped his head against Bruce’s chest and rubbed against him.

Bruce howled and they answered him before he darted off into a run, deeper into the gardens. Dick was ecstatic they’ve never done this before. It was the best feeling in the world, being out here with his whole pack as they raced and played under the moonlight. This was the nights he lived for.
Part One: Chapter Seven

Seven

“Damn wolves were howling all night,” Father said as he opened the morning paper.

Tim looked at his plate and ate his French toast on autopilot.

“We knew he was eccentric,” Mother replied.

“There is eccentric like dressing up and having all kinds of unsavory sex-”

“Dear,” Mother cut in with a glance in Tim’s direction.

“And there is having what sounded like a pack of wild wolves. Running free,” Father continued not looking up from his paper.

“I’m sure they aren’t real wolves,” Mother said.

“Are you now? How would you know?” Father questioned.

“I don’t, but I don’t think it’s allowed to have a pack of wolves as pets. Especially when you also have children. He does have that one son…that bastard child from that Oriental woman and the other one, the Gypsy.”

Tim took a sip of his tea.

“You are right, probably just dogs. I hate dogs.”

“I know dear,” Mother replied and then started to talk about that party again. Father grunted in all the right places.

Tim loved dogs. He has always wanted one, but he never got one, and he knew now that he never would. And now they had a pack of them right next door.

Maybe if he was a really good boy he would be allowed to pet them.

~+~

Tim knew he wasn’t supposed to be running around and he knew that he wasn’t supposed to be at the back of the gardens where the young trees and the underbrush were so dense. He also knew that his nanny didn’t really care when his parents weren’t home.

And they weren’t. They were staying in the city the whole weekend. Making nice with other rich people. Tim wasn’t ever allowed to join them on such trips.

It was getting late, but it was still warm and he liked to walk around the trees and pretend he was lost in a fairy forest.

When he had been younger he had desperately wished to find a fairy ring of mushrooms that would swallow him up and take him away to a magical land.

At eleven, he knew it would never happen, but he still liked to pretend sometimes.
There was a short brick wall in the middle of the forest. Just low enough to climb over if you were a bit stronger and bigger than Tim was. He could see into the other garden if he stood on tiptoes.

The trees on the other side looked older and the underbrush was even denser than on his side of the wall. He followed the wall for a few minutes until he came to a rusty, but finely made iron door. He could look into the other garden now.

From this point, he couldn’t see the manor at all. It was trees and grass and bushes as far as he could tell.

Something was rustling on the other side and Tim – suddenly feeling brave – stuck his whole arm through a hole in the iron gate and leaned forward hoping to – he didn’t know, catch something.

Something soft brushed his fingers and he jerked back, yelped, nearly landed on his ass.

His heart was beating way too fast.

There was silence on the other side of the gate and then the wolf appeared. It was small, but not really a pup anymore. And there was no mistaking it for a dog. Tim liked dogs, he read up on all kinds of them and this was no dog. This was a wolf.

The wolf looked at him with big green eyes. He was thin, Tim thought.

It was stupid, really, really stupid to reach out again. The wolf just looked at him.

Tim put his palm flat onto the iron-gate. He let it rest there and watched the wolf watching him.

Then the wolf sniffed his palm, it was wet and tickled. Tim giggled, couldn’t help himself.

The wolf did it again. Tim stayed as still as he could. He wanted to tell the wolf how beautiful it was, but bit his lip instead. He just looked at the wolf and the wolf looked back and they breathed in tandem.

Tim wished he could be a wolf too. No obligations, just eating, sleeping, mating. To be wild and to be free and to be-

Something crashed into the wolf and Tim jumped back. There was barking and yelping and snarling. Tim couldn’t see it, but he knew there was another wolf there now. That something, a blur of pure white, that was the other wolf.

“You two will stop this at once or I’ll call Pennyworth!” A boy screamed coming closer with hard fast steps.

The dark wolf looked at him and then snarled at the white one.

“Hi,” Tim said, shyly.

The boy looked at him briefly and then to the wolves again. “I mean it. You shouldn’t be here in the first place,” the boy said.

It was Damian Wayne, Tim knew him from the papers. He crossed his arms over his chest as the white wolf barked. Rolled his eyes, as if he could understand him and then smiled. Slow and kind of creepy, Tim thought, but also beautiful.

“Whatever. As if I care, but you know Pennyworth does and Father,” he said.
The white wolf made a noise that was nearly a wince.

The dark one snarled again.

“Not that I’m gonna say anything,” Damian said.

Tim felt like they didn’t even care he was there. He felt invisible, which hurt – it was like home – he hadn’t felt invisible with the dark wolf’s snout against his palm.

He took a step back, stepped on a dry twig. It made a loud noise and the wolves and Damian Wayne looked at him.

“Come on,” Damian said then to the wolves. “It’s nearly dinner time.”

It wasn’t, at least not at Tim’s home. The white wolf followed, the dark one lingered. Tim took a step in the direction of the gate, the wolf took one too, and then the white one howled and the dark one started running to catch up.

Tim stared after them until he couldn’t see them anymore.

~+~

That night Tim dreamed about running. His feet were paws and he was strong, he was fast. He could see small animals in the underbrush, could see the birds on their branches.

Could feel the wind in his fur and he could feel his heart hammering, but not from running.

There was a strange pulsing sensation in his belly and between his legs and he knew he was chasing something, running towards something, something that was calling him.

He crashed through the trees, and was blinded by light so bright he had to turn his head away.

He woke up with a gasp. His eyes snapped open, he was staring at the ceiling in the darkness.

His feet tingled like he had been running barefoot over grass and twigs, small stones digging in his soft soles.

His belly was wet.
~Eight~

Jason still couldn’t turn back at will and that was a pain in the ass right now, because he wanted to have words with Dick.

Dick looked amused, even in his wolf form.

Jason snarled at him and Dick looked confused.

Jason didn’t know why he was angry, and it wasn’t even a real anger, just something low in his belly that made him want to run and smash things.

He had enjoyed that boy’s soft skin against his snout; he had liked the steady beating of the boy’s heart, his smell.

Dick turned back to his human form, which he normally didn’t do. They usually slept it off.

“You’re mad,” Dick said, he sounded and looked, hell, smelled puzzled.

Jason barked a yes.

“Why?”

Jason snarled. Like he could form words in this form.

“Leave him alone,” Damian said.

Dick looked at Damian then. “Why isn’t he mad at you? You spoiled all our fun,” Dick asked, crossing his arms over his chest. He was still standing naked in the hall. Jason wanted to bite his ass – which, better not go there. He shook his head.

“Beats me. You know you shouldn’t have gone that far anyway.”

“I just followed Jay,” Dick said.

Jason was already tired of their human voices. He barked once and then went to the library to lie down on the soft rug in front of the fireplace.

~+~

When Jason woke up he was covered in a soft dark blanket. He snuggled into it and stayed on the rug a few minutes longer, before his stomach started to growl.

He draped the blanket around himself; his skin was always so sensitive after the change, that he couldn’t stand clothes for a while, and padded into the kitchen.

Alfred was making dinner.

“Master Jason,” Alfred said.

“I’m just gonna make a sandwich if it’s fine with you,” Jason replied. He still wasn’t too sure he was allowed to just make himself something to eat. To just grab whatever he wanted from the
“Certainly, young sir,” Alfred said. “It will be awhile until dinner is ready.”

Jason nodded and grabbed the bread, butter, and cheese from the fridge. There was cold meat in there, but he couldn’t even look at it without feeling ill. Alfred had caught on pretty fast that Jason wasn’t eating any meat and was mostly cooking vegetarian dishes with a side of meat for Bruce and Dick.

Damian didn’t eat meat either. Jason hadn’t asked why. Maybe for the same reasons Jason couldn’t stand it. Maybe Damian was an honest to god vegetarian out of belief that it was wrong to eat animals.

“There are also some tomatoes and cucumbers, if you like Master Jason.”

Jason wanted to say it was fine. The cheese was already the fancy stuff, but – he was allowed now to have vegetables and fruits, so he grabbed a tomato too.

“Thanks, Alfred,” Jason said, sitting down at the kitchen table.

“Would you like something to drink too?”

“I’ll just grab some juice from the fridge,” he answered. There was always juice in the fridge. At least three different kinds too.

~+~

Dick was waiting for him in front of his room. Another thing that was foreign: he had a room. His own room and people were respecting his privacy, even if he wasn’t in that room.

“So, are you still mad at me?” Dick asked. He had pants on and a shirt, but no socks or shoes.

“Nah, I wasn’t mad to begin with,” Jason said, running a hand through his hair.

“You were too,” Dick replied, getting up so he could follow Jason into his room.

“I wasn’t. Not really.”

“Jay–”

“Look,” Jason said, grabbing underwear and a shirt to pull on. “It was different when I was with Dra- the other pack. It was all about power and challenging and shit, okay? And you just coming at me out of nowhere while I was having – a moment, that pissed me off. Or the wolf part was pissed off.”

“You and the wolf are the same, Jay,” Dick said.

“No, we’re not. We’re trying, but we’re not. Yet,” Jason said. Because even if it made Dick sad, it was the truth. Jason and the wolf inside him weren’t one being. He could feel it in the aching of his bones when he shifted back and in the cracking pain when he shifted into the wolf. It was getting easier and he knew with his brain that it would be easy and pain free one day, when he gave himself over to it, but right now it was still scary to let the wolf be in control like that.

Dick nodded. “I can’t say I understand, but I know I’m kinda a special snowflake with the way I’ve grown up and all.”
“Yeah, well: I do appreciate your help. It is easier than it was before and I know it’s gonna be easy one day, but right now it’s not and this is not a pack, you know? It’s like a home for wayward boys.” Jason laughed. It wasn’t a bad thing.

“Bruce is trying. We didn’t need a pack, before I mean. It was just me and Bruce for a while. And then Damian, but – he is Bruce’s son. His real son, so…it was more about family than about pack dynamic and now…” Dick trailed off, shrugging.

“Yeah. Bruce really needs to start embracing this, because let me tell you; that other pack? Under the control of the one who bit me? They aren’t messing around.” Jason didn’t know everything, but he had listened in when the older gang members talked. He knew now that not all of them were werewolves, but what did it matter? They still had numbers on Batman and Robin, and besides Batman didn’t even know about Draken. Jason still didn’t know who that guy was, but he was afraid of him, and he was scared as hell about why Draken had wanted him.

“Jay?”

“Sorry, zoned out a bit there,” Jason said, shaking it off. It was no use. It was best if they stayed away from Draken. Surely Draken didn’t know about Bruce Wayne being a werewolf? Hell, where would a guy like Draken even meet Bruce fucking Wayne? He was safe here.

“Wanna go and play some X-box?” Dick asked.

“Sure,” Jason replied easily. Doing something normal would be nice. He was still just a thirteen year old boy, no matter the wolf part.

~+~

Sometimes when he and Dick were really going at it, when Dick wouldn’t give him any ground and they landed in the soft grass, so fucking close and panting in each other’s ears or necks, Jason could feel that familiar heat in his belly that told him he was getting aroused.

Sometimes he could feel Dick’s semi hard-on against his belly, but Dick would jump up then and run and Jason would chase him again. It was easier in wolf form. More natural, but Dick still had – hang-ups? About it. Wouldn’t talk about it at all, even if he must have known that Jason was aroused too.

They hadn’t talked about the kiss either.

Jason wondered if anyone at all had the “Talk” with Dick. Bruce didn’t seem like the type, but – Dick had said that his grandmother had told him he would be able to smell something in a mate. So…the concept of mating, of sex, shouldn’t be foreign to Dick.

Jason ambushed Dick on the sofa, just jumped on him and Dick was giving back in kind. Soon they were rolling around on the soft carpeted floor and Dick was laughing and Jason was rubbing against him and it was so good.

And then Dick stopped when his cock brushed Jason’s, and he was semi hard again.

“Hey, it’s okay,” Jason said, sitting up, because he had the upper hand: Dick lying on his back, looking up at Jason.

“I don’t know what you’re-”

“Bullshit,” Jason cut in, putting his hand firmly on Dick’s cock; felt it jump and fill under his hand.
“I mean this.”

“Jay-”

“It’s fine. Happens. It’s normal.”

“I know it’s normal – I know,” Dick said, but he turned his head away so he was staring at the wall and not at Jason.

Just as well, Jason thought, bending down and licking a wet stripe over Dick’s exposed neck and cheek.

Dick made a noise that wasn’t a protest and it went straight to Jason’s own cock. His breathing hitched. Jason always liked to fool around with other guys. Especially the older boys. Their muttered ‘Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay, Jay and fuck’ when they came over Jason’s fingers. It gave him a strange sense of power.

“Do you?” Jason asked, kissing Dick’s cheek and then the corner of his lip. “Want me to touch you some more?” He asked, his hand was still planted firmly over the hard bulge in Dick’s pants.

Dick was making soft strangled noises and trying not to move, not to push into Jason’s hand. “Jay-”

“Is that a yes?” Jason teased, but he really, really needed Dick to be okay with it too.

“Yes,” Dick sighed and Jason moved his hand. He wasn’t sure if Dick would bolt if Jason pulled down his pants and took his cock out, so he just rubbed Dick through the thin fabric of the sweats he was wearing.

“I like the noises you make,” Jason said and was rewarded with a hot blush staining Dick’s skin. Then Dick turned his head to probably glare at Jason, but Jason took that opportunity to kiss him on the mouth, and slip his tongue in gently when Dick gasped.

Dick wasn’t an experienced kisser, in fact, Jason thought just before Dick came, Jason had probably been his first kiss.

He watched Dick come down and then pulled away. He sat down next to Dick. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Dick said.

“You sure?”

“Yeah,” Dick replied, sitting up and then making a face as he shifted and the mess in his pants with him.

“It’s better naked,” Jason said.

“You’ve done this a lot?”

Jason shrugged. What was a lot really? “You liked it?”

“Yes,” Dick said.

“So…was I your first kiss?”

Dick blushed. “Yeah.”
“Sweet,” Jason replied and it was.

“Shut up. I need to clean up,” he said getting up from the floor.

Jason was so close to offering to lick him clean. He’s only done that one time, but it hadn’t been terrible and with Dick – maybe he would like it too. “Yeah, you should.”

Dick looked at him and then at his lap. “Do you—”

“Nah, I’m fine,” Jason said.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Jason replied. And he was. Sometimes it was nice, sometimes he liked to be hard for a while. To let it go away without coming.

“Okay,” Dick said and then taking a deep breath. “Was it good, the kiss?”

“Could use some practice,” Jason said grinning.

“Oh…”

“I’m selflessly offering to practice with you,” Jason said.

Dick blushed and then grinned. “You’re such a little shit.”

Jason grinned right back. He totally was.
Part One: Chapter Nine

~Nine~

Dick laughed, smiling brightly as Jay pinned him to the ground. The soft, dewy grass felt good against his skin. It was such a drastic contrast to the hot blooded contact of Jason’s body against his. Jay was right… it was so much better without clothes on.

He no longer shied away from being more physical and they took every opportunity to practice as Jason so graciously put it. They had been teasing each other all day; first skinny dipping in the small pond on the edges of the property to this. It was such a heady feeling and Dick just couldn’t get enough of it.

Dick moaned, losing himself in Jason’s touch. “Jay!” Dick gasped as Jason licked at his cock… he’d heard about this and- “Fuck, oh, my, god. Jay.” He squirmed underneath Jason, his cock swelling even more under Jay’s teasing licks and he felt like he was going to come undone. And then Jay sucked Dick’s cock into his mouth and Dick completely lost it, crying out as he bucked up into Jason’s mouth. “Jay, Jay, fuck.”

Dick jerked, going completely still as he came. His orgasm washing over him with a hot flash of white behind his eyes. He shuddered as Jason licked him clean and then looked up at Dick with a shit-eating grin. “Bastard.”

Jay smirked. “Yeah.” And Dick tugged Jason up to him and kissed him. It was sloppy, but he didn’t care. Jason laughed into his mouth, deepening the kiss as he held him close, thrusting his own hard on against Dick’s belly.

“Can I?” Dick was curious and he wanted to try.

Jason nodded and they rolled around in the soft grass until Dick was straddling Jay. “If you’re up to it.” Jay challenged him and Dick was even more eager to try it.

“Yeah,” Dick nodded, he ran his fingers down Jason’s chest and his belly. Jason was really filling out and was bigger than Dick, even though Dick was almost a year older. Dick licked his lips and then leaned down, kissing Jay’s hip bone and then licking a stripe around Jason’s cock.

“Tease.” Jason inhaled, his breathing hitching as Dick continued to tease him.

The musky scent was intoxicating, Dick could smell the hint of something more… and he suddenly had to taste all of Jay. He licked at the pearly substance at the tip of his cock and pulled back slightly, surprised at the salty, bitter taste.

Jason laughed at his reaction. “I’m an acquired taste.”

“I got it.” Dick assured him, wrapping his lips around his cock and attempting to suck on it. He gagged slightly, but the look of pure joy on Jason face made him try even harder.

“Fuck.” Jay stiffened and then exploded into Dick’s mouth.

Dick gagged, pulling back slightly as he stroked Jay through his orgasm. Then he leaned back down and cleaned him up as Jay did to him.

“Not bad.”
Dick smacked Jay’s thigh. “Let me guess, you’re selflessly offering to practice with me?” Dick laughed as Jay grinned back at him.

“Practice makes perfect.” Jay tugged him closer and they kissed lazily in the fading sun.

~*~

“Where have you guys been?” Damian asked when they finally headed back into the manor. He looked pissed, no worried, Dick thought.

“Just playing.” Jason winked and Damian rolled his eyes.

“You two have to be careful.” Damian stated, crossing his arms and closing himself off to them. Dick took that as a sign and he pulled Damian into a hug. “Grayson.”

Dick chuckled, kissing his brow.

“You guys reek, take a shower or something.” Damian mumbled as he pushed Dick away.

Dick nodded. “Love you too.”

Damian scowled and turned away, rushing out of the room.

“What’s his problem?” Jay asked.

“He’s just protective of us-”

“He’s just protective of us-” Jason corrected and Dick frowned.

“Of you,” Jason corrected and Dick frowned.

“Of us. It’s just-” Dick’s train of thought trailed off when he caught a familiar scent in the air. That detective. John Blake. “Oh, hey. This is perfect!” Dick grinned as he grabbed Jay’s hand, squeezing it. “Come on,” he tugged off what little clothes he was wearing and transformed, barking at Jay to join him.

Jason raised a brow in question, but then followed Dick's lead. Jason was getting better and he barely winced as he changed. But Dick could still see how much it took out of him. Dick rubbed against him, licking at his face.

Jason snorted, leaning into Dick for support.

They stayed close for a moment longer, Dick barked at Jay to follow him and then he rushed down the stairs to see Damian answering the door. He glanced at Jay who suddenly stopped, growling as he noticed the detective.

Dick nuzzled at Jay’s neck until Jay stopped. Dick licked at his face and Jason snorted. Dick knew this was going to be hard for him, but it was the perfect test to see if Jason's feral side was still intact. Jason hasn’t been tempted since he came to the manor… Dick knew he’d never hurt the boy from next door. He still had a code, even in his wolf form.

“Father isn’t home,” Damian stated as Dick neared and brushed past them. Which was true, but Damian neglected to tell the detective that Bruce would be back soon, Bruce was already on his way home.

Blake nodded, his hand reaching down and brushing his fingers against Dick’s fur. “Hey, boy.” He smiled and then he visibly tensed as he spotted Jason. “There’s two?” He gasped, looking between them.
Damian huffed. “And?”

“Well that explains the complaint a bit more,” he began as Jason stopped before him, growling at him. “Hey, there, boy.” He knelt down, reaching out his hand.

There was complete silence as Jason sniffed at his hand, his growling ceasing. Jay bumped his snout against Blake’s hand, licking it.

Dick could see Blake visibly relax. He was so proud of Jay and he barked, rubbing against the detective and Jay. He nuzzled Jay, biting playfully at his ear. Jason snorted and then pounced on Dick. Dick barked, he loved this. They rolled around on the floor a few times, just playing.

“Wait, what complaint?” Damian questioned, turning his attention back to Blake.

They paused in their playing, Jay was still on top of him and it was a comforting feeling. Dick felt safe and something he couldn’t quite figure out. They both looked to the detective, curious about the complaint as well.

Blake shook his head, “Yes, there was a noise complaint.” Blake looked back at the two of them on the floor, a brow arching slightly. “Claimed that there were wolves howling all night long.”


And it was true, most of the night they were curled up in bed. He nuzzled Jay, knowing that they were not at fault.

“As it may be, but it was the third complaint in the last three days and no one at the precinct had enough balls to come here and voice it. But if I didn’t say anything now, the complaints would snowball into something bigger and I’m sure Mister Wayne wouldn’t want that type of problem.” Blake explained his gaze narrowing on Dick and Jay. “It’s uncanny.”

“What?” Damian grumbled, his focus obviously on something else. But Dick wanted to know what he meant as well.

“It’s like they understand everything we’re saying.”

Dick barked at him and Blake blinked.

“They’re smart.” Damian stated. “It was the Drakes, wasn’t it? They’re our closest neighbor.”

“I’m not at liberty to say,” Blake replied, but they all knew that the Drakes were the only possibility.

“Of course.” Damian snipped as his hands curled into tight fists.

“What’s going on?” Bruce’s voice boomed and Dick and Jay flew apart, rushing over to him. Bruce brushed his fingers over their fur as he passed them. He crossed over to Damian and the Detective, Dick and Jason close at his side.

“Father-” Damian began, but Bruce silenced him with a look. Damian grumbled and crossed his arms in protest.

“This is unacceptable.” He hissed at Blake. “How dare you come here and speak to my son without my presence.” The anger in his voice was tangible and it made Dick want to stay as near as possible and he brushed up against Bruce, sitting down beside Bruce’s side.
Jay looked between them, growling lowly once more at the detective.

“I’m sorry, Mister Wayne. I only came here to voice a complaint.” Blake stated quickly.

“Then you speak to me or Alfred,” Bruce snipped. “You’ve upset my boys.” He reached over to Jay, petting him and lulling him to stand down.

Jason barked at the detective and then slumped down next to Dick. Dick nudged at his shoulder, licking his face.

“You have wolves as pets—”

“They’re more than that!” Damian interrupted and Bruce pulled Damian to him, squeezing his shoulder.

“I live outside Gotham city limits, there are no regulations.”

“But if they’re pure non dog wolves, it’s prohibited by the U.S. Endangered Species Act of 1973 to own one, let alone two.” Blake countered.

“Be as it may, they’re only fifty percent wolf,” Bruce stated icily. “Do not come here, preaching the law to me. I know my rights. You’re not welcome here.”

Blake groaned, rubbing his neck. “I didn’t want to start a fight. I came here off duty, to tell you about the complaints.”

Bruce bristled, “What complaints?”

“The noise complaints.” Blake sighed. “Just keep it down.”

Bruce nodded and Damian snorted.

“Have a good night.” Blake added before leaving them. Damian slammed the door behind him.

“Damian,” Bruce reprimanded.

“I didn’t do anything,” he gestured to Dick and Jay. “They’re the ones that were howling all night long.”

Dick barked in protest.

“Enough.” Bruce pinched the bridge of his nose. “I told you two to keep a low profile, we don’t need this.”

Dick whined and Jay barked at him.

“Just be careful,” Bruce warned them once more, glancing between them. Then he turned and headed to his office.

Damian huffed and Dick nudged his hand, licking it. “The detective is going to come back, you know he will. He had that look in his eyes.” He squeezed his hands into fists. “I’m going to fix it.” Damian rushed off and Dick barked after him.

Jason rubbed against him and Dick sighed, turning into Jay’s soft fur. Jay nudged at him and then took off, running down the hall and up the stairs.
Dick was torn, wanting to go after Damian to make sure he was okay… and going to Bruce to reassure him, but in the end he followed after Jason. He found Jason curled up on the plush rug in the library. It was one of Jason’s favorite spots, especially when the fire was roaring as it was now.

Jay barked at him to join him and Dick did. Dick rubbed against him, nuzzling at Jay’s neck. They rubbed against each other, it always took Dick’s breath away when he was aroused in this state. It was so much more intense and primal.

He growled as Jay pinned him to the ground, it was rough and Dick howled as his orgasm neared. Dick nipped at Jay’s shoulder as they came. Jay suddenly shifted, shuddering against him in his human form.

“Fuck,” Jay gasped, clearly surprised. “What the fuck?”

Dick shifted as well, wrapping his arms around Jason as he continued to tremble. “You okay?”

Jason groaned, rubbing at his face. “That’s not happened before… why now?”

Dick shrugged. “Did you think about being human once more?”

Jay snorted. “Yeah, was thinking about how your mouth felt around my cock and then bam.”

“Jay!” Dick laughed and then he kissed him. “Well, that’s your trigger then. You wanted to be human and fast, it’s all it takes. That’s how I shift so easily.”

“Huh.” Jason looked absolutely breathless and so damn good. Dick couldn’t help it; he had to kiss him once more.

Dick pulled back a moment later. “Come on, let’s go clean up and I bet Alfred is back from the market and making dinner.”

Jason stomach growled in response. “Yeah. But maybe a snack first?”

“Yes, okay.” Dick smiled, rubbing Jason’s arm. He shuddered slightly, Jay was just so tender after changing. “I’m proud of you, you didn’t attack the detective.”

“I really wanted too,” Jason huffed as he glanced out toward the windows. “Guess Damian kinda likes me after all.”

Dick smiled, “Yeah.”

“And Bruce said I was one of his boys,” he whispered and Dick nodded.

“He’s very protective of his pack, of us. I know it’s not what you’re used to, but we work.” Dick kissed his shoulder. “We should go check on them too, I’m afraid Damian is going to do something stupid.”

Jason snorted. “But a snack first, I’m starving.”

“Yeah.” Dick chuckled.
“Master Drake isn't home, young man,” Evans said as Tim came down the stairs.

“Misses Drake?” Damian Wayne asked.

“No,” Evans replied. His voice was clipped and on the way to icy.

Tim bit his lip and then did something brave again. “It's alright, Evans,” he said. “I will take it from here.”

Evans looked from Damian Wayne to Tim and then back to Damian again. “Very well, Master Timothy,” he said.

Tim knew what he was thinking; let the kids handle their own problems.

Tim wasn't sure what it was about, exactly, but he had seen the police car driving up to Wayne Manor. So it seemed his father's complaints were taken seriously after all.

“If you would follow me,” Tim said to Damian.

Damian sighed, but followed Tim to the small library that no one except for him ever used.

“A detective came by today,” Damian said as soon as the door was closed behind him. Tim had been just about to offer him a drink.

“I saw the car,” Tim replied, but frowned. “Why a detective? Isn't that below his pay-scale?”

“Unbelievable!” Damian huffed. “You're not even denying it.”

“Why would I? Father did call the police about the dogs.”

“They're not dogs!” Damian snarled.

And Tim nearly took a step back. He knew that they weren't dogs, they were clearly wolves, but he didn't think Damian would be so angry about someone using the wrong term.

“And they aren't howling the whole night long either.”

“I know,” Tim said.

“What?”

“I know. Father just hates dogs, wolves, all kinds of animals. He would probably get rid of the birds and squirrels in the gardens too, if he ever used the gardens,” Tim replied and then bit his lip. What was wrong with him? He shouldn't have said that. Especially the last part.

“Will this harassment continue then?” Damian asked sharply.

“No, my parents aren't home right now. They will be away for at least three months, but after that...” he trailed off.

“Well, my father won't get rid of the wolves. At all. So your parents better learn to live with it or
move again,” Damian said.

Tim's heart sped up with fear. He didn't want to move again. “Can't you-”

“Don't even,” Damian cut in. “They aren't howling all night long and you can't put a muzzle on them. I won't stand for it or any decent human being.”

“I wouldn’t suggest that!” Tim said harshly. He wouldn't. He wanted to touch that green eyed wolf again. Feel his soft fur under his fingertips. Maybe burrow his face in it.

Damian just looked at him. Then nodded. “Good. Give us a call when your parents are back.” It wasn't a question. It was more of an order and something in Tim bristled at that. Who did Damian Wayne think he was?

“I'm not your servant.”

“Come again?”

“I said, I'm not your servant. You can't just order me to do things.”

“It would be the decent thing to do, to warn us before your parents try to take my – the wolves away.”

“You could have asked, but no, it seems it's above Damian Wayne to be civil to people.”

“Oh, I am civil to people, but not to backstabbing, little shits like you.”

“I think you should leave now,” Tim said. He was very aware that Damian was bigger than him and that he was alone here and – he cut that thought resolutely.

“You're throwing me out?”

“You can come back when you have learned how to be around people.”

“You won't see me again. And stay the hell away from my wolves!” Damian said and stormed out.

Well, Tim thought, that could have gone better.

~+~

The next day the detective came by. Evans was about to send him away, but Tim invited him in. He didn't know exactly why, maybe only because he could or maybe because he had been curious about the whole thing.

“When will your parents be back?” Detective Blake asked.

“In three months,” Tim answered. “They are on a safari.”

“A safari? I thought that kind of thing went out of style around 1929,” Detective Blake replied with a smile.

Tim smiled back. The detective was a nice person, but Tim still didn’t know why he was here. “I'm sorry I can't be of any help.”

“Maybe I can ask you a few questions about the wolves next door.”
Wolves next door, Tim thought and suppressed a shiver of delight. “I don't think I can tell you more than the owners. Besides we just moved here.”

“But your father filed the noise complaints,” Blake said.

“Father doesn't like dogs,” Tim replied.

“Timothy,” he said and then stopped, looked at Tim and considered. “Have you seen the wolves?”

“Yes,” Tim said.

“Do you think they are dangerous?” Detective Blake asked.

“No,” Tim answered. He thought they were nice.

“I don't think that either, but it’s not allowed to have wolves as pets-”

“If they are pure-blood wolves,” Tim cut in.

Blake arched an eyebrow. “That is correct, Mister Wayne claims they are only 50% wolves, I wonder what the other 50% are,” Blake mused.

“Some kind of big dog would be my guess,” Tim said.

“They seem to be very smart and tame for wolves.”

“See? That only confirms that they aren't 100% wolf,” Tim said.

“Maybe,” Detective Blake allowed. “Please let me know if you should see or hear anything suspicious.”

“Suspicious?” Tim asked.

Detective Blake laughed, rubbed his neck. It was meant to look like a nervous gesture, but Tim didn't think that the Detective was nervous right now. It didn't set him at peace. It made him pay attention. There was something the Detective was after and it wasn't about the noise complaints.

“It's probably nothing. Just – you and the Wayne's live really far outside the city. If something should happen, help couldn’t be here that fast.”

“I'll be careful, besides I really don't think that Mister Wayne's wolves are dangerous,” Tim said.

“You’re right,” Blake said, but he handed Tim his card anyway.

~+~

Tim couldn’t stay away from the back gardens, even with Damian's warning in mind.

There was just something so magical about the back of the manicured grass. This part wasn't domesticated at all. This was a bit wild and – he hoped that he would see the wolves again. He could hear them sometimes at night or late evening.

But he hadn't seen them since that first time.

It was still early and it was a Saturday too, so he packed something to eat and grabbed a bottle of water and went out to the back garden.
Tim wasn't kidding himself. He wanted to see the wolves. He was prepared to wait. His tablet would provide some entertainment if he should get bored with the trees and bushes.

~+~

Tim rubbed his eyes, it was getting late and he hadn't heard or seen the wolves. It was getting dark too. He gathered his things, ready to go back to the house when he heard the rustling.

Tim held his breath and then decided that it was stupid to be afraid of Damian Wayne. He was pretty sure that Damian wouldn't beat him up. And if he should, well, Tim thought it would be worth it if he could feel that soft fur under his fingertips again.

He made his way slowly to the old gate and sure enough the wolf was standing there as if he was waiting for Tim.

“You probably smelled me,” he said softly. He didn't want to spook the wolf, even if he was pretty sure that he wouldn't. “Were you waiting for me to show up?”

The wolf made a soft noise. A bit like a chuckle, Tim thought. He put his hand to the gate again, like the last time. He tried to look around the wall, but it was no use, he could only put his hand through the iron work. “Alone this evening?”

The wolf barked.

“Is that a yes?”

The wolf barked again.

Tim smiled. “You're a really smart wolf, aren't you?”

The wolf barked.

Tim wished he knew what the wolf’s name was, but maybe Mister Wayne didn't give his wolves names. Wild wolves didn't have names either after all.

“And you have really pretty eyes,” Tim said. The wolf licked his palm. Tim really, really wanted to just get over there and he looked at the gate. Maybe he could climb it. “Hold on a second. Or a minute,” Tim said. “I'm not very good at this.” He wasn't what you’d call the sporty type, but he wasn't useless either. And he was just small enough that his footing was pretty much perfect between the ironwork. “I really hope Mister Wayne won't call the police, because this is trespassing,” Tim said as he climbed over the wall.

The wolf was sitting on the other side patiently when Tim touched down less than gracefully. When Tim brushed the grass from his pants, the wolf pushed his head into Tim's side. His fur was so soft it felt like Tim's favorite childhood blanket.

Tim had no idea what to even do with a wolf, any animal really. He hadn't thought beyond getting over that wall and being able to touch it. He just patted the wolves head and scratched behind its ears.

The wolf made a noise that nearly sounded like a purr.

“You like that?”
The wolf snuggled closer. He pushed Tim to the ground onto the soft grass and made himself at home on top of Tim's chest and belly. He wasn't that heavy and he was soft and warm. “I could fall asleep like this.” Tim said and did.

~+~

He woke up in Mister Wayne's arms. He blinked. Panicked a bit and flailed, Mister Wayne held him closer.

The wolf barked what sounded like a warning.

“You are alright.”

“I'm sorry for trespassing,” Tim said, but he wasn't struggling because he was afraid he would make Mister Wayne fall and besides it was nice. He couldn’t remember the last time his father did something like that.

“You climbed the old gate?” Mister Wayne asked.

“Yes,” Tim answered. “I am really sorry, Mister Wayne.”

“Why did you do it then?”

Tim could feel himself blush and looked down at Mister Wayne's chest. “I wanted to play with your wolf.”

“Next time you should just knock on the front door, Timothy,” Mister Wayne said.

Tim looked up. Mister Wayne was smiling. “Really?”

“He seems to like you. I can't promise he will always be there. Sometimes the wolves like to hide and sleep in the woods, but I'm sure my sons can provide good entrainment as well.”

Tim didn't think that Damian Wayne liked him much, but maybe Richard would – he bit his lips. “I don't want to intrude,” Tim said quietly.

The wolf barked again.

“I think you really should come over from time to time, Timothy.”

“Thank you,” Tim said and then, because it was the polite thing to do, not because he wanted to, “You can put me down now. I can walk on my own.”

“It's fine. It's dark and you don't know the terrain like I do,” Mister Wayne replied. “I will set you down once we're inside.”

“Okay,” Tim said.

~+~

Once inside, Alfred Pennyworth put a hot mug of tea in his hands and the wolf laid down at his feet.

“So weird,” Richard Grayson said as he entered the kitchen.

“Hello, I'm Timothy Drake.”
“Dick,” Richard Grayson said.

“Excuse me?”


“Oh,” Tim said. “What's weird?”

“His behavior. It's just weird. He – likes you.”

“Dick,” Bruce Wayne said.

“I don't mean it in a bad way. You know that,” Dick said, rolling his eyes. “He just doesn't warm up to people that fast. He’s still unsure about that detective.”

Tim couldn’t help the small smile, he reached down and petted the wolf again. He finished his tea and got up. “I should really go home. I'm sure people are worried.”

Dick and the wolf seemed to exchange glances.

“I'll show you to the door,” Dick offered.

“Thank you,” Tim said.

“It's no problem at all,” Dick replied, smiling.

The wolf followed them through the manor. Tim scratched his ears again as they arrived at the door.

“Are you gonna be fine, or should I deliver you to your doorstep?”

“I will be fine,” Tim answered. He knew he should be going, but he lingered.

“What is it?” Dick asked smiling. Dick had a really nice smile, Tim thought.

“What's his name?” Tim blurted out. “There are no tags-”

“He doesn't like collars,” Dick cut in.

Tim nodded. “I understand.”

Dick looked to the wolf and then nodded. “Mucha.”

Tim blinked. “I don't understand?”

“His name, is Mucha.”

“Like the Czech artist?” Tim asked.

Dick blinked at him. The wolf barked excitedly. “Yes, exactly.”

“Is it because of the eyes?”

“What?”

“Because they're so green and Mucha is famous for his Absinth pictures?” Tim could feel himself blush.
Dick looked at the wolf again. The wolf looked at Tim. “I guess it fucking is,” Dick said, suddenly laughing. “You should come over more often Tim,” Dick said.

“I will,” Tim replied. And he meant it.
Part One: Chapter Eleven

~Eleven~

“Don't give me shit,” Jason said as soon as he was in his human form again.

Dick grinned. “I'm not. I'm totally not giving you shit for anything. At all.”

Jason rolled his eyes. “I can see how you're not giving me shit.” He wrapped the old worn blanket around himself, because it was the only thing he could stand on his skin (except Dick rubbing against him, but he didn’t think that would be happening this evening) and sat down on the bed.

“It's just,” Dick said, sitting down on the floor, looking up at Jason. “You really like that boy, don't you?”

Jason shrugged. He couldn’t explain it at all. “He smells nice.”

“Oh,” Dick said, frowning.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Dick said.

“You're frowning and I feel like I just kicked a puppy, so, it's obviously something.”

Dick sighed, leaned back on his hands and crossed his legs. “My grandmother said you can smell a mate.”

Jason rolled his eyes. “He's like eight. I won't do anything with him. Besides I'm more than the wolf. Just because he smells good to me, doesn't mean I'm meant to be with him for the rest of my life. Your parents didn't just marry because your dad could smell that weird gene in your mom, did they?”

“No,” Dick said carefully. “My mom had it, but couldn’t turn. I mean, the chances of continuing the bloodline would be better with someone else, someone who could have turned.”

“See?” Jason replied, sliding down, so he was sitting with his back against the bed. His legs were brushing Dick's. “It's not all instinct. It's-“

“Love?” Dick said.

Jason made a face. “If you wanna call it that. Sure. What I mean is, that we're human most of the time and that has to count for something too.”

“Yeah,” Dick said.

“So, were you jealous of the boy next door?” Jason teased.

“They do say the grass is always greener on the other side,” Dick replied, waving it off.

Jason wasn't sure how to say that they were only teenagers and that this didn't mean, the fooling around, it didn't mean that he and Dick would settle down and adopt or whatever.

He was aware that he was the first person Dick had ever kissed and fooled around with, and that it
was a huge thing for Dick and he liked Dick. He liked the house and he didn't want to fuck it up. He shrugged it off. He would cross that bridge when he got to it.

“This grass is just fine for me,” Jason said and crawled over to kiss Dick on the nose. “Come on. I'm starving.”

“You're always starving.”

“I'm growing. And all that changing and running around burns calories like you wouldn't believe it.”

Dick rolled his eyes, but got up from the floor and followed Jason into the kitchen.

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“So what is the deal with you and that Drake kid? Don't you realize he's the enemy?” Damian asked, cornering Jason outside of the bathroom.

“Can we talk after I’ve dressed?”

“As if you care. Everyone runs around here naked half of the time,” Damian answered.

Not everyone. Alfred didn't and Jason hadn't seen Bruce Wayne naked either, and he suddenly realized he wouldn’t mind seeing Bruce Wayne naked.

“Come on in then,” Jason said, leading Damian to his room.

“Well?” Damian asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

“First: he's not the enemy. He's just a kid whose parents hate dogs.”

“We're not dogs!” Damian hissed.

“I know,” Jason replied. “I wasn't implying anything.” He wondered again what kind of childhood Damian Wayne had until he came to live with his father. Because that boy sure as hell had issues.

“Okay. So maybe he isn't the enemy, but his parents have already gotten the police involved and – you aren't legally here, you know that.”

“Yeah, that's why I'm always in wolf form when someone comes over. Thank, fucking, god that doesn't happen that often.”

“Language,” Damian said, but there was no heat behind it. “Why do you think Father invited Timothy Drake over?”

For you, Jason wanted to say. Damian wasn't good with people. He was fine with Dick, but Jason was sure that Dick was kinda magical and that it took him months to win Damian over. “No idea. Maybe he wants me to have a friend.”

“You have friends. You have Dick and me.”

Jason's heart beat a bit faster at that casual admission. “I know I have you, but you're also my pack and maybe he thinks it would be good for me to have friends outside of the pack.”

Damian thought about it and then nodded. “Yeah, that makes sense.”
Jason wanted to ask what exactly, but he let it be. “You can be his friend too. I mean he could use human friends. I can only be around him when I'm a wolf, because everything else would be suspicious as hell.”

“We can always say you're a friend of Dick's who came over to play.”

Jason suppressed a grin. To play... “Yeah, I guess we can.”

“You didn't answer my question,” Damian said.

Jason though he did. “I did.”

“No, you didn't.”

“What question?”

“What your deal with Timothy Drake is. You growl pretty much at everyone. Yesterday at the delivery girl.”

Jason refused to blush. She had been an intruder. He was just trying to keep his pack safe. “He smells good. He smells safe.”

“Okay...” Damian said.

“It's not like I can explain it, okay? I just like how he smells and I know he won't ever harm me or the pack. The wolf likes him.”

“Dick says that there is no distinction between you and the wolf.”

“Maybe there isn't for Dick, but it's different for me,” Jason shrugged.

“Yeah, for me too,” Damian replied.

“You were a born a werewolf, right?”

“Yes, but we didn't know my mother carried the gene, and she didn't know that Father was a werewolf either. Back then Father didn't know that werewolves could be born. My family considered it a curse.” Damian bit his lip and then stared at the wall. Jason kept silent. He had the feeling Damian wanted to tell him something. “In the ancient times, a child that was born with the curse would be killed, so the gene would die out. At least it worked that way in the part of the world where my mother's family lived.”

“Damian-”

“My mother died giving birth to me. It was a difficult birth – werewolf births always were. My grandfather took me in.”

“Oh,” Jason said. Damian had been the last link to his daughter, but it didn't mean that Damian's grandfather didn't blame Damian for her death.

“Water under the bridge,” Damian said, snapping out of whatever mood he had been in. His voice was sharp and clear again. “I just want you to be careful.”

“I won't tell him,” Jason said.

Damian nodded and then left.
Jason stared after him and then he snapped out of it and grabbed some clothes.

“So what are we gonna do tonight?” Jason asked.

Dick looked up from his homework. “You're on your own. You and Damian,” he said.

“What?”

“I'm allowed out on the streets again,” Dick beamed at him. “Just have to finish this homework. Nearly done.”

Jason had totally forgotten that Dick was also Robin in his spare time. And that the last month had been a punishment for Dick.

“Oh,” Jason said.

“You okay?”

“Sure, I can entertain myself.”

“You could ask Tim over.”

“Nah, how do I even explain where you and Bruce are?” Jason asked.

“Oh, right.” Dick put his pen away and stretched. “It gets complicated when you start to have friends who don't know about me and Bruce.”

“Can you even call it a friendship if you're lying to that person about shit all the time?”

Dick frowned. “There are always things you keep to yourself. You keep to yourself that you are a real boy and I that I'm Robin.”

“When you're not howling at the moon, that is,” Jason teased.

“Hey, I never howl at the moon.”

“Sure you don't,” Jason said.

Dick pounced on him and soon they were rolling around the floor.

Jason knew that it wouldn't lead anywhere. Bruce was just across the hall and Damian was upstairs, but it was nice anyway.

“You're gonna be careful, right?” Jason asked, as they were lying on the soft carpet.

“Yeah. I will.”

“That pack is still out there. The papers think it's a serial killer,” Jason said. He had been reading the papers.

“Bruce will deal with it,” Dick said. He sounded very sure of it too.

“Like he dealt with all the others?”

Dick sighed. “He – yeah. But he doesn't do that anymore.”
“I know. Living fucking proof of his change of heart,” Jason replied and rolled over to kiss Dick. Dick was breathless once Jason gave his lips free again. “Jay-”

“For good luck,” Jason said.

Dick grabbed him by the neck and pulled him in again. “A bit more luck can't hurt.”

~+~

“You don't have to worry about them,” Damian said, putting down a blu ray disc on the table.

“I'm not,” Jason replied.

“You've been watching commercials for half an hour,” Damian pointed out.

Jason winced. “How can you stand it?”

Damian shrugged. “I was pissed off at first. But it's what they do.”

“Pissed off?”

“Yeah, because Father is out there with Grayson.”

“Instead of you,” Jason said, catching on.

Damian gave him a look. “Wanna watch a movie?”

“Sure,” Jason said. “Put it in, I'll get some snacks from the kitchen.”

“Don't take too long. Get whatever.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Jason said, but he did hurry.

When he came back Damian was already sprawled out on the couch with the remote in hand.

“You ever thought about being out there too?” Jason asked.

“Like being Robin?”

“Yeah, why not. I bet it would fuck with the bad guys so much if Robin was fucking everywhere.”

Damian looked at him. “Are you thinking about being Robin?”

To be honest Jason hadn't been thinking about Robin at all in the last few weeks, but now he was. He shrugged. “It's not like he would just let me”

“No,” Damian said. “He wouldn’t.”

“How did Dick get that gig?”

“By nagging. A lot,” Damian said.

“We can do that,” Jason said.

Damian grabbed a soda, but just rolled the bottle between his palms. “I think we'd need a better plan than nagging.”
Jason grinned at him. “Maybe we will come up with something better.”

“Why do you even want to be Robin?”

“To help Dick,” Jason answered honestly.

“Yeah,” Damian said and then pressed play.

Jason took the hint.
John sat up in bed, he couldn’t get the wolves out of his head. And after meeting with the Drake boy, it just left more questions. There was just something there. He couldn’t help but wonder if they were… no. It wasn’t possible. Werewolves were just folklore and monsters for scary movies…

Considering how Bruce Wayne's wolves behaved, John was beginning to think that they could be more than just normal wolves. And he ached to return to the Manor, to see them again. There was just something so hypnotic about them, he sensed that the Drake boy felt the same.

He shook his head and got ready for work instead.

~*~

John was frustrated, every lead had ended up cold or dead. And he only had one more lead left. If this didn’t pan out, he didn’t know what else to do. There was something nagging at him, something he was missing.

The press had finally picked up on the story, but they had claimed it was a serial killer. Which was more probable than just animal attacks… but the time frame didn’t add up.

John was convinced that the Waynes’ murders were one of the first killings. It couldn’t be the same man- he’d be too old, maybe it was some organization or something.

“Cat’s got your tongue?”

John blinked, his thoughts clearing and he forced a smile to his face. “What?”

“Well,” the sexy bartender leaned in, letting her black hair brush against his arm. He shivered slightly at the silky caress. “You’ve been sitting there for over an hour, nursing that same drink, and you’ve not once hit on me.”

He laughed, a real smile stretching over his face. He hadn’t felt like this in months. “Didn’t know kitty needed to be scratched.”

She smiled wide, inviting. “I’ve got a pretty big itch.”

“Fuck me.”

“I’m trying,” she shrugged, arching her back in just the way to keep his attention. She was gorgeous, red lips, black leather hugging every inch of her body, and nothing but legs.

John glanced around, the place was pretty empty. He quickly got up to his feet and headed to the back. He only had to wait a moment before she pushed him into the nearest bathroom and slammed him up against the door. “Damn,” he barely managed as she smirked at him and captured his lips in a heated kiss.

His breathing hitched as she stroked him through his pants, her body pressed against his. Her fingers brushed against his abdomen and his heart skipped a beat. He tried to tug her into another kiss when she suddenly slapped him.
“What’s this?” She held up his wallet with his badge and he felt his face flush, not even realizing she had picked his pocket.

“What does it look like?” He questioned as he grabbed for them and she scowled.

“I knew it was too fucking easy.” She hissed, throwing the items back at him. “Too bad, it could have been fun.”

John groaned. “Too bad.” It really could have and he could have used the distraction.

She left him in the bathroom without a second glance. John sighed and reluctantly followed her back out to the bar. He grabbed his drink and swallowed the last bit down. “What’s your name?”

She raised a brow, “Is it going to land me in jail?” She smirked, “Or a pair of handcuffs?”

“Only if you want it to be,” he winked. “John Blake.”

“Selina Kyle.” She purred, leaning back against the bar. “Anyone ever tell you, you were an easy mark?”

John chuckled. “Not exactly.”

“What are you doing in a place like this?” She questioned and suddenly his thoughts went back to his current case.

“I was investigating around the area.” He explained. “Seen anything suspicious?”

Selina snorted.

“Right.” He sighed, grabbing his jacket. “Thanks-” his voice trailing off. Not sure what he was thanking her for. The flirtation, the kiss? Both? He shook his head and headed toward the door.

“You’re looking in the wrong place.”

John glanced back at her. “Where should I be looking?” He asked, needing anything he could get. Not really daring to hope that she would give him something to go on.

“The Narrows,” She began as she crossed back over to him. “Craven’s crew, nasty little bunch.”

John’s eyes widened, he had heard rumors of the crew. Drugs and other minor petty crimes…. But killings? He wouldn’t have pegged them to be the sort that would. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” she smirked, leaning in and pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Don’t be a stranger.”

John didn’t intend to.

~*~

John had dressed down, needing to blend more into his surroundings. It was mid-afternoon and after his patrol, but John knew that anything could happen in this neighborhood. He wasn’t really sure where to start, Selina’s tip was vague, but at this point he had nothing else to go on.

He walked down the street, keeping to himself as he watched out for anything suspicious. But nothing seemed out of the ordinary… a few kids playing, regular street traffic. He paused when he noticed a guy in a beat up leather jacket exchange something with a guy in a tattered jean jacket. John casually watched as another person approached and something was once more exchanged.
Drugs, he was sure of it. John wanted to bust them, but he had no back up and John wasn’t sure how many were a part of this deal. So, he continued to watch and learn.

“Detective.”

John’s eyes widened, wondering who the hell got the drop on him. “Excuse me?”

A chuckle rang through the air and John turned to see two teen boys were studying him. “Slumming it a bit, huh?” One of the boys smirked, he was bigger, broader than the other and he had green eyes. They seemed about the same age, but John didn’t recognize them.

There was something familiar about them.

“It’s okay, your secret is safe with us,” the other boy grinned, winking at him. Brilliant blue eyes were shinning with mischief.

His eyes, they were so familiar. Both of them. John knew these boys. But how? Had he busted them before? Anything was possible in this part of town. “The same can be said for yourselves,” John countered and the boys chuckled, disappearing around the corner.

But before John could follow, he noticed that the dealer he had been watching was going in the other direction. John was torn, but he had to follow the dealer… the boys had to wait.

John was able to get closer this time, he could pick up bits and pieces of conversation, but nothing to really go on. This was turning out to be a bust.

“Who the fuck are you?” A voice hissed and suddenly John was cornered by man who was twice John’s size.

John inwardly groaned, hating the fact that he let his guard down as he attempted to listen to the dealer. “No one.”

“No one?” The guy repeated, taking a step closer to him. “You’ve been watching my boy all fucking day.” He tapped John’s chest. “You a copper?”

John snorted, “Nah, just been jonesing.”

The man grabbed John’s arm and John tried not to flinch. “Hard to believe, you're too fucking clean.”

“Then let’s give him somethin’ to dirty him up.” The dealer grinned, suddenly at his side. Shit.

“Yeah, man. Just a little something.” John tried to play it off, but it sounded so wrong to his own ears. It only appeared to be the two of them, so maybe he could take them.

A needle flickered in the fading sunlight and John knew he had to do something fast. John kicked out at the dealer and managed to dislodge the syringe from his hand. John stomped down on it, breaking it.

“Knew you were a copper!” The man hissed and landed a punch to John’s gut.

John hissed, grabbing at his revolver and aiming it at the men. “Stand down.”

“Look at this idiot!” The dealer laughed and waved his hand. “Boys.”
John’s resolve faltered as more men emerged from the shadows. John knew he could take one down, but the rest? John had to take the risk. He fired a shot, hitting the bigger man in his chest and he spun around as another tried to hit him.

John cried out as something sliced his arm and he shot at another thug, but this time he only managed to shoot him in the arm. “Fuck.”

“You can say that again,” a burly voice said as another gunshot rang through the air. John recoiled back when he was hit in the chest and blinding pain radiated through his body. His gun was yanked out of his hands and it skidded under a dumpster.

John stumbled back, pressing his hand against the wound. Shit, he was going to die in an alley… where was Batman and Robin when he needed them? But it was too early for them to even patrol. John was stupid to think he could do this on his own.

“Detective!!”

John blinked, recognizing the voice from earlier… the boy with the blue eyes. John tried to tell them to run and call for help, but he couldn’t form the words. He slammed back against the wall, no longer able to stand on his own and watched in horror as the men’s attention turned to the boys running to John. “Go-”

The boys engaged the men and John had to admit that they held their own, but they were still horribly outnumbered and John was out of commission.

The boy glanced around them and then suddenly he was changing, clothes ripping, and then there was nothing but a blur of white. A wolf…. a werewolf. They were real. It was mind blowing and John wondered briefly if he had truly lost it and was hallucinating.

But deep down, John knew they were real. He had his suspicious before, but now...

John blinked, his heart skipping a beat as he realized he knew this wolf, Wayne’s boy. The beautiful white wolf with mesmerizing blue eyes.

The wolf growled at the men, but they stood their ground until the wolf lunged forward and took a bite out of one of their arms. It was almost comical the way they rushed out of there, cursing at the wolf as they ran from the scene.

“Shit,” the other boy was suddenly at John’s side, putting pressure against the wound. John snapped his gaze to the boy and he couldn’t help but notice the green eyes… he was the other wolf. “Hey, you with me?”

John tried to reply, but coughed up blood instead. He had so much to say...

“Way to be the fucking hero,” he sneered. “What the fuck were you thinking attempting to go against Draken’s men? Craven was a fucking middleman, you’re lucky it was only his dumb ass crew.” He huffed, sighing as the white wolf neared, rubbing against John. “His gaze is all glassy and he’s lost a lot of blood. Not sure he’s going to make it.” He said to the wolf. “Where’s the fucking ambulance?”

The wolf barked at him and then he laid his head on John’s arm. The soft fur, soothing John and suddenly he couldn’t feel the pain anymore.

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John blinked, his chest ached and his mouth was so fucking dry. He attempted to move but found he couldn’t.

“Careful.”

John’s gaze darted to the side and his eyes locked onto Bruce Wayne's solid form. “What-” Was all John managed to croak out.

“What do you remember?” Bruce questioned as he poured John a glass of water… and suddenly John understood why Bruce was here. To protect his boys.

“I was following up on a lead.” John managed after a sip of his water.

“For my parents’ case?” He asked and John nodded. “You were lucky my boys saw the attack and called the ambulance when they did.”

“I know, I don’t know how I can ever repay them.”

Bruce studied him, eyes narrowing slightly. “You’re alive, that’s all the thanks they will ever need.” He stated, continuing to study him. “You’ll heal, but you’ll need to take some time off.”

John nodded as he spared a moment to take inventory of himself. He had a dressing to his upper right chest, and his lower right arm. He had an IV and-

“Detective Blake.”

“Please, call me John.” John insisted and Bruce nodded.

“Very well.” He smiled, “My boys wanted to be here when you got up, but a hospital is no place for them.”

John nodded once more, he had so many questions, but he knew he had to keep what he knew to himself. The wolves… Draken. The other boy had mentioned him. He was connected to this somehow and John was determined to find out how. “Thank them for me, everything is a haze after I was shot.”

“Naturally,” Bruce seemed to relax, “Once you’re up to it, you should stop by the manor. I’m sure they’d like to see you again.”

“I’d like that.”

Bruce left after a few more pleasantries…. nurses and doctors rounded at his bedside, but all John could think about was the white wolf that came to his rescue. The folklore was true. And he may not have found out what he was looking for, but he had something else. He was feeling optimistic, considering he was just shot in the chest.
“Are you fucking stupid?” Jason asked. He was livid. Angry was just too tame a word. He was probably beyond livid now.

“What?”

“Changing like that in front of fucking thugs!” Jason yelled. It was a good thing Bruce Wayne was already gone. He went to the hospital to find out what that cop remembered. He hadn't looked at Jason or Dick, but Jason knew that he would chew Dick out. And himself too, because he had been with Dick and because Jason's record was less than stellar. What with him killing people and all.

“We had to help Detective Blake!”

“Not by changing into a wolf in front of criminals-”

“They were about to kill him!”

“And why do we care? He isn't pack!”

“So if it were Tim, you would just let him bleed out?” Dick asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Tim is a fucking kid! It's not the same.”

“He isn't pack,” Dick said sternly.

Well, maybe, Jason thought, maybe Tim should be pack. “Tim wouldn’t be in such trouble, you know why? Because he's a kid and because he doesn't look for trouble.”

“Right,” Dick said.

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“He's running around with werewolves, if that isn't looking for trouble I don't know what is. He was trespassing too. That's criminal behavior.”

“Are you kidding me?” Jason just couldn’t believe it.

“Just making a point.”

“You can't just run around and save people!”


“Wonder how much longer,” Damian said from the door. Dick turned so fast, Jason's head was spinning.

“What do you mean?”

“You broke protocol twice already. And only within a few weeks. Father is – I have never seen him so angry, Dick.”

“You think he's gonna take it away from me?” Dick asked. He sounded breathless and scared.
Jason hadn't heard Dick scared yet.

Damian shrugged. “I don't know. I bet you will be grounded again. You better make a solid case for why you did it and for why you guys were even in that neighborhood.”

Jason winced. That one had been on him. Dick had asked about his old life and school and they ended up taking the bus, so Jason could dwell on his past.

The thing was, it had been fun up until Blake had gotten himself into deep shit.

“Great,” Jason said. “Just fucking great.”

“What?” Damian asked.

“It was my old neighborhood. I was showing Dick my fucking school. Bruce will rip me a new one.”

Because of course he would blame Jason for this mess.

“You didn't turn,” Damian pointed out.

“Why didn't you turn?” Dick asked, looking at him.

“Because,” Jason answered, “I can't be called stable around people and especially those kinds of people.”

“What kind?” Damian wanted to know. He had ventured into the room and was leaning against the desk.

“You called him Craven. Like you knew him,” Dick said.


“He's dead. Blake killed him,” Jason replied. “No big loss if you ask me. He was a mean motherfucker.”

“Language,” Damian said, tiredly.

Jason smiled at him. “You can take the boy out of the Narrows, but not the Narrows out of the boy.”

“We'll see about that,” Damian replied. He was smiling now too. Since Dick was on the streets as Robin again, he and Damian were bonding a lot. It was nice. Jason never thought he wanted a little brother, but now that he had one, it was kinda nice.

“Was he a gang leader?” Dick asked.

“Yeah, he was.”

“And the other one, what did you call him? Drecken?”

Jason crossed his arms over his chest. “Draken. He's a mean motherfucker too and Craven belonged to his crew. It's better not to be on their radar and as you turned in front of them you might be and if they recognized me, I might be too. So thanks for that,” Jason said. Pissed again. Why couldn’t Dick think first and act later? What was Batman even teaching that boy? He and Damian would make a better Robin for sure.
“I did what was right. I saved John Blake's life,” Dick said stubbornly.

“And endangered ours,” Jason pointed out.

“I'm not gonna have this argument with you again.”

“You will have it with Father,” Damian said.

Dick sighed: all the fight going out of him. He was really afraid that Bruce would take away Robin from him.

Jason was torn between being sorry for Dick and thinking it served him right. But maybe the last one was because he was still angry and afraid. Draken had killed his mother. And he wanted Jason – god only knew for what purpose. Breeding maybe. Like a dog. There were way more werewolves in the Narrows than there should be, Jason thought. And they were all part of Craven's crew. Mean and dangerous men.

“Father will want to hear all about it once he's back,” Damian said.

“I know,” Dick nodded.

Jason kept silent, there was really nothing more to say.

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“Dick, Jason, library now,” Bruce Wayne said as he handed his jacket to Alfred.

This was it then, Jason thought. He would be thrown out and – Jason didn't know. He knew he couldn't be around people, he couldn't go to the Narrows. He had nowhere to go. He would have to leave Gotham and then what? Where would he go?

He followed Dick, who followed Bruce, and as soon as the door closed Dick was already talking.

“I told you I would do it again,” he said. Jason winced. “It was the right thing to do. It's not like Gotham has a lot of good cops and John Blake is one of them. He deserved a chance to live.”

“You broke protocol, not caring that criminals would see you. Did you ever think that maybe the people who killed your parents still want you? May still try to snatch you away? And now they know for sure that you can turn at will and they know what your wolf form looks like, Dick. You endangered yourself and you endangered your family.”

Dick looked stubborn. “I couldn’t let them kill him. That is not who I am. That is not who Robin is.”

“Robin should be a partner I can trust,” Bruce said.

Jason could see that that one stung like hell, but Dick held his ground. “It was the right thing to do. He is a good man. He’s trying to find your parents' murderer. And to stop the killings that are happening now.”

“He might get himself killed by doing that without a plan or backup,” Jason said and then bit his tongue. Shit what was he doing? It wasn't a good idea to throw in his opinion when Batman and Robin were arguing.

Bruce looked at him. “You didn't turn.”
“I didn’t trust myself around them,” Jason replied honestly. He was ashamed of it too, but Bruce probably knew that already.

Bruce nodded. “Good call.”

Jason nearly thanked him. It was so weird.

Dick looked between him and Bruce and then squared his shoulders. “Am I grounded again?”

“Yes, you are.”

“For how long?” Dick asked.

“I don’t know yet. I would like to say, until you’ve learned your lesson, but it seems you won’t learn your lesson, because you’ve already done it twice.”

“Bruce-”

“And if I ask you now if you’ll do it again, what would you tell me?”

“I probably will,” Dick said quietly. “But only if there is no other way!”

“Go to your room, Dick.” Bruce replied.

“But Bruce!”

“Go to your room,” Bruce repeated and it was halfway to the Batman voice.

Dick gave him a look, but Jason hadn't been dismissed, so he stayed where he was.

“See you later,” Jason said.

Dick nodded, and then on impulse he grabbed Jason by his shirt and pulled him into a harsh kiss. “For luck.”

Fuck, Jason thought, Dick had no fucking self-preservation.

And then he was alone with Bruce Wayne.

“I am aware that you and Dick are close,” Bruce said.

Well, of course, Jason thought, he was the fucking Batman. “It’s – I don’t know. We just fool around a bit.” Jason didn't like to put a label on it, especially not when his future was so unclear.

“What you do with Dick is between you and Dick,” Bruce said and Jason realized that he had as much desire to talk about this as Jason himself. None.

“Okay,” Jason said. “So...are you gonna throw me out?”

“No, why would I do that?” Bruce asked, sitting down behind his desk.

“Because we were in that neighborhood because of me? And because I didn’t stop Dick-”

“As if anyone could stop Dick from turning,” Bruce cut in. It sounded fond. Bruce, Jason realized, really loved Dick like a son.

“Okay. So what is this about then?”
“Craven and the crew he was running with.”

“I don't know much about-”

“Jason, it's time you tell me what you know. I can protect you,” Bruce said. “Craven was a werewolf.”

It wasn't a question, so Jason nodded. “Yeah.”

“If you're wondering, once you’ve turned your blood is just a little bit different. Their blood – our blood, can betray you to people who know what they are looking for. Normal doctors and coroners don't look for it, because they don't know it's there to be looked at. But I do. Craven was a werewolf and he lived and operated in your part of town. Your mother's murder had been ruled an animal attack.”

“It wasn't an animal attack,” Jason said. “The one who killed her, did this to me.”

“Jason, I want to help. I want to stop these people and you can help me. Tell me everything you know.”

The thing was he trusted Bruce, because Bruce was the fucking Batman, but also because Bruce cared about them.

So he told Bruce everything he knew about Craven and Draken.

~+++~

Dick and Damian were sitting in Dick's doorway when he got upstairs with a plate full of sandwiches and two bottles of water.

“What did he want from you?” Dick asked.

“Intel,” Jason replied, entering Dick's room. “Snack?”

“I'm starving,” Damian said, grabbing a cucumber sandwich.

Dick took a cheese one, because there was nothing with meat on the plate. They sat on the floor and ate in silence for a few minutes.

“Intel?” Dick asked once he was done.

Damian was playing with a water bottle. It was his tell, Jason discovered.

“Yeah, about Craven and Draken.”

“The one who killed your mother and turned you,” Dick nodded.

“Yeah, he wants to put them away. But we know he can't put them away. He has to kill them. That's the only way.”

“He's done it before,” Damian said. “When it comes down to it, they're just rabid dogs.”

“Yeah, but they also used to be my pack,” Jason said softly.

“You said it yourself, Jay,” Dick replied, “We're half human and it has to count for something too. We can choose our own pack.”
Jason smiled at him. “You're getting all mushy on me.”

“Shut up,” Dick said, but he was grinning.

“Did Father say anything about the Detective?” Damian cut in.

“Yeah, seems Blake didn't see anything. He was bleeding out after all. We're in the clear. He does know that we were there and helped him. But the details are blurry according to Blake.”

“Good,” Dick said. “Knowing about me would make him a target too.”

“Thank god he killed Craven,” Jason replied. He had never liked Craven, he had never liked how Craven had looked at him and the other kids.

“I really fucked up,” Dick said.

“He's still proud of you,” Jason replied.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Jason said. “But I'm sure he doesn't want you to do it again,” he added.

“Smart-ass,” Dick replied, getting up. “So I'm grounded. For god only knows how long. He didn't say anything about staying in my room – yet, so anyone up for Assassin’s Creed?”

“Sure,” Damian said. “And then we can maybe go and play some soccer like Europeans.”

“I like soccer,” Jason said, because he did like it.

“Alfred taught us, we don't actually play by the rules, but it's fun,” Dick relayed.

“I like the running and chasing a ball part, it appeals to my canine nature.” Damian threw in and the thing was that Jason was pretty sure he wasn't being sarcastic.

“Let's skip Assassin’s Creed and go straight to backyard soccer,” Jason said.

“Going to get the ball and water,” Damian replied and was gone a moment later.

“You still mad at me?” Dick asked.

“No,” Jason answered. He wasn't anymore. Dick was Dick was Dick. “I just want you to be more careful.”

“I'm gonna try,” Dick said, kissing his cheek.

“Let's go.”

“Jay?”

“What?”

“Did Bruce-?”

“We didn't talk about your impulsive display of affection. I think it's better that way.”

“Oh, okay.”
“If you wanna talk about it with him, I bet he will listen and talk, but I – didn’t.”

“Okay,” Dick said. “Let’s go.”

“Race you!” Jason said, shoving Dick aside and running down the stairs.
Dick curled up in the chair, waiting for Bruce to return. His head shot up as the Batmobile roared through the waterfall and he barked as the Batman emerged.

Bruce took off the cowl and looked to Dick. “What are you doing down here?”

Dick wagged his tail, barking once more. He jumped off the chair and brushed against Bruce’s legs, breathing in deep the musky leather and the night’s air that lingered on him.

Bruce sighed.

Dick knew that Bruce may be angry with his earlier actions, but he could never stay angry too long. He rubbed against Bruce and licked at Bruce’s gloved fingers. Bruce pulled off his gloves and ran his hand down Dick’s back, petting him.

“Incorrigible.”

Dick barked with glee, wagging his tail.

“Dick.”

Dick knew that tone of voice and he shifted back. He shivered at the chill in the cave and Bruce draped his cape over his shoulders. “You should be in bed.”

“I couldn’t sleep.” He whispered as he pulled the cape tighter around him and sat back down in the chair, all he could think of was Batman being out there alone and it was all his fault. “I want to go out with you.”

“You should have thought about that before you broke protocol, again.” Bruce stated as he began to dismantle the Batsuit.

“I’m not sorry for saving the detective.” He stated and he wasn’t. “But I wasn’t in uniform. You taught me to protect those who couldn’t protect themselves. And we tried to take them on first, but there was too many of them… and I could smell the lingering wolf in them, so I took a chance. They didn’t even attempt to attack me.”

“You’re a rare wolf, of course they wouldn’t have struck against you. The one that killed your parents is still out there.” Bruce stated and Dick shuddered at the thought. “You exposed yourself.”

Dick frowned. “I’m sorry.”

Bruce reached over, squeezing Dick’s shoulder. “I know you are, but this cannot happen again, Dick. Can you promise me that it won’t?”

Dick worried his lip, he had been thinking a lot about it and he still wasn’t sure. “I dunno.”

“Then until you can promise me, you’ll no longer be Robin.”

Dick felt himself pale, his heart sinking. That was the one thing he feared. “But, Bruce-”

“No, Dick.” Bruce voice was deeper, mirroring the Batman’s. “You put your family, your partner
at risk. You’ve endangered us.”

Dick sunk down in his chair, burying his head into his hands. “But-” he began once more as he looked up at Bruce.

“No.”

Dick sighed, “Okay, okay. I promise I’ll never shift on patrol.”

“No?”

Dick glared, hoping he’d be able to sneak the other by. But he should have known better, Bruce was the Batman. “Or in public ever again.”

Bruce smiled and Dick felt like he could breathe again. “Very well. You can join me after the full moon tomorrow night.”

Dick grinned, jumping up from his seat and wrapping his arms around Bruce. He sighed happily and closed his eyes when Bruce returned the hug. “And Jay and Damian?” He questioned, glancing up at him.

Bruce arched a brow. “What about Jay and Damian?”

“They want to patrol with us,” Dick began. “As Robins too.”

“As Robins?”

“Yeah,” Dick grinned. “I know you think Damian is too young, but he’s been training for this since he was a baby… and I’ve started showing Jason a few moves, but he’d be better taught by you. My moves are based on my gymnastics and he needs something more than I can show him.” He continued on, his excitement building. “Can’t you see it? It’ll be a total mindfuck to those we fight. They won’t expect it, we’d be fighting as a pack.”

“Language.”

Dick snorted. “Bruce!”

Bruce sighed. “I’ll think about it.”

Dick hugged Bruce even tighter.

Bruce ruffled Dick’s hair. “Now go to bed.”

Dick smiled as he snuggled more into the cape around him and headed up to bed.

~*~

“So Operation Robin is underway!” Dick grinned as he jumped onto Jay’s bed the next morning, too excited to wait any longer.

“Yeah?” Jason grunted, rubbing at his face. “What did he say?”

“That he’d think about it.” Dick curled into him and kissed Jay’s neck, nipping lightly at his skin. Jay groaned, “That doesn’t sound good.”
Dick laughed, “You know what he said the first time I asked?”

“What?”

“He said, no.” Dick explained. “So, we’re so ahead of the game. Just give it some more time and we’re golden. It’ll be so awesome having you guys out there too.” Dick had a really good feeling about this. He was initially surprised when they brought it to him, but now he couldn’t think of anything else. He leaned in and kissed Jason softly, but the kiss grew into something more heated soon.

Jason pulled him closer, moaning as they rubbed against each other. “Are you still grounded?”

“Don’t think so, he said I could patrol at the end of the week.” Dick mused, but Bruce didn’t clarify if he still was. But at the moment Dick really didn’t care. He was so hard and all he could think about was Jason’s mouth, his fingers, his cock. Dick moaned as Jason licked at his neck, wrapping his hand around Dick’s cock.

He loved mornings like this and it wasn’t long before they came messily all over their hands. Dick pulled back, breathing harshly. “Breakfast and playing in the gardens?” Dick suggested, knowing Jason would agree.

~*~

They played in the garden for most of the morning hours and they were about to go back in when Dick caught a scent in the air and he knew that Tim was near. He barked at Jason and he paused, sniffing the air as well.

Jay glanced to where the old gate was and they raced over. Dick made to it first and barked at Tim, pressing his snout against the cool metal, licking at his hand.

“Hey, boy, you’re back!” Tim grinned, his face lighting up when he caught sight of Jay as well. “Mucha!”

Jay barked in reply, licking at his hand.

Dick took a step back and Jay followed, barking once more at Tim. Bruce had unlocked the old gate, oiling it up just for Tim to come and go as he willed. Hoping he’d use it more often.

“Oh,” Tim gasped as he realized it too. “It’s not locked, is it?”

They barked in response and Tim pushed open the old gate.

“That’s so much easier than last time.” Tim grinned, turning back to them. “Mucha!” Tim called out with glee and Jason and Dick ran over to him, circling around his legs as Tim laughed.

It was so good to hear the boy laugh and Dick wanted to hear it again. So, he jumped up on Tim, licking at his face.

“So, what’s your name?” Tim asked as they settled down in a pile on the soft grass. Tim curled up between Dick and Jason. Tim looked happy and serene, petting them in tangent. “Is your name an artist too?”

Dick barked, it was weird having another name. But technically it was his third, since Dick also went by Robin. He understood why Bruce insisted on a wolf name… especially since Dick and Jason were in their wolf form whenever they could. And to protect their identity in front of others,
they needed another name.

“Okay, hmmmm.” Tim hummed. “Monet? His watercolors have a lot of blues, like your eyes.”

Dick and Jason snorted, shaking their heads.

“Picasso? He had a blue period.” Tim questioned and they once more snorted in response. “Van Gogh? Da Vinci?”

Dick was impressed that Tim knew so many artists. He really was a smart kid, it was impressive that he guessed the reasoning behind Mucha’s name when Dick nor Jay had never figured it out. They just thought Bruce was being Bruce.

Dick pulled away and then jumped in the air, twirling as best as he could.


Dick barked in confirmation and then plopped down next to them, licking Tim’s face and then Jay’s.

Tim giggled, sighing with happiness. “Mucha and Degas, I like it. You two are the best wolfs ever.”

Dick looked to Jay and then they pounced on Tim, licking his face and nuzzling against him until he was breathlessly laughing with glee.

Dick paused, glancing away as he heard someone approaching.

“What is it?” Tim asked, looking in the same direction. He snorted when Damian appeared. “Oh, it’s you.”

“What are you doing here?” Damian asked, crossing his arms over his chest. Dick barked at him and Damian sighed. “Would you like to stay for lunch?” He reluctantly asked.

Tim nodded, petting Jay. “Yes, I’d like that.”

Dick jumped up, circling around Damian. It was a start, soon they would be fast friends. Dick just knew it.

~*~

Dick howled at the full moon as they gathered in the garden. Tonight was the best night, Damian could join them and he hoped that Bruce would join them like he did last time.

Damian ran around him and pounced on Dick’s back, tugging on his ear. Dick growled lightly, more for fun than anything else. Jay joined him and soon they were rolling around on the ground playing.

Dick suddenly tensed when he heard footsteps approaching and the others paused in their play as they heard it too. Dick barked and pulled away, the person smelled familiar, but there was something off.

“Hello?”

The detective?
Dick barked once more and that’s when he saw John Blake. What was he doing here? Shouldn’t he be at the hospital?

“There you are,” he smiled as he approached. “I wanted to thank you.” He said as he knelt down before Dick. He looked like shit; pale skin and stiff, jerky movements. Dick could smell the detective’s wounds, in fact it tainted everything around him.

Dick looked to Jason, his heart hammering in his rib cage. Blake knew. He remembered and now he was here. Dick howled his distress, he wasn’t expecting this at all.

Damian growled at his side and the detective’s eyes widened.

“Another one?” He gasped. “This is the younger one, Damian.”

Damian whimpered, taking a step back, almost hiding behind Dick.

“Amazing,” Blake inhaled, reaching out to Dick. “I told your father I didn’t recall what happened, but I do. I can’t thank you enough.”

“Excuse me, sir, but you’re trespassing.” Alfred stated, coming to their aid. He stopped, his eyes widening as he recognized the detective as well. “Oh, Detective Blake. We weren’t expecting you.”

“I’m sorry, I just-” Blake paused, glancing back at Dick. “I had to see the wolves again.”

“Degas, Mucha, Mohasses go play. I shall deal with our visitor.” Alfred stated, Dick nodded to the others and they nodded in return, before they darted deeper into the gardens. Dick paused, waiting a moment longer to study the detective. “It is fine, Degas. I know how fond you are of tonight.” Alfred stated softly, encouraging him to go play.

Dick barked his thanks, glanced once more at the detective and ran off into the night with his pack. Everything was going to be different after tonight, another human knew about them… and it was his fault. But Dick wasn’t sure if it was a good or bad.

Dick felt like they could trust in him. Blake was a good cop and he would protect them as Dick had protected him the other day.
Tim knew that normal wolves, wild wolves, didn't behave like Mister Wayne's wolves. He had read about wolves and watched all kinds of videos and even if people claimed that wolves could be tamed – it was still a far cry from how Mister Wayne's wolves acted.

They were special and they liked Tim.

It was – not weird, it was kinda magical like in the stories his nanny used to read him when he was little.
The wolves (or any other animal) in the stories were always spelled humans. He wondered if the wolves were spelled humans too. And if they were, could he, Tim, be the hero in this story?

He frowned at himself. He didn't look much like a hero and the wolves were both male. Spelled animals were always the opposite sex, so the hero or heroine could fall in love with them.

He sighed. What was he doing? Really. Thinking about fairy tales, when there were real wolves just next door. He could hear them howling now.

It was a good thing that his parents weren't home.

Tim grabbed a pullover and put it on. He would go outside and see if Mucha and Degas were up for some playing.

~+~

Tim hid behind a bush when he saw the Detective entering the Wayne gardens. His heart was hammering in his chest. What was Blake doing here? In the middle of the night? He couldn’t be investigating another noise complaint, because no one else lived close enough to hear the wolves howling and Tim didn't mind. In fact, he liked hearing the wolves at night. It made him feel less alone.

He squared his shoulders and went to the front door of the manor.

Alfred looked surprised when he saw Tim.

Tim couldn’t blame him. It was late.

“I'm sorry,” Tim said. “But I was outside to see if Mucha and Degas were up for some racing and I saw Detective Blake – trespassing, I think you can call it? Or, if he was invited then I'm sorry for bothering you.”

“No, he wasn't invited at all,” Alfred said. “Thank you Tim. Would you like to wait inside?”

“No,” Tim said. “I'll just go back home. It's late after all.”

“Very well,” Alfred replied. “I will take care of Detective Blake. Don't you worry.”

“Okay,” Tim said. “Good night, Mister Pennyworth.”

“Good night, Master Timothy.”
Tim nodded and went back, he couldn’t help himself on the way to his own house he made a detour. He was already outside after all and he wanted to at least see the wolves if he wasn't going to be able to play with them tonight. When he arrived at one of the few spots where he had a decent view into the Wayne gardens he saw two human shapes. Most likely Alfred and Detective Blake and three? No, he must have seen that wrong, because Mister Wayne only had two wolves. He saw the wolves sprinting away, further into the small forest.

He sighed. He wanted to be with them, but now it was too late. They were already gone.

Tim made his way back home. His house was silent. The servants long in bed. He couldn’t sleep. He wanted to run like the wolves. He wanted to be a wolf. He wanted to be part of a family, a pack, and he was dreaming about it constantly.

Lately the wolf in his dreams was always Mucha. Licking him and sleeping beside him and – he cut that train of thought. He didn't really know what Mucha was doing to him, he just knew that he was a wolf too and that it felt so good. It made his insides tingle and he woke more often than not aching.

~+~

The next morning he was invited to join the Wayne family for breakfast. Evans raised an eyebrow as he delivered the message. Tim was sure he would tell his parents about it, if they should call and ask about Tim. But there was no rhyme or reason to their calls.

Maybe phone reception was still spotty in the parts of Africa his parents were currently residing in. Tim didn’t know, he wasn't going to make himself sad by finding it out.

He dressed in his best casual clothes and knocked on the Wayne's door exactly at ten thirty.

Alfred smiled at him when he opened the door wide to let Tim in. “Master Timothy, it's a pleasure to see you as always.”

“Thank you for having me over,” Tim said, following Alfred into the dining room.

Mister Wayne, Damian, and Dick were already there as was Mucha. Lying at Dick's feet, who was feeding him waffles. No one seemed to mind that Dick was doing it.

“Tim!” Dick said, standing up and nearly stumbling as Mucha did the same. The wolf came over and brushed his head against Tim's legs. Tim petted his head, let his fingers run through that soft silky fur and then scratched behind Mucha's ears.

“He really took a shine to you,” Bruce Wayne said.

Tim could feel himself blush. “I think so?”

“No, he really does like you. Look at him, that little traitor wolf,” Dick said.

Mucha gave him a look and then went back to nuzzling Tim's side.

“Where is Degas?” Tim asked.

“You know it's true. Degas is always restless,” he leaned in and kissed the wolf's
nose. Mucha licked Dick's cheek. And Dick hugged him close.

Seeing them like this – it made Tim's stomach flip, like in his dreams when he was running and someone was chasing him, Mucha was chasing him and then licking him.

"Urgh," Damian said from the table. "Guys- we have company. What will the neighbors think?"

Dick burst out laughing and got up. "Come on Tim, Alfred makes the best waffles you've ever had in your life."

Tim nodded and sat down at the table.

The waffles were delicious as was the syrup that Alfred made from scratch.

No one mentioned a third wolf.

~+~

After breakfast, they went out into the garden and played with Mucha. Even Damian joined them for a while before he went inside again. Dick looked wistful sometimes like he would like nothing better than get on all fours and run with Mucha. Tim could relate.

"You ever wonder," Tim asked as they were lying in the soft grass exhausted after hours of running around and playing, "What it would be like to be a wolf? The freedom?"

"You think about being a wolf a lot, Tim?" Dick countered.

"Yeah, lately. Yeah. I think about it a lot," Tim said, running his fingers through Mucha's soft fur. Mucha was a warm weight over his lower belly, his head was lying on Dick's thighs.

Tim wanted to tell someone about the dreams too, but he was too shy. They were weird, even he knew that. It wasn't normal to have wet dreams about being a wolf or being with a wolf. He knew it wasn't like he could control what his mind came up with when he slept, but – there must have been something wrong with him if he had these dreams, right? They came from somewhere deep within him after all.

And people who had such feelings for animals – he cut that thought off. He didn't have such feelings for animals. He had only these feelings, some kind of feelings for Mucha. He hadn't ever dreamed about Degas that way.

"But being human is nice too," Dick said. "Talking is good, kissing it nice too."

Tim blushed. "I wouldn't know."

"About talking?" Dick teased. "You're a natural at that."

Mucha snorted. It made his whole body vibrate and Tim's with it. It was nice.

"But being a wolf seems less complicated."

"How's that?" Dick asked.

"You never have to wonder if someone else loves you," Tim said quietly. "I think animals are more honest than people too. Not only to each other, but to themselves as well."

Dick sighed. "But you can't just wish to be a wolf, Tim."
"I know," Tim said, because even the spelled wolves in the fairy tales were still part human. With human needs and desires. "But I can still dream about it."

"Yes, you can," Dick said.

"Wouldn't you like to be a wolf? Or any other kind of animal sometimes?"

"I am sometimes," Dick said jokingly.

Tim turned his head to look at Dick. Dick had the most amazing blue eyes. Kinda like Degas’. "What animal are you sometimes?"

"A monkey," Dick said earnestly. "Sometimes a bird."

"What kind of bird? An eagle?"

"A Robin," Dick said and then bit his lip.

"A Robin..."

"My mom used to call me that when I was a kid," Dick said.

You are still a kid, Tim wanted to answer, but he didn't. It wouldn't be true. He himself was hardly a kid. Being a kid didn't have anything to do with age. "I'm sorry for your loss," Tim said.

Dick looked at him then. "Don't be sad, Tim."

"Okay," Tim said.

"Come on, I'm sure Alfred has some ice-cream somewhere."

Mucha jumped up at the words.


Mucha and Dick took off and Tim followed as best he could.

~*~

The thing was, Tim found out, that Degas and Dick were never ever at the same place at the same time. He didn't want to read into it too much at first, but it was just strange and then -

"This is Jason," Dick said one afternoon as Tim came over.

Jason looked up and smiled and Tim's heart stuttered in his chest. He had the most beautiful green eyes and – something about how he looked at Tim was achingly familiar.

"Hi," Jason said. "I've heard a lot about you. It's like I already know you, Tim."

"Hi," Tim said and suppressed the 'likewise'.

There was something strange going on here and Tim would find out what it was.
Part One: Chapter Sixteen

Sixteen

John groaned as he came too. The last thing he remembered was being in the garden and-

“Detective?”

John turned his head to see the butler, Alfred Pennyworth studying him. “Yes?” He began as he attempted to sit up, but he only managed to jar his wounds and he hissed in pain.

“You gave us quite a scare,” Alfred stated as he moved beside him and John suddenly realized that he was on top of a table of some sort. No, it was an examination table. He looked wildly around him and realized they were in some sort of office. “You fainted on your way in.”

“Oh. Where am I?” He closed his eyes, trying to process everything that just had happened. And how did he get here anyway?

“Do you think I couldn’t carry you, young sir?” Alfred cut into his musings, and John didn’t even realize he had voiced that thought.

“Um.” John felt his face flush and just shook his head instead. Alfred had turned out to be pretty impressive.

“You’re in the doctor’s office Master Thomas used when he took house calls.” Alfred explained. “It has come in useful over the years.” There was a soft wistful tone to his voice and John knew he was talking about the boys in his care… even perhaps in taking care of Bruce.

“Of course,” John nodded, he should have remembered that since he’s been looking into their murders. But there was still so much he didn’t know. “Where is Mister Wayne?”

“He’s unavailable at the moment,” Alfred replied as he turned away from him for a moment to gather supplies. “Once more you didn’t have an appointment. In fact, you were trespassing.”

John frowned. He had been stupid to come here… but he just had to see the wolves again. And he did. It was simply amazing and it dulled the pain he was feeling. “I’m sorry for being an inconvenience, I’ll go.”

“Back to the hospital, I hope.”

“No.” John shook his head. “I can’t-”

Alfred didn’t say anything, but his look told John that he was being incredibly stupid. And John knew it wasn’t the best idea, but he’d survive. He had no choice.

“It’s not safe,” he rushed to say. “They pulled my security detail, claiming it wasn’t in the budget. Especially since I was off duty when the shooting occurred. And it appears that I pissed off the wrong people.” John hissed when Alfred pulled at John’s dressing. “What the fuck?”

“Language,” Alfred reprimanded as he continued to remove the dressing.

“Is it bad?” John questioned, glancing down to see the blood soaked gauze.

“You’ve torn some of your stitches.” He explained, surveying the wound. “You shouldn’t have
been out of bed.”

John groaned. “I’ll be fine.”

Alfred just gave him another look that made John feel like he was a child again. Alfred took out a syringe of something. “You’ll feel a little pinch.”

John was about to protest, but Alfred injected whatever it was and then he felt absolutely nothing and then everything was black.

~*~

John woke up slowly, angry voices washing over him. They were so loud.

“I can’t believe you let him stay here.” John knew that voice, Bruce Wayne. He must still be at the manor.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Master Bruce. He-” Alfred stated, his voice suddenly dipped and John couldn’t make out what else he said.

“I’m going,” John interrupted as he attempted to sit up, but he felt lightheaded and fell back against the bed. He was in a bed. The last thing he remembered he was on the examination table and Alfred was fixing him up. He touched at the fresh bandage. It did feel better.

“John.”

John turned his head, not really able to do much else. Alfred must have given him some really good drugs. Fuck. “I’m fine. I’ll go now-”

“And where do you plan to go, Detective?” Alfred questioned and John frowned.

“I um, fuck.” He rubbed his head. He wasn’t sure about that. If they could find him at the hospital, his home wouldn’t be any safer. And he couldn’t go to St. Swithin’s… he would never put the boys in danger.

“Language.” They both reprimanded and John groaned.

“I’ll check into a hotel or something.” John mumbled.

Bruce sighed and Alfred just gave him a knowing look. “Fine. You can stay here, but you will not interrogate my boys.”

John nodded, but he had no reason to do so. And he felt the need to tell Bruce the truth… maybe it was the drugs in his system, maybe it was because he didn’t want any lies between them. He really wanted to earn Bruce’s trust. “I know.”

Bruce’s eyes narrowed, “Know what?”

“I remember what happened the day I was shot,” John explained. “Your boys are special… all of them.”

Bruce tensed, “I don’t-”

“He saved me by transforming into a wolf.” John cut in, “And last night, I saw your youngest as one too.”
“If you say anything,” Bruce practically growled in warning… and it should have scared John, but it kinda turned him on.

“Never, I’ll protect them with my life as your son protected me.” John stated.

Bruce nodded and looked to Alfred briefly before leaving them.

“Detective-”

“Please, call me John.” John interrupted; it was silly for Alfred to keep calling him by his title.

“Very well, Master John.” He handed John some water and a pill. “Take this and I’ll look at your dressings again.”

John nodded, taking the offered pill and drinking the water.

Alfred pulled down the covers to examine his dressing. It was dry and intact, no more blood oozing all over it. “I want you to stay in bed for at least another day or two, then you’ll have limited access to the halls.”


“Naturally,” Alfred smiled. “I’ll send up a tray for you.”

John shifted in bed, suddenly realizing he had to pee. “And a bathroom?”

“Through the door to your right.” He stated as he waved to the door. “Be careful, Master John, I’d hate to have to redo your stitches again.”

“I will,” John felt himself flush once again, feeling like he was a child once more…. In a way it was kinda nice. He’s never been coddled like this, not since his mother died.

Alfred nodded and left him be.

John closed his eyes briefly and then he slowly made his way to the bathroom. He peed and then gasped when he saw his own reflection. He looked like shit. No wonder Alfred had been all over him. He sighed and then washed up, before returning back to the bed.

~*~

John startled awake, not even realizing he had fallen asleep once more.

“Detective.”

John couldn’t help but smile as he turned to see the boys that had saved him the other day.

“You look like shit,” the one with green eyes snorted as he neared the bed. The other one, holding a tray of food for him.

“Better than last night though,” he commented, handing the tray over.

“Please, call me John.” He smiled. “Thanks for everything.” He sat up, leaning against the headboard and then took the tray. “And your names?”

“Dick,” the blue eyed boy smiled, sitting on the edge of the bed. So this was Richard Grayson, he had grown up since the last time John had seen him. And Dick was the white wolf that saved his
life. “And this is Jason.”

John’s eyes widened, not recalling anyone named Jason in the household. He had so many questions, but he had promised Bruce not to interrogate his boys.

“I’m technically not supposed to be here either,” Jason added and John assumed that Bruce had taken him in for his safety too.

“But he’s family now,” Dick smiled, wrapping an arm around Jason and pulling him close to him and it seemed like there was more to their relationship than just brothers. Interesting.

“Last night Alfred called you two by different names,” he stated, recalling the night before. “In your wolf forms.”

“Yeah, to protect our identities in front of strangers. And since Alfred didn’t know that you knew, he used them.” Dick nodded. “I’m Degas.”

“Mucha,” Jason continued with a shrug of his shoulders.

“And Mohasses,” Dick added.


“Guess,” Jason snorted, bumping his shoulder with Dick’s. “Come on.”

Dick smiled whispering something into Jason’s ear.

“Degas,” John whispered, thinking back over the new information. “The artist?”

“Yeah,” Dick grinned. “We’re all named after artists.”

“Oh?” John snorted. “I’m not familiar with Mucha and Mohass.”

“Mohasses,” Jason corrected, rolling his eyes. “Dick.” He grabbed at his hand and tugged Dick up from his spot on the bed.

“Okay,” Dick nodded. “We’ll see you later.” He called out over his shoulder, before they darted out of the room.

John smiled, watching them run off. He ached to see them in their wolf forms, but he had time. John wasn’t going anywhere anytime soon.

~*~

Days passed by slowly. He hadn’t seen Bruce since that first day and he wondered if he was still angry at John for trespassing.

Dick was his most frequent visitor after Alfred. Jason would often tag along with him and Damian never came in to see him.

Dick seemed to take to him the most, telling him about his past and his family. The differences in the werewolves… John was learning so much. It was all so fascinating.

“You’re free to move around the manor,” Alfred announced after inspecting his wounds. John was itching to get out of the bedroom he had been confined too. “Just take it easy.”
“Of course,” John smiled, “Thank you, Alfred.”

Alfred nodded and left John to his own devices. He dressed in the clothes that Alfred had provided for him and began to explore his surroundings. What he wanted the most was to go outside.

He slowly made his way out to the gardens, it was a gorgeous day and the sun felt good on his skin. He sat down on the bench and just closed his eyes.

His eyes snapped open when he heard barking and then the beautiful white wolf darted out of the bushes and jumped onto his lap, licking his face. “Di-Degas.” John corrected himself when he realized he wasn’t alone.

A boy and Jason, no, Mucha came running after him.

“Detective?” The young boy looked confused and it took a moment for John to remember that this was the young Drake boy from next door.

“Timothy Drake, I believe?” John nodded as he scratched Degas’ ear. Degas barked at him and then got down, immediately jumping on Mucha and they rolled around on the ground, playing.

“Yes, but I prefer just Tim.” Timothy stood up straighter, crossing his arms over his chest. “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve been recuperating here,” John explained and the boy seemed to relax a bit. “As a guest.”

Degas and Mucha got up from their spots, rubbing up against Tim until he finally smiled and relaxed even more. “Oh.” He pet the wolves.

“Where’s Mohasses?” John questioned, Degas immediately barked at him… it was sharp and almost reprimanding. John frowned not sure what was wrong.

“Mohasses?” Tim stared at him. “He’s known as the Persian Picasso… the other wolf?” He asked hopefully. “I knew it.”

John nodded as Degas and Mucha glared at him. “What?” He questioned and they both barked at him. “I’m sorry.” He felt the need to say.

Degas snorted and then licked at Tim’s hand before darting back into the bushes, Mucha following after him.

Tim looked between him and them, before he raced after the wolves.

John bit his lip, not sure how he fucked up. It seemed like a legitimate question. He sighed, rubbing his hands through his hair and then he went back inside. There was so much he still needed to learn, but he would in time. He would do anything to protect them.
Part One: Chapter Seventeen

Seventeen

Damian sat down on the floor and looked at Dick and Jason. “You fucked up,” he said to Dick.

Dick barked in protest.

“Well, it wasn't me who got all lovey dovey with the Detective, wasn't Father either. Or Jason.” Jason looked at Dick.

Dick sighed and turned. By now Damian was used to Dick's nakedness. It didn't bother him at all. “I like him.”

“Oh, well, if you like him. Go ahead and tell him all your secrets.”

“That's not fair,” Dick said.

“You fucked up,” Damian repeated.

“How is this my fault? It was John who talked about you,” Dick said.

“Not helping your case,” Damian replied. He knew it was John Blake who let it slip that there was a third wolf. A third wolf Timothy Drake had never seen when he came over.

Dick groaned. “Does Bruce know?”

“Father knows everything,” Damian stated.

Jason cocked his head.

“He didn't chew me out about it,” Dick said.

“Well, maybe he has other things to do. Maybe he doesn't think that slip is a big deal. Maybe he doesn't know that the little Drake boy is sharp.”

“You know he's older than you,” Dick said.

It was meant to distract Damian, but he wasn't so easily distracted. “Now he knows that there is a third wolf, he will want to meet it, see it, pet it for god's sake,” he replied disgusted. No one was allowed to pet him, except his pack. And Pennyworth. Sometimes.

Jason snorted.

“That's not funny, if Dick wouldn’t have told Blake all about us and our secret history he wouldn’t have been telling people about seeing three wolves in the garden. I still don't get why he has to stay here. Father is rich enough to afford to send him somewhere safe that isn't our home.”

Jason shuddered and changed. Damian grabbed one of the soft blankets that were lying around pretty much everywhere now and threw it at Jason. Jason nodded his thanks as he wrapped it around his shoulders. Every transformation was different and Jason's still took it out of him. He couldn’t stand clothes and he was more often than not shivering like crazy right after he transformed back to human.
“Maybe he likes John Blake,” Jason said.

“Likes the Detective?” Damian asked, unbelieving.

“Hmm,” Dick said. “Maybe he does. Bruce doesn't have many friends his own age. How could he? With us, the double life, the secret wolf identity and you know- the other stuff. Friends wonder about things, friends want to know things. And Blake already knows about us. So...one less thing Bruce has to lie about.”

“Only roughly one hundred left then,” Jason said.

Dick gave him a look. “And he’s trying to help with the murders. He – he could be a good friend to Bruce.”

Damian hadn't considered that. He didn't want it either, but was Father really lonely? Would Father even know if he was lonely?

“I still don't like that he goes around telling people secrets. Our secrets. Maybe you should tell him to stop doing that while he is under our protection.”

“Suddenly, it's our protection?” Jason teased.

“Father is pack leader. He decided to take the human in,” Damian stated.

“Well, it was Alfred who took him in, kinda,” Dick said.

“Same difference,” Damian replied. “Father let him stay.” He would probably be gone as soon as he was well enough, but according to Pennyworth it would take a few more days.

Dick grinned. “You don't hate Blake.”

Damian didn't, but he wasn't sure it was a good idea to have him here all the time and to tell him secrets that humans had no business knowing. At least humans who weren't going to be pack and now they had Blake who knew about them and then the Drake boy who was snooping around.

“When the Drake boy finds out it's on you,” Damian said, getting up from the floor. He stretched and looked down at his brothers.

“When, not if?” Dick asked.

“Don't be cute, you know he's sharp, you know he lives next door, if he wasn't so distracted by his crush on Jason he would have found out a long time ago.”

Dick looked at Jason and Jason looked at Damian. “What?”

Damian rolled his eyes. “And you like him too.”

“I – yeah, sure. He's a good kid.”

“You like how he smells,” Damian said. “You don't like anyone else who isn't pack. You still don't talk to Blake that much and only when Dick is with you. You warmed up to Blake because Dick's scent is all over him. You hate the mailman and the delivery guys and girls and-”

“Okay, I get it,” Jason cut in.

“It's okay, you know? Grandfather said that is how werewolves found potential pack-mates that
weren’t from a werewolf blood line.”

“What?” Jason asked confused.

“Oh,” Dick said. “Ones that could survive the change easier. I’ve heard about it.”

“If this is your mate- soulmate bond thing again. Just cut it out. I don’t believe in that crap. I'm not an animal and only driven by my instincts.”

“Really?” Damian asked. “You're a teenager, your hormones are all over the place. Most of what you do is driven by instinct.” To mate was left unsaid, but Damian trusted that Jason got it.

“Okay, fine, but it doesn't mean it's the animal instinct,” Jason said.

“Do you even hear yourself talking?” Damian asked.

Jason sighed, frustrated. “He's a kid.”

“He won't stay a kid forever.”

“And he has a crush on you,” Damian added.

“He has talked to me twice,” Jason replied.

“When you are in human form, yes, but he has a crush on you – on your wolf,” Damian spit out. “He has a crush on your wolf.”

“That’s just-” Jason cut himself off. “He's a kid. It doesn't mean anything.”

“Maybe not now,” Damian said. “Maybe he’ll grown out of it.”

“Should I spend less time with Tim?” Jason asked, his voice sounded unsure.

“That would only hurt Tim,” Dick said, leaning into Jason. “He is a kid and you like him and he is better with you around. I like to see him happy.”

Jason kissed Dick’s cheek.

Damian was glad they kept their public displays of affection to a minimum around him. Things like that made Damian uncomfortable.

“So, are you gonna talk to Blake about keeping his mouth shut?”

“Yeah,” Dick said.

“Good,” Damian replied and left the library.

~+~

Two weeks later and Blake was still at the manor. And it didn't look like he was going anywhere. He was making himself comfortable. Tried to engage Damian, but Damian wasn't having any of it. If he could manage it, he only saw Blake at the meals.

Sometimes, Drake came over for dinner or breakfast and it looked like he took to Blake too. Everyone and their grandmother liked this guy.

Damian sighed. When would he go home?
He had to ask Father. He knocked on the door to the study, but didn't wait for Father to call him in.

Father smiled. “Damian, what can I do for you?”

Damian crossed his arms over his chest. “It's about Blake. He is still here.”

“Yes,” Father said.

“His wounds are all healed up. He could go home or – somewhere else. Doesn't he have friends? Like police friends? A partner? And if I'm on the subject anyway, doesn't he have to work?”

“I talked to Commissioner Gordon about Detective Blake staying here for a while. He is officially on leave.”

“On leave? For how long?”

“We don't know yet. Gordon thinks that John Blake is in danger too. It wouldn’t do, now that Dick and Jason saved his life, to throw him to the wolves.”

“You realize that he is the only human in the manor besides Pennyworth?” Damian asked.

Father smiled. “We are human.”

Damian huffed. “And did you tell him that he's gonna stay here? And not go back to work?”

“Since this was only finalized last night. Not yet, and I asked Gordon to tell Detective Blake. He should get a call later today.”

“Oh, boy,” Damian said. “You really do know how to influence people and make friends.”

“Are you being sarcastic?”

“Maybe. Just saying that he probably won't be too thrilled he's on leave and someone else is working his cases. You can only hope Dick and Jason can smooth things over by being warm and cuddly.”

Father laughed. “You are probably right.”

“I'm gonna drag them down to the Cave now for some sparing. Maybe some practice training with the shuriken too. I don't think we children need to hear that domestic dispute,” Damian said.

“Father.” He added as he made to leave.

“Damian,” Father said, a smile curving up his lips.

~+~

It was a miracle really that Father let them train now too. Mostly Dick showed them things he learned, but Father oversaw their training as well, because there were things that Dick just plainly didn't know yet or things Father hadn't show him because they didn't suit him.

Father's training regime was tailored to their strengths.

Damian wondered if Father was just humoring them, giving them something to do, or if they would really be allowed out on the streets once the Batman deemed them ready.

~+~
Sometimes, Damian was jealous of Dick and Jason because they could turn at will and he was stuck in human form most of his life. He only really felt free when he was a wolf and could stop thinking about – his mother, his grandfather, everything else.

To give himself over to running, to chasing, to playing, it was easier when he was a wolf.

Damian knew that Dick lived for those nights as well when all of them could be together, running, chasing, playing. Even Father came out now sometimes.

Well, not since Blake was staying at the manor, but that was a temporary thing anyway. Father wasn’t ready to tell Blake all of his secrets. It was bad enough he knew about Dick and Jason and Damian himself – and that he had let it slip to that Drake boy.

“Are you brooding?” Dick asked, “You’re brooding. Don’t do that, Bruce broods enough for all of us.”

“I’m not brooding,” Damian said.

“Then come on. It’s nice outside,” Dick replied, already pulling off his clothes.

Damian would take them off outside like a civilized human being.

“Alfred will be cross with you,” Damian said.

“Oh,” Dick replied, stopping himself from throwing a sock down. “Right.”

“And you’re showing your ass and cock off to the detective,” Jay teased.

“What?!” Dick said turning around and putting his hands in front of his penis.

Blake was standing at the top of the stairs, looking a bit bewildered. “I-”

“Just stay where you are and close your eyes and don’t come outside until you hear us howl,” Dick cut in.

“Right!” Blake said and closed his eyes.

Jason laughed. “Feeling shy all of a sudden?”

“He’s a police officer,” Dick grumbled, gathering his clothes. “You don’t show your cock to police officers.”

“If you say so,” Jason replied.

Damian rolled his eyes. “Come on. I don’t have all night.”

“Actually-” Jason grinned, but Damian was already running.

~+~

He smelled the boy on the wind and stayed in the underbrush. Of course Drake would come out to play with Dick and Jason.

Dick looked at him and then in Drake’s direction. Damian snarled. This was his night. The only night he could play as a wolf with his pack and he didn’t want Tim here.
Dick nodded.

Jason looked torn between staying here and running to greet Tim.

Tim’s scent was coming closer.

Damian retreated further into the underbrush.

Tim was close now and he was calling for Mucha and Degas.

Damian snarled again. Dick rubbed his head against Damian’s side to calm him down.

He let Dick do his thing. Jason was still looking at Tim who was coming closer still. It was running or staying and where the hell was Pennyworth when you needed him?

Jason sighed and ran into the woods. Damian felt himself relax and followed him with Dick.

~++~

“So, you run around naked in the middle of the night? Is that only for boys living at the manor or is everyone welcome?” Tim asked. “Hi, Jason,” he added, his eyes were staying strictly above the waist, Damian noticed.

“Hi, Tim,” Jason said. There was a smile in his voice.

“Were you spying on us?” Damian snarled.

“I was waiting for you to come back.”

“Us?” Dick asked.

“You. The wolves, but it’s the same, isn’t it? You are the wolves, the wolves are you.”

Tim didn't look a bit uncertain. He had it all figured out. Damian knew that this would happen. It was - “This is all your fault,” he said to Dick.

Dick sighed. “Damian.”

“I knew this would happen, because he's smart!”

“Oh, thank you?” Tim said and it was shy, like people didn't acknowledge this about him when he was in hearing distance or at all. It made Damian wonder. He wanted to say that it wasn't a compliment, but there was a light blush on Tim's cheeks and Damian – just couldn’t.

“You're welcome,” he said.

“I won't tell anyone,” Tim said, getting up from the veranda stairs, yawning.

“Did you wait here all night?” Dick asked.

Tim looked sheepish. “I called you, but-” he shrugged.

“Come on, kiddo, let's get you some breakfast and then into bed,” Jason said. He was about to put an arm around Tim, but Tim shied away.

“You-”
“You'll get used to it,” Damian said as he caught on. “Jason can't stand clothes after a change. So you get used to it or you get lost.”

Tim bit his lip. “I don't-”

“Hey, it's fine,” Jason said. “I don't have to touch you. Still want that breakfast and a nap?”

“Yes,” Tim said.

It was strange, Damian thought that it was fine for Tim when Jason was rubbing all over him, and licking his face in his wolf form, but that he shied away from Jason's touch when he was human. Maybe it was the nakedness. Maybe it was something else. It would have to wait because he was starving.

He followed his brothers and Tim inside.
Part One: Chapter Eighteen

Eighteen

John chuckled, shaking his head. He wanted to follow them into the garden and see the boys change into their wolf forms. Dick had showed him once, when he explained that Dick and Jason carried a rare gene that allowed them to change at will. Damian could only transform on the night of a full moon. And that they had no choice if they refused and ignored their wolf half. Their primal instinct would kick in and they’d have no choice but to transform. But as far as John could see, they boys seemed to indulge and love to be in their other form.

Which also explained why he’s only seen the two older boys running around in their wolf forms. And why his slip earlier had been so bad. The Drake boy had no idea about the third wolf or that they were werewolves… but John was pretty sure that Tim would figure out everything sooner, rather than later.

John paused on the stairs as he heard howling coming from the backyard and he couldn’t help but smile. Dick had told him that this was his favorite night, when his full pack could be as one. Hence why John would keep his distance and let them play.

The whole concept of a pack was still mind blowing, and John was lucky enough to be an honorary member. John was still unsure where his place was or if it was permanent. Bruce had made sure that John had to stay… for his safety. John had reluctantly agreed, but he was still angry that Bruce had gone behind his back and arranged it without his say.

John was about to turn down the corridor to his room when he heard a bloodcurdling wail. His heart stopped and he went into high alert. Someone was hurt… or dying, or something. Bruce? Alfred? There wasn’t anyone else in the house that he knew of.

John’s police instincts were on high alert and he followed the sounds that were simply torturous, echoing through the hallways. John wanted to call out, but if there was indeed an intruder then he didn’t want to announce his presence and spook him or her.

He had never been in this wing, this floor was Bruce’s and off limits. He paused, not sure if he should continue, but there was a huge crash against the hardwood floors and he continued his search. He couldn’t in good faith turn away.

John opened the door and froze when there was a deep growling from the shadows. It was dark and menacing and only intensified as he entered the room. “Bruce?” He tentatively called out, his voice laced with worry.

There was a scrape of nails against the floor and John took a step back, his heart racing as he finally made out the massive wolf that lurked in the shadows.

“Shit.” John gasped as the beast lunged forward. John stumbled, falling back onto the floor as the wolf jumped on him and pinned him down. John froze, unable to do anything else as the wolf growled and barked at him. “It’s okay, it’s okay… it’s only me. John.” He began to babble, scared for his life. He was assuming it was Bruce, but it could be another werewolf from Craven’s pack.

There was nothing playful about this wolf. He had been so used to Dick and Jason running around him, but this wolf was nothing like them. He was easily three times bigger, a solid mass of muscles, and teeth that could easily rip John to threads. And he was as black as the night.
The growling lessened and the wolf leaned in closer, sniffing at John’s neck. The wolf barked at him and John knew he was being reprimanded for being here.

“Bruce.” He whispered as he gazed into the wolf’s brilliant blue eyes and he just knew it was him. He should have known… Damian was his son, he inherited it from Bruce. John had assumed it was from his mother’s side. He had no fucking idea that Bruce was a wolf too.

The wolf growled once more, flashing all of his teeth at him. It was a gruesome sight, John’s breathing hitched, but he didn’t dare move and provoke the wolf more. He ripped at his shirt and John hissed as he felt his nails cut into his skin. The wolf howled and John was afraid of what he’d do next. But he darted out of the room and was gone before John managed to stand up.

John brushed his hand against his chest, he was bleeding. “Fuck.”

“Language.”

John jumped, his senses frayed. He didn’t think he could handle anything else. “Shit, Alfred… Bruce is a werewolf?”

Alfred gave a curt nod, “I’m afraid you’ve trespassed once more.”

John sighed, “I know, but the sounds I heard… I thought someone was dying!”

“Be as it may,” Alfred stated almost too casually, which meant that Bruce always sounded like that when he shifted. Which was so different then when Dick and the other boys transformed. “You should go back to your room.”

“Of course,” John grumbled as he glanced down once more at his tattered shirt. “But I may need your medical expertise first.”

Alfred crossed over to him, checking the gashes over his chest. “You’re lucky, Master John. It could have been far worse.”

“I know.” He was still trembling from the altercation he had with the wolf… with Bruce. It was all so surreal. “He’s a magnificent beast.”

“Yes.” Alfred replied as he led the way to the small doctor’s office he spent most of his first night in.

John hissed as Alfred tended to the claw marks on his chest. They were superficial, but they needed to be cleaned and dressed. “Thanks,” John smiled as he discarded the t-shirt he was wearing. “I’ll just retire to my room.”

John’s mind was racing and he knew he wouldn’t fall asleep anytime soon. This was huge… but he wasn’t sure if it changed anything for John. He knew he’d never tell anyone. He had the urge to protect and-

He shook his head. No, he couldn’t go there. Bruce had never shown any sexual interest in him or any other male companion. Bruce had a very healthy social life… even if John thought it was mostly superficial and now John knew why. It suddenly made so much sense.

John wasn’t sure what would happen in the morning, but he’d have to just go with the flow. He didn’t have any other choice in the matter.

~*~
John tossed and turned all night, he just couldn’t sleep. He threw his covers aside and grabbed his robe, officially giving up on any attempt to sleep. He yawned, rubbing his face as he went in search for coffee.

He was surprised to see the boys at the table, obviously enjoying a feast after their night of playing. Alfred was at the stove flipping pancakes and John’s stomach growled in interest. Alfred’s food would be the death of him. Everything he touched was gold.

“Morning,” he nodded as he headed straight for the coffee pot.

“You’re up early,” Dick commented.

“Couldn’t sleep,” John replied as he poured himself a cup, turning back to the table and leaning against the counter as he took a nice long sip. His eyes widened when he realized that there was one more boy at the table. “Tim?” He glanced at the clock, it was too early for the neighbor boy to be here as well.

“Hi,” he smiled and there was just something different about him. The light in his eyes…

“You know now.” John stated with utter confidence and Tim smiled brightly. “I knew you were a smart kid.”

Tim’s cheeks flushed and he nodded. “Thank you.”

“It’s your fault,” Damian pointed out.

John snorted, taking another sip of his coffee. “I doubt I had anything to do with it, but I think it’s great. Does Bruce know?”

“Know what?”

Of course, Bruce would enter right at that moment. John smiled, waving his hand toward Tim. Bruce’s eyes widened slightly and he nodded.

“I see.”

The boys started talking all at once, John just soaked it up… it kinda reminded him of being back at St. Swithin’s. They were laughing and in good spirits. Tim was good for the boys as much as the boys were for Tim.

John joined them at the table and filled up on eggs, pancakes, and the weird veggie bacon that just wasn’t quite the same as the real stuff.

“John.”

Bruce’s tone was commanding, but kind. And John knew this was coming, they’d have to talk. “Yeah?”

“My office.”

John nodded, getting up from his seat. “Sleep well, boys.” He smiled as he followed Bruce to the office. He took a seat. “Okay, I know I was trespassing, but I thought someone was dying. I don’t get it. Why does it sound so torturous?”

“Because it is,” Bruce began, his voice cracking slightly and John knew that this must be hard for him. “I don’t embrace the change as my boys do.”
John remembered Dick mentioning something about that… and the coloring. Bruce was all black which meant he was turned. “The night of your parents’ murder. That’s when you were bitten, that’s when you were turned.”

Bruce nodded, but didn’t add anything else.

“This changes everything Bruce, we’re not just looking for just some serial killer. He’s a werewolf, there are other means of finding him. I’ll relook.” John frowned, he couldn’t look at his files… he was on leave. “Fuck, I need to get out there.”

“It’s not safe.” Bruce stated and John huffed in frustration.

“It’ll never be safe,” John snapped. “There are werewolves among us. You are one of them. How many more are there out there? Craven’s crew… they are a pack too, aren’t they?” John’s mind race, but suddenly everything made sense. This pack shielded him. “Oh.”

“I trust that you can keep my true nature a secret as well?” Bruce questioned after a slight pause. “You slipped earlier, but I knew the Drake boy had mostly figured it out… he’s safe. He smells good.”

John raised a brow. “Smells?”

“As do you.”

John blinked, suddenly feeling flattered. That was something he never thought of. “I- yeah. Okay.” He smiled. “And I will never say anything.” John snorted, shaking his head. “And to think the secret I thought I’d be protecting was that you were the Batman.”

Bruce simply raised a brow, “Why would you say that?”

John shook his head. “I just thought, nah, it’s nothing.” All his suspicious could easily boil down to the fact that Bruce was a werewolf.

Bruce nodded, standing up. John followed suit. “I have to head into the office, but I just wanted to make sure we’re okay.”

“Yes, more than okay.” John assured him, he still had a million questions but he knew not to voice them. Not now. “Should I let the boys know, I know?”

“That will be fine, but Timothy doesn’t know and I’d like to keep this a secret for now.”

John smiled. “Of course.”

They parted and John returned to the kitchen, he grabbed his mug of coffee and just settled back, listening to the boys laugh and talk. It was nice and suddenly he felt like he was home.
Jason loved the Robin training. He could feel how much better he was getting every day, and he knew that being a werewolf gave him extra strength and better senses.

Bruce was strictly professional, but not unkind. He didn’t know what to do with Jason, which was only fair because Jason didn’t know what to do with Bruce either.

Bruce wasn’t his dad, not like he was for Dick and Damian, and Jason knew and thought that Bruce knew it too, that they would never have that kind of relationship.

Jason has never had a good male role model and now at 14, it was a bit late to change his spots. It also didn’t help that sometimes Jason wondered how Bruce looked naked.

“That was good,” Bruce said, patting Jason’s shoulder a bit awkwardly.

“Thanks,” Jason replied, grabbing a towel. Lately Bruce smelled differently. More like home, more like pack. He rubbed his bite-scar absentmindedly.

“Is it bothering you?” Bruce asked.

Jason looked up. Bruce’s eyes were intense and very blue. Jason licked his lips, shook his head. “Nah, it’s fine.”

“Mine sometimes bothers me,” Bruce said.

“But I thought that it would fade with every change a bit more,” Jason replied.

“Maybe, I don’t want it to. Maybe I want to be reminded of the thing that was done to me. What I gave to my son,” Bruce said. His voice was devoid of all emotions.

It was scary as hell.

“Damian likes it. Dick loves it. I like it too, being a werewolf I mean,” Jason said.

“You killed people, Jason,” Bruce reminded him. “You should never forget that.”

“I know. But I’m better now and I like not being afraid, of myself,” he added quieter, because it was true. Since he came here, and had Dick show him how it could be, had Damian to talk to, had Tim accept him in is wolf form so completely and had Alfred who cared for him, all of them, he was better and he wasn’t afraid he would lash out and hurt or kill someone.

Bruce looked like he wanted to pat his head or something, so Jason hip-checked him to show Bruce that it was fine to be physical sometimes.

“I’ll be a good soldier,” Jason said, half joking.

Bruce did brush his hand over Jason’s head and neck then. “I know.”

Jason was rolling around in the grass with Tim when John approached.
He sat down on one of the stone benches and just watched.

Tim tensed for a moment and then relaxed as he realized it was only John. Jason wondered what that was all about. Tim was fine with rolling around with wolves, but tensed up when people (men? Grown-ups?) approached him unexpectedly.

He licked Tim’s face and neck and Tim laughed, and shuddered in a way that made Jason want to do it again and again, maybe work his way down to Tim’s soft belly. He flopped down next to Tim instead.

“You boys are having fun?” John asked.

“Yes,” Tim replied, craning his neck to look a John. “Are you being a detective now?”

John laughed. “I guess? I feel a bit useless to be honest.” He leaned his head against the stone backrest and closed his eyes. “Haven’t been this lazy in a while.”

Jason barked and pulled away from Tim. Tim grabbed the blanket they always took with them now and looked away when Jason changed.

“Thanks,” Jason said when he took the blanket and wrapped it around himself.

“You’re welcome,” Tim replied.

“You could still work on the case you know?” Jason said. He knew he couldn’t even hint on Bruce being the Batman, but he didn’t think it was fair that John was stuck here and could do nothing. It was clearly getting to John. Jason could feel his restless energy.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah, and you should ask Bruce to spar with you, because you look like you need it,” Jason said.

John laughed. “Yeah, I do feel restless. Watching you guys run around doesn’t help that I feel like I’m gaining weight with every delicious meal and sitting around on benches.” John sighed. “How can I work on my cases?”

Jason bit his lip. “There’s plenty of computers around this place, can’t you access your stuff from here?”

John blinked. “It wouldn’t be safe.”

“Oh, please, he’s filthy rich and has the best of the best when it comes to protection. I don’t think anyone can hack his system.”

“You could do research,” Tim said. “Public records and stuff-” he blushed.

Jason wanted to pat him on the head and ruffle his hair.

“I don’t even know where to start. Usually, I would bother the coroner about Craven and go from there,” he looked at Jason. “You knew him. Knew his crew. Knew they were werewolves too.”

Jason shrugged. “Yeah. Never liked how Craven looked at the kids. I’m glad he’s dead.”

“Are they all werewolves?” John asked.

“No, but those that are, you realize they have to be put down, right?”
“I can’t just kill people,” John said.

“They are bad, they can’t be held by a jail and no one is to know about us,” Jason replied. “Can you imagine what would happen if people suddenly knew that there are werewolves amongst them? That they kill and hunt? It wouldn’t matter that most of us don’t kill humans. Damian’s family used to kill the children with the werewolf gene.”

“Jesus,” John said.

“Yeah, they would hunt us down,” Jason replied. “Not everybody is like you and Tim. Most people aren’t.”

John nodded. “I’m going to talk to Bruce,” he said getting up.

“About sparing?” Jason teased.

“Amongst other things.”

~*~

“Jason, a word,” Bruce said after dinner.

Everyone was looking at him. Great, just fucking great. Jason knew it was probably because of his little chat with John. He nodded.

“Sure,” and followed Bruce into his office.

“You talked to John,” Bruce said.

“He looked like he was about to go stir crazy from being cooped up in here,” Jason replied. He knew that feeling. He wanted to be able to go to the city as well. But he at least had other means to get the restless energy out of his system. By turning and running, or by fooling around with Dick. The Robin training helped too.

Bruce looked at him.

“And I want Craven’s crew taken care off. You know they are behind my mother’s murder and they are behind a lot of other murders. The dealers turning up dead?”

“Yes?” Bruce asked.

“They too.”

“How do you know that, Jason?”

“I – when Draken bit me I was part of his pack. You know that.”

“Yes, but-”

“And I heard things. From the other boys and stuff,” Jason said. He didn’t want to go into detail. Didn’t want to tell Bruce about fooling around with older guys, how they sometimes liked to talk when they were done.

“I see,” Bruce said.

“You surely know that there are toxins that are bad for us?”
“Yes,” Bruce said.

“It’s different with purebloods,” Jason replied. “Some drugs – they get them in a rage and they make them – less.” He cringed.

“Less…impotent?” Bruce asked.

“Yeah, that…and Craven was always big on the pureblood thing because most can shift at will, you know? I think it’s actually always been Draken who had that pureblood shit down, but.” Jason shrugged. “He would sometimes be gone for days and on two occasions he brought back kids.”

“Jason.”

“I know it sounds crazy, but I think he got them to breed them, like he wanted to with my mom.”

“I didn’t see any kids in the hideout Craven’s crew used.”

“Bet they aren’t there anymore.” He looked at Bruce. “Maybe you can’t even smell them. If they are like my mom, you know? Maybe only Dick can tell the difference. Maybe they have already been bitten, maybe they are dead.”

“He won’t stop,” Bruce said.

“No, I don’t think he will,” Jason replied. He had no clue when werewolves could mate, but – if it were like with humans, hell, Jason could get someone pregnant now.

“I still haven’t figured out who this Draken person is,” Bruce said. “Is it a street name?”

“Hell if I know,” Jason replied. “Before he killed mom and turned me, I thought he was some street-thug. Looked it too, spoke like one as well. There was nothing remarkable about him.”

“I see,” Bruce said.

“He wasn’t down often and he only seemed interested in mom. He was nice, you know?” Jason said, not looking at Bruce. That kind of fucked him up the most, that Draken had been so nice to his mom and him and that Jason had hoped – he crushed that thought.

“You think you could recognize him?” Bruce wanted to know.

“Yeah, I think I would.”

“I have a list of known associates with photos, come down to the Cave after breakfast tomorrow.”

“Sure thing,” Jason replied, getting up. He recognized the ending of a conversation when he saw one.

~*~

“What did he want?” Dick asked as Jason opened his door.

“To talk about Draken and shit I know,” Jason answered.

“I thought you already told him everything the last time?” Dick said, brushing past him to sit down on the bed. He tugged his legs under him and looked at Jason.

“I left shit out.”
“Why?”

“Because this guy is dangerous and because the people in his pack are dangerous and because I like it here,” Jason said.

“What – oh, Bruce isn’t going to die!”

“Yeah? How do you know that? I mean his parents were killed, your parents were killed, my mom too. What makes us so special?” Jason asked. He didn’t want to have this conversation because it made him angry and Dick sad, but sometimes Jason wasn’t sure Dick grasped how much danger they were in.

“Jay-”

“Don’t. I have every reason to be afraid. What will I do if Bruce dies? I’m a werewolf for fuck’s sake! I have no money, no home, no pack without this!”

“We-”

“No, listen. You and Damian, you’re golden because Bruce is your guardian, your parent, legally. Even if something happens to him, you will have a home – and Alfred. But me? They will put me in the system.”

“We won’t let them!”

“You’re kids, Dick. And without Bruce’s power and money there is no way-” he sighed.

“A adoption isn’t as easy as you think. You’re too young and Alfred is too old.”

“Oh,” Dick said, biting his lip.

“Yeah, oh,” Jason replied, making his way over to Dick and standing in front of him.

Dick looked up at him. “He won’t die, Jay.” Dick said gently.

“Your word in god’s ear,” Jason replied.

Dick grabbed his hips and leaned his head against Jason’s stomach. “Wanna go running?”

“Nah… I just want to curl up and sleep.”

“Okay,” Dick said, getting up.

Jason pushed him down on the bed and kissed his cheek. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“Nowhere, apparently.”

“Damn right.”

~+~

The next morning, after breakfast Jason was back in the Cave. Bruce looked at him and then motioned for him to sit down in The Chair. The Chair Batman sat in while he did his research.

Jason only hesitated for a brief second and then sank down into the soft leather.

“You think it’s easier being the Batman because you’re a werewolf?” Jason asked, as the images
“Maybe,” Bruce allowed.

“Would you have done it even if the killer hadn’t been a werewolf?”

“Probably,” Bruce replied. “But it helps that with every full moon; most of the damage I suffer while on the streets heal up without a scar.”

“Less suspicious that way,” Jason said.

“Yes,” Bruce replied. “Take your time.”

Jason nodded and started looking through the files. There were a lot of files to go through. Jason recognized a few of the street-crew. But no Draken.

He stretched and Bruce looked at him.

“Nothing, I mean I know some of them and the girls they’re going to – if that helps. That one,” he pointed to a nice looking man about 40, “He likes them young, so…”

“I didn’t know that,” Bruce replied.

“He has ways to keep it under wraps. He’s no werewolf,” Jason said.

“I’ll take care of it.”

“Thanks,” Jason said, stretching again. “Sorry, I couldn’t be of more help.”

“It’s fine. We will get him, Jason,” Bruce said. His voice was a comfortable growl that did all kinds of things to Jason’s insides. And his cock.

“Can I go back now?”

“Yes,” Bruce said.

“Don’t forget to eat!” Jason threw over his shoulder and was rewarded with a soft laugh.

Jason took two steps at once and ran up to Dick’s room, slammed the door and tackled Dick down.

“What?” Dick said, confused, as Jason started to open Dick’s pants.

“Wanna suck you,” Jason replied.

“Jay-” Dick’s words were lost in a moan as Jason grabbed his cock hard and stroked. He leaned in and sucked Dick’s cock in, Dick’s hands were in his hair, not tugging, just running restlessly through the strands as he tried not to push into Jason’s mouth. Jason wanted him to push, he wondered how it would be like to be pushed a bit, to have to take a bit more, a bit deeper, a bit bigger. He moaned at the thought around the cock in his mouth and Dick did as well.

Jason sucked harder and licked around the vein that made Dick crazy.

“Jay-” It was a warning, but Jason didn’t let go. He licked Dick through it.

“Can I come on your chest?” He asked sitting up and already opening his own pants, freeing his hard cock.
Dick nodded dizzily. “Sure.”

It didn’t take much at all for Jason to spill over his own fingers and Dick’s chest. He collapsed beside Dick and Dick kissed his neck.

“What was that all about?”

“I felt horny,” Jason replied playfully. “Don’t you like me that way?”

“I like you any way,” Dick said, way too earnestly for Jason’s liking. “Were you able to help Bruce?”

“A bit, not with the Draken thing, but with something else,” Jason said.

“That’s good,” Dick replied. Jason had the feeling he wanted to say something else, but then he got up and stripped. “I need another shower. Wanna go running after?”

“Shuriken training with Damian,” Jason replied, “But I’m free before dinner,” he grinned.

Dick grinned back. “See you then.”

Jason watched Dick leave and then closed his eyes. What the heck was he doing?
Part One: Chapter Twenty

Chapter Notes

There has been a few comments, asking how old the boys are and we do mention their ages throughout the story, but we thought we'd make a quick note here as well. We did make the boys closer in age.
Dick-15, Jason-14, Tim-11, Damian-10, John-23, Bruce-30

Thank you to everyone who has read and commented, it really means so much to us and keep us writing! We have so much planned!

Enjoy the next chapter.

Twenty

Dick worried his lip, after Jason’s outburst the other day, Dick couldn’t stop thinking about the what ifs. Dick was absolutely positive that nothing would happen to Bruce, to Batman… but he knew that Jason needed some sort of safety net to guarantee that he would never be sent away or put in some group home. Even though Dick would make sure that would never happen. He’d always protect Jason. But Jason was right, Dick was too young and Draken and his pack were dangerous.

So that’s why he waited until Bruce was alone in his office to approach him. “Bruce?”

Bruce glanced up from his work and smiled at him. “Yes?”

“If something should happen to you, what happens to us?” He began, worrying his lip once more.

Bruce raised a brow, “Not that it would happen anytime soon, but you’d stay here of course. Under Alfred’s care.”

“What about Jason?” Dick blurted out and Bruce’s eyes widened a fraction, nodding his sudden understanding. “Can’t we make it like official or something?”

“It already is,” Bruce smiled and Dick sighed in relief.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” Dick questioned as he dropped down in the chair opposite of Bruce’s desk. “Jason’s been worried.”

“I’ll talk to him,” Bruce stated softly, “I didn’t mention it because I have guardianship over him by one of my aliases, to keep Jason safe from anyone that may be looking for him.”

Dick nodded, he should have known that Bruce would have thought of everything… that’s why he’s the Batman. Dick jumped up when Bruce got up from his seat. “Thanks,” he smiled and sighed happily when Bruce initiated a hug and Dick returned it.

“Now that’s settled, go out and play, there’s nothing to worry about.” Bruce kissed his brow and Dick hugged him a bit tighter before he let go and did just that.
Dick barked at Jay to follow and darted down the hall. It was raining outside, so they made do by running through the vast hallways.

“Slow down!” Damian grumbled as they whipped past him and continued down the hall.

Jay snorted and then bumped against Dick’s side before he darted ahead, giving Dick a good chase. Dick pounced on him, nipping at Jay’s ear as they tumblted to the ground. They rolled together on the floor until they stopped and Jay pinned him down.

Jay licked his face and Dick’s heart skipped a beat. Dick loved stolen moments like this and he licked back.

Dick paused, sniffing the air. There was something different… something… he barked at Jay and pulled away. He needed to find the source of it, he needed it. Jason growled in protest, but followed him as he searched for the source.

The scent got stronger as he neared the gymnasium. He could hear voices and bodies slamming. Bruce and John. John was restless, so on Jason’s recommendation, they had started sparing. But this time there was something different. Dick could smell it.

Dick paused at the door, Jay slamming into him at the sudden stop. Dick whined as he watched Bruce slam John against the floor. The room smelled of sweat, musk, and it reeked of pheromones… it smelled like a prelude to sex and something, something Dick couldn’t place.

Jason growled low in his throat and Dick knew that he could smell it too. It was so strong and Dick had never felt so turned on by just a scent.

Bruce and John pulled apart, glancing over at them. “What are you two up to?” Bruce questioned as he got up, grabbing a towel and dabbing at his brow while John just stayed on the mat.

But Dick had a hard time focusing on anything else but that scent…. Dick rushed over to John who chuckled at Dick when he sniffed at his neck. “That tickles.”

Dick barked at John, he was the source and Dick sniffed at John’s crotch and was overwhelmed with the scent he was searching for. It was strong and made Dick press his head against him, he could feel John’s erection through his sweat pants. John had been turned on by sparring with Bruce.

“Whoa, hey,” John gasped in surprise and tried to push Dick’s head away. But every instinct in Dick’s body flared and he growled at John, baring his teeth. He wanted to bite him, he wanted…

Dick whined as Bruce grabbed Dick by the nape of his neck and pulled him back.

“Dick.”

Dick shuddered at the commanding tone of his voice, it was the one he used as Batman and it seemed to help Dick calm the urge to take John apart.

“Go.” Bruce put Dick down and he whimpered, darting out of the door. He needed to run, he needed to get as far away from that room as he could.

Dick ran, he could hear Jason following after him. He went back to his own room, shifting as soon as he got there. He shuddered, still feeling the after effects of whatever that was.
“What the fuck?” Jason asked as he skidded into his room and shifted back as well.

Dick grabbed Jason and kissed him hard and demanding. He didn’t know what had come over him, but he needed Jason to help him, he needed him to soothe the fire that was burning with in him.

Jason moaned, trembling against him. Dick knew how sensitive his skin was after he turned and he used that to his advantage. “Fuck.”

“Need you,” Dick breathed, pushing Jason into his bed. Dick knew this was different for them, but he was pretty sure that Jason wouldn’t deny him this.

“Yeah, fuck, what was that?”

“I dunno,” Dick shrugged his shoulders and pinned Jason to the bed. “Did you feel that? Smell him?”

Jay nodded.

“Fuck,” Dick kissed him again, needing to taste all of him. Dick pressed down against Jason already hard and so was Jason. He bit at his neck, loving the way Jason moaned… it was always such a sensitive spot and it drove Jason crazy.

“Dick.”

Dick smiled against his skin and then started, biting, licking, and teasing every inch of his skin until he was at the base of Jason’s cock. Dick inhaled sharply, recognizing the faint smell that was so much stronger on John. It made Dick so hard as he breathed it in, letting it wash over him once more.

“Tease,” Jason moaned as he tugged at Dick’s hair.

Dick smirked against his skin, licking around Jason’s cock and then swallowing him down. He loved sucking Jay off, he loved how Jay tasted against his tongue. He teased Jason’s length. He knew Jason wouldn’t last long, especially when he was so sensitive after his change.

“Shit,” Jason gasped, tugging at Dick’s hair; the only warning before he came.

Dick took it all, licking him clean and milking him through his orgasm. Dick was still so hard, “I want your mouth.”

Jay nodded and flipped them so that Jason was on top of him. Jason’s hand wrapped around Dick’s cock and he almost came with just a simple touch.

“Mouth, now.” Dick commanded and Jason’s eyes seemed to darken and it only made Dick want him even more. Fuck.

Jason sucked him down and Dick arched up, normally he tried to hold back… but he couldn’t this time. He just let go and soon he was coming, his orgasm washing over him. It was the most intense thing he’s felt in his life.

They were a tangled mess on his sheet when the thought suddenly occurred to him. “John has the gene.”

“Wait, what?” Jason asked.

“It makes so much sense,” Dick gasped as his thoughts raced. Jay had the same scent… but it was
enhanced in John since he was human. “He’s like you… he carries the gene, so if he’s turned he’d be like us.”

“So, that’s what the smell was… that’s why you tried to bite him?”

Dick flushed. “I didn’t mean to, it was just so strong.”

“But why now?”

“John was turned on, he was hard… it must be the trigger to attract mates?” Dick shrugged. “I don’t know how it works.”

Jason nodded. “Are you going to tell John?”

Dick worried his lip, “Would you want to know?”

“Hell no, but this is John you’re talking about. He’s a detective, he’ll want to know everything. You just practically attacked him, he’s going to want to know, Bruce too.”

Dick groaned, burying his head against Jason’s chest. Not really wanting to move anywhere.

~*~

The talk with Bruce and John was a tad awkward, but John had forgiven him for his actions. John had excused himself to think about it and Bruce had some sort of engagement that he had to attend… so that left Dick with nothing to do.

Dick flopped down on the couch. It was still raining, which meant that Bruce wouldn’t let him go out as Robin later… which always sucked, but he understood the rationale.

Dick flipped through one of those gossip magazine. It was a guilty pleasure, he loved reading what the tabloids were saying about Bruce or the Batman.

“What are you looking at?” Jason asked as he joined him and snatched it away. “Dick is reading a tabloid?” He chuckled as he started flipping through it.

“Hey, it’s very informative.” Dick argued, smiling at Damian as he entered the room.

“Want to watch a movie?” Damian asked and Dick nodded.

“Sure, put something in.” Dick answered.

“Shit,” Jason gasped as he pointed at one of the pictures. “That’s Draken, he’s all fucking cleaned up in a fancy suit, but it’s him. It says his name is Mister Blackwell.”

“Language,” Damian reprimanded but they both leaned in to look at the picture.

“Holy shit,” Dick paled slightly as he recognized him. “He inquired about me at the orphanage before Bruce took me in.”

“Father needs to know.”

Dick nodded, “This changes everything.” They thought they were going after some thug, but this was a well-known businessman. They had to play by different rules now.
“And you are sure, it’s him?” Bruce asked.

He nodded. “It’s him. I mean, if we could get a better shot of his face, but I’m sure it’s him.”

Great, now he was second guessing himself.

“I thought you said he was a thug?” John questioned.

Jason glared. “I thought so too, okay? He talked, walked, and fucked like one.”

John was taken aback by the last, Jason could tell.

“Jason,” Bruce said sharply.

Jason ran a hand through his hair. “It’s him. Don’t you think it’s a tad suspicious he wanted Dick back in the day?”

“Are you sure it was Mister Blackwell, Dick?” John asked.

“I only saw him once and he had a beard, but – his name was Blackwell.” Dick looked between Jason and Bruce. “I’m sure it was him.”

“This changes everything,” John said. “Blackwell is well known, connected, and filthy rich.”

“Yes,” Bruce said. “Why would he go down to the Narrows?”

Jason bit his lip so he wouldn’t scream. Bruce wasn’t sold on it, Jason could tell. “Because he could afford a high class hooker, you mean?” He sneered anyway.

“Jason,” Dick said gently.

“I’m not lying- You asked if I could identify him. It’s fucking him! It doesn’t change a thing just because he’s rich! I’m done with this,” he said, changed, and ran out. He could hear Bruce’s voice commanding him to come back, but – just no.

~++~

There weren’t many places he could go like this, but there was the open gate to the Drake gardens. Tim wasn’t outside, but Jason could follow his scent easily. He slipped inside the house through an open French door and made his way to Tim’s room. It was easy, the Drake household didn’t have many servants. Avoiding them was like a game.

Tim’s door was closed, so Jason changed, opened it, slipped inside and then changed again.

Tim was listening to something with his headphones and typing away at the keyboard of his computer. Jason just watched him for a while before he approached Tim, nudged him with his snout. Tim startled and then smiled as he saw Jason. He took his headphones out and leaned down to stroke Jason.

“Jason,” he said.
Jason licked his fingers and relaxed. Tim just smelled so good. But it made Jason wonder if it was one of the same reasons John smelled good to Dick. Tim was probably too young to get aroused, so there was no telling right now.

“Did something happen?” Tim asked, running his small, long fingers through Jason’s fur.

Jason nodded. Barking wouldn’t do here. He didn’t want to be discovered.

“Did you and Dick fight?”

Jason shook his head.

“You and Damian?”

Jason shook his head again. Damian wasn’t even allowed to be in the room, which was really fucking unfair, Jason thought. Damian was training to be Robin too. Damian was a shitload better at handling non-lethal weapons than Jason.

Tim frowned. “You and Mister Wayne?”

Jason nodded.

Tim sighed. “It’s hard sometimes with parents, with adults.” He slid down to the floor and hugged Jason tightly.

Jason licked Tim’s neck and felt Tim shudder and then smile against his fur. “I’m really glad we moved here.” Tim whispered. “You are the best neighbors a kid like me could have.”

Jason wasn’t so sure himself, but he would let it slide. He liked Tim and he liked having Tim around.

After a while Tim pulled away. “You want to talk about it?”

Jason shook his head. He didn’t want to burden Tim with this Draken crap.

“Okay. You want to take a nap with me? Listen to music? I could read you a story?”

Jason sprang onto the bed and made himself at home amongst Tim’s scent.

“A story it is.” Tim said.

Jason hadn’t had anyone read to him since he was a kid. It was nice.

~+~

Jason woke up in his human form, naked, but under a layer of blankets. There was food close by, he could smell it, he turned to the nightstand and sure enough, someone (probably Tim), had left a sandwich for him. Cheese and cucumber. Jason smiled and curled closer to the other body on the bed. Tim was dreaming, his small hands fisting the sheets hard and he was biting his lip like he was trying not to cry or scream. Or plead.

Jason watched for a few moments and then rubbed Tim’s arm gently. It didn’t wake Tim up, but made him gasp and whimper. Not, Jason noted, in a good way.

“Hey, Tim, hey, wake up,” he said, shaking the boy and Tim blinked, sat up fast and hard and took a deep breath. “You okay?” Jason asked from his place under the blankets.
“Yes, no – I don’t. I felt like someone was crushing me.” He shook his head, smiled at Jason. “Thank you for waking me up.”

Jason frowned. “Don’t mention it.”

“Yeah, I yeah–” Tim said quietly. “I’m sorry.”

Jason blinked, that was not – what was that? “Hey, no I mean you’re welcome. Just – you can talk about it with me if you want. If it was a nightmare, or even if it wasn’t one. I’m here and I’m your friend.”

“Thank you,” Tim said and nothing else. He looked away from Jason and to the window. “It’s getting late. Won’t your family worry?”

Jason swore under his breath. Dick probably would, Damian too, and Alfred. Jason didn’t even leave a note. He just ran.

“I guess they are,” Jason admitted. “I just ran.”

Tim nodded. “Eat, change, and go home?”

The truth was Jason didn’t want to go home. He wanted to stay here with Tim. Tim and his sometimes faraway, sad, scared eyes. Something wasn’t right here. Why were Tim’s parents never home?

“It’s no good eating alone,” Jason said, grabbing the sandwich and giving half of it to Tim.

Tim smiled. They ate in silence and then Jason let his fingers run down Tim’s arm. Tim sighed, turned so he was lying on his side and looked at Jason.

“Sometimes I dream about being a wolf,” Tim whispered. “And I chase things, prey I guess? And I feel strong and powerful and like no one can touch me. Is it like that for you?”

Jason thought about it. “Sometimes it is. When I’m running with Dick or Damian. Sometimes when I think back to the one that bit me,” he stopped as Tim reached out to run a fingers carefully over the fading scar. “I still feel afraid. He’s out there, you know? And he is dangerous.”

“Are you glad you’re a werewolf?” Tim asked.

“Yeah, but I wish it would have happened differently,” Jason replied.

“Because you were scared?”

“Yes, and because it was forced on me. I wasn’t asked, wasn’t prepared, thought I would die, it hurt so badly,” Jason said.

Tim shivered.

“It was different for Dick and Damian,” Jason said, but not for Bruce, he thought.

“But if someone wants it?” Tim asked.

Jason swallowed. “Like you?”

Tim looked him in the eyes then. “I would be stronger.”
“Tim, it doesn’t always take. Damian says a lot of bitten werewolves die, can’t make the change, can’t handle it, go feral. Have to be put down. You want that?” He asked and didn’t tell Tim that he smelled right, that it meant he could be pack.

“No,” Tim said.

“There are other ways to get stronger.” Jason didn’t ask why Tim wanted to be stronger. There were all kinds of reasons for that, especially if you were so small and scrawny like Tim. Jason bet that Tim got a lot of shit in school for that alone.

“Can you teach me?”

“Sure,” Jason said.

~+~

When Jason got back home he was greeted by John and Bruce. Jason had stayed later at Tim’s than he had intended to.

He rubbed his neck. “I was at Tim’s.”

“I know,” Bruce said. Of course he did, Jason thought. He was the fucking Batman. And really? Where else would he have gone?

“Did you cool down?” John asked.

“Yeah, sorry for being all crazy and shit,” Jason said. He wasn’t completely sorry, but he was sorry he ran out like that and that Dick was probably really worried now.

“We understand,” John said.

Jason doubted that Bruce understood, but he didn’t voice it.

“We can talk about this tomorrow after breakfast,” Bruce cut in.

“Okay,” Jason said. He wasn’t tired, because he had slept for a while in Tim’s bed, but he didn’t want to get into another fight with Bruce either.

“Jason?” Bruce said.

“Yeah?”

“I believe you,” Bruce replied.

“Thanks,” Jason said. Until now, he didn’t know how much it meant that Bruce would believe him. Bruce was becoming his pack leader and Jason really didn’t want to disappoint him. Bruce cared.

“Go to bed, Jason.”

“Okay,” Jason said.
Part One: Chapter Twenty Two

Twenty-two

There wasn’t much to be done at the moment, it was late and they’d reconvene in the morning after breakfast. Jason had identified who Draken was, it was a huge break, but it complicated everything.

John followed Jason up a moment later. It was surreal to be living here. He was still in a guest room that was adjacent to Jason’s. He wondered briefly why Jason’s room wasn’t in the other wing with Dick and Damian. Jason was more than just a guest, he was family.

“What were you thinking?!”

John paused as he heard Dick’s raised voice. John knew how worried he had been when Jason had disappeared. Dick had gone after him, but he didn’t follow him into the Drake’s gardens, he couldn’t. The gardener had blocked the way. Dick was visibly upset when he returned back to report… and he grew increasingly worried as the hours had passed by.

“No, don’t even answer that. You could have been seen by the servants, don’t you know how reckless you were?”

“Yes, like you can say anything? You shifted in front of Craven’s gang!”

John tensed at their raised voices and he wondered if he should intervene.

“That was different and you know it.” Dick’s voice lost all the heat it had to begin with.

“I just had to run.” Jason offered and there was a kiss, or what sounded like a kiss… and John should really mind his own business and go to his room.

“But with me, to me.” Dick’s voice was sad and John’s heart ached for Dick.

“You’re jealous?” Jason questioned, “Of what? We’ve already fucking talked about this. Tim is just a kid.”

“But he smells good to you,” Dick argued.

Jason snorted, “I don’t believe in that fucking shit. So does that mean you’re going to run off and fuck John now?”

John inhaled sharply, his eyes widening. He didn’t need to hear anymore, it was bad enough that he listened in on their conversation as it was. John sighed and turned toward his room.

He still had a hard time working his head around the fact that he had the gene. If John was ever turned into a werewolf, he’d be like Dick and Jason and be able to shift at will. It was in his blood, it was his history. But sadly, he didn’t know it… he had a feeling it was in his mother’s bloodline. He vaguely remembered stories his mother had told him, but he had been too young to really understand them.

John shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He needed to focus on the case at hand and not his past. He’ll have time later to further investigate his history. He shut the door and went to get ready for bed, he was exhausted.
He took a quick shower and dressed for bed. John slipped under the covers and went to turn out the bedside lamp when he heard scratching at his door. He frowned, reluctantly got up and opened the door. John was surprised to see a blur of white dart into his room. “Dick?”

Dick looked up at John expectantly and after the conversation he heard early, he didn’t have the heart to dismiss Dick.

“What’s wrong?” John asked, but he was pretty sure it had to do with his argument with Jason.

Dick whined and glanced at John’s bed and John simply nodded his head. Dick barked at him and jumped up into his bed. This was new… Dick had never come to him like this before.

John slid under the covers and Dick curled up beside him, resting his head on John’s stomach. John sighed, it was actually really nice to have him there. He had been so lonely. John ran his fingers through his soft fur and drifted off to sleep.

~*~

When John woke up, Dick was nowhere to be seen… which only left John with even more questions. John got up from the bed and got ready for the day, they had a lot of work to do.

John only grabbed a cup of coffee and headed into the library to start working on the files. Bruce had given him a secure laptop, it was probably the most tech savvy thing he’s ever used. It was top of the line, something he’s never had in his life.

He printed some more pictures of Blackwell. Some older pictures when he was sporting a beard, like Dick had claimed to see. John thought having a more positive ID would solidify Dick and Jason’s claim. It was still so hard to believe.

“You didn’t eat.”

John startled, not hearing Dick approach. “Yeah, I wanted to get started.”

Dick snorted, “But you can’t work very well without a good breakfast.” He put down a tray of food on the table. “Alfred even cooked you something special.”

John turned his gaze away from the computer and practically moaned as he looked at the platter of food. “Real bacon.” He grabbed a strip, savoring it as he bit it. “I so don’t get that veggie crap.”

“Well Jason and Damian are vegetarians.” Dick smirked. “If you were a good detective you’d have figured that out weeks ago.”

John thought back to all the meals they had shared. “Huh.”

Dick laughed, taking a seat. “Bruce had a business call, so Jason’s eating a second helping.”

John nodded. “Of course, guess it gives me time to eat.”

“Yeah.”

John watched Dick study the different pictures as he ate his meal. “Wanna talk about last night?”

Dick shrugged his shoulders. “Jason and I had a fight and I didn’t want to be by myself.”

“You could have gone to Damian or Bruce.”
Dick’s cheeks flushed slightly, “You smell better, it’s comforting.”

“And yet you got mad at me when I did that.” Jason pointed out from the door, his arms crossed over his chest.

Dick sighed.

“So what’s this thing between you two?” John couldn’t help but ask.

They exchanged a look and John suddenly knew that they didn’t know… and that explained the jealousy and fighting John had witnessed earlier.

“Where are we?” Bruce questioned as he entered, giving them a much needed reprieve.

“I just finished printing pictures-”

“That’s him,” Jason stated and there was a hint of relief in his voice. He grabbed a pen and started drawing on one of the pictures, adding some stubble and a slightly shaggier style of hair, and changing his clothes to something a bit grungier. “Now, it’s perfect.”

And it gave John more of a sense of the thug Blackwell pretended to be. “I can see it.”

“Very good,” Bruce praised.

“And this is the Blackwell I saw,” Dick added, pointing to the older picture of Blackwell with a beard. “At the orphanage.”

John nodded, “Wait. Shit.” He gasped as he took another look at the picture that Dick was holding. He’d seen him at the orphanage too. “Fuck.”

“Language.” Bruce reprimanded and John rolled his eyes.

“What is it?” Dick asked.

“Dick wasn’t the only boy he tried to adopt,” he whispered, suddenly remembering him at St. Swithin’s. “And he might not be the last… you really think he’s trying to breed wolves?” He questioned looking to Jason.

“Yeah.” Jason nodded, “Pretty sure.”

John got up, “I have to go talk to Father Reilly, then Gordon. We need more help.”

Bruce pursed his lips together, seemingly unsure of John going to anyone. “I’m not-”

“No, this isn’t up to a discussion. I have a close relationship with Father and most of their records aren’t easily accessible. We need to know if there were more boys taken.”

“Very well.” Bruce nodded and that’s all John needed. It felt good to take more of the case in his hands, it made him feel useful.

“I’ll give a full briefing when I get back.” John stated and left before someone could stop him.

~*~

The trip to St. Swithin’s was pretty much a bust. There wasn’t any new information to go on, except confirmation of what they had already suspected. But John was hoping to have something
more tangible. At least, Father Reilly promised to contact him if Blackwell should suddenly show up again.

John’s next stop was Police Headquarters. John didn’t realize how much he really missed everything until he entered the halls. He missed this and suddenly he didn’t want to go back to the manor.

“It’s good to see you son,” Commissioner Gordon smiled and John grinned.

“You have no idea.” John glanced around him. “Can we talk in private?”

He nodded and waved at John to follow him to his office. “I didn’t expect to see you so soon.”

“I want to come back, now.” John argued, but he knew why he couldn’t. But soon, hopefully. “But that’s not why I’m here.” John began and filled him on everything he could.

“I’m not sure what I can offer to help you,” Gordon paused, thinking about it as John finished explaining. “The Batman is already on this case.”

John blinked, surprised. He didn’t even realize that the Batman helped out in bigger cases like this. “What?”

“You heard me,” Gordon smirked. “You’ll have to speak to him if you wanted anything else.”

John nodded, simply floored. He’s always wanted this, to be near the Batman. “Yes.”

Gordon glanced at the clock. “You’ll have to wait, it’s too early.”

“Of course,” John knew that. “But we can do this tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Perfect.” He had a few things he could do, grab a few case files he needed. He called Alfred and told him he’d be a little late.

~*~

John’s heart raced as he waited on the rooftop for The Batman to appear.

“Who are you?” A deep gravelly voice demanded and John jumped, turning to see the silhouette he’s only dreamed of in front of him.

“Blake. Detective John Blake.” He stuttered, nervous as hell.

“Where’s Gordon?”

“I’m here in his place,” John explained. “He said you were working on the Draken case already.” John wanted to touch the suit, to make this more real.

“And?” He demanded and John’s heart skipped a beat. Shit. This man was intimidating. Robin suddenly appeared beside him, the way he moved seemed so familiar. “Robin.” Batman hissed as Robin did a few flips on the narrow ledge. He sighed and stilled.

John handed the Batman a flash drive of everything he knew. “Any help you could give us, would be very much appreciated.”
The Batman nodded, taking the flash drive and tucking it in his belt.

John sighed with relief. “Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me yet.” He stated and then dived off the roof, Robin following after him. It was absolutely breathtaking.

John couldn’t believe that he had just met the Batman and Robin, it was so surreal. Once he could wrap his mind around the meeting he headed back to the manor to give his report.
Twelve-three

Bruce sent Dick home early to keep up appearances. It would look too suspicious if both he and Bruce weren’t home. Dick understood Bruce’s reasoning, but it didn’t mean he had to like it. Once Jay and Damian were allowed on the streets too, this wouldn’t be such a problem.

He had time to shower and change before he made his way out of the cave.

“You’re home early,” Damian said as Dick emerged out of the library.

“Yeah, he sent me home. Because of John.”

Damian snorted. “Blake hadn’t even figured out Jason and I are vegetarians…”

Dick smiled. “It doesn’t mean he’s stupid.”

“Maybe just distracted,” Damian said, with a grin. Jason was rubbing off on him. Of course he had heard that John had the hots for Bruce. Everyone in the house knew by now.

“And who can blame him,” Jason cut in, “Bruce is hot.”

“Urgh,” Damian said and Jason laughed.

Dick wasn’t sure if Jason just said that for the shits and giggles or – Dick had no idea what Jason even wanted from him. He knew what he wanted from Jason: Dick wanted what his parents had, but –

“What will happen now anyway?” Jason asked. “I mean can they even touch Draken? Blackwell, whatever his name is.”

Dick shrugged. If Bruce could just take it over, then Blackwell would be dead by sunrise. But of course that would be murder and suspicious too, now that John went to the police with it.

“They can’t contain him,” Damian said. “The old fashioned way of dealing with it would be the best.”

“Kill him you mean,” Jason replied.

“Yeah – Bruce used to handle it like that and I think-” Dick shut his mouth as he heard someone approaching. Jason and Damian nodded.

John. He was stealthy, but this was their home and part of the wolf was always looking out for prey.

Or danger.

“Oh, you boys still up?” John asked as he walked by.

“It's the weekend and we pretty much make our own schedule,” Damian said.

“Right,” John replied. “Did you see Bruce? I hoped I could speak with him.”

“He's out,” Dick said. And he would be out for a while.
“On a date,” Jason threw in.

Dick gave him a look. Jason shrugged.

“A date?”

“Yes, Father does that from time to time. Go out with women. It’s how he met Mother,” Damian said. He was enjoining this. Dick could tell.

“Right,” John said again. It was kind of painful to watch John. Dick wanted to tell him that most of the women were imaginary and that those that weren’t didn’t mean a thing to Bruce. As far as Dick could tell the only woman Bruce had ever loved was Damian’s mother.

“Will he be home – late?” John asked.

“Yes, I think he will,” Dick said. It was no use. Batman was out there scaring people and chasing leads. He knew Bruce wouldn’t be home until the early morning hours.

John ran a hand through his hair. “Alright, you boys should go to sleep anyway, even if you are allowed to make your own schedule.” He smiled, but it looked a bit tired and strained around the edges.

“Sure, in a bit,” Jason allowed.

John nodded. “Good night.”

“Good night, John,” Dick said.

“I get why he’s here, I really do. It’s dangerous out there for him, but him being here complicates things,” Damian said as soon as John was far enough away.

“I like him being here,” Dick replied.

“Sure you do,” Jason said.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Dick shot back.


Dick nodded. “Fair enough.”

“We really should ask Father what will happen next. I’m getting cabin fever,” Damian said.

“Yeah, I hope the big man has a plan, because I can’t imagine either, being cooped up here all the time and never seeing the city again. Being afraid one of Draken’s men will snatch me away.”

Dick’s heart stopped for a second. No way in hell, would he allow that. Jason was theirs now. And even if you usually stuck with the pack you were born or bitten into, it didn’t have to be that way. You could still choose.

“He has a plan, or will have one soon,” Dick said. He was sure of it. Bruce hadn't let him down yet and he wouldn’t start now. Bruce wanted Draken out of the picture and out of the city.

Damian stretched. “Going to bed now. See you at breakfast.”

“Night, Damian,” Dick said.
“Night, Damian,” Jason echoed. “So are you gonna sleep in John's bed again? Are you considering fucking him?” There was no jealousy in Jason's voice, which made Dick mad for some reason. “He's hot.”

“He's a detective, I'm fifteen,” Dick said.

“You say that like it means something,” Jason replied, shrugging.

Dick just stared at him. “It should, Jason. It should.”

“Well, it doesn't,” Jason said, crossing his arms over his chest.

Dick sighed. “I don't want to fight.”

“What do you want then?” Jason asked and it was a loaded question. Dick didn't have the answer to that, or more accurately he did, but didn't think Jason wanted to hear it right now. Or ever.

“I wanna go to bed.”

Jason sighed. “Okay.”

Before this, this jealousy that Dick felt, and he was aware it was jealousy, it wouldn't even have been a question if they would go to bed together. Not even to fool around, just to sleep and talk a bit before falling asleep. Now Dick wasn't sure. He wasn't even sure he wanted to sleep with Jay in one bed tonight. He didn't want to ask either, because what if Jason said no? Dick didn't want that knowledge at all.

“See you at breakfast,” Dick said.

“Yeah,” Jason replied.

~+~

Maybe it was a bad idea to be hanging around John's room. It probably was a bad idea, especially when John was just inside and Dick could hear faint moans and smell him.

He smelled so good, it got Dick hard like nothing else ever did so fast. John was touching himself, Dick could tell. Even through that thick wood door. He shouldn't be here.

He had felt restless and sleeping in John's bed had helped the last time, but tonight was not a night to creep into John's bed.

He squeezed his cock and then went back to his own room to take care of his hard-on.

~+~

Dick was tired as hell at breakfast. Bruce looked like Dick felt.

“Wild night?” Jason asked, it wasn't clear to Dick if it was meant for him or Bruce.

Bruce took a sip of his coffee. “The usual,” he said, taking a piece of toast. Since John moved in, Bruce was eating like a real person.

“Just so you know, I said you were out on a date last night,” Jason replied.

“Good thinking,” Bruce said. “Where is my son?”
“Probably sleeping,” Dick said. He yawned.

“You look like you didn't sleep much, Dick,” Bruce looked at him.

Dick shook his head. “John was being distracting.”

Bruce sighed. “Maybe you should stay away from that wing then, if you have such a hard time-”

“No, I can handle it,” Dick said. Because he could handle it.

“How are you dealing with it, Bruce? I mean why hasn't anyone figured out you are a werewolf?”

“I mask my scent with a spray.”

“Like a perfume?” Jason asked, his brows furrowing.

Bruce smiled. “Yes, something like that.”

“That might come in handy again, Sir,” Alfred said, appearing out of nowhere.

Stealthy as always, Dick thought.

“Why? Is it that time of season again?” Bruce asked.

Alfred smiled and handed over an envelope. “I fear it is.”

“What?” Jason wanted to know.

“Gala season. It's started. Everyone and their grandmother of the upper crust attend those things,” Dick explained.

“Are you going?” Jason wanted to know.

Dick shrugged. “Maybe, it depends on who is hosting the thing.”

“Are you going Bruce?” Jason asked.

Bruce's name rolled off Jason's tongue with familiar ease, Dick thought.

He took a hasty sip of his juice. It was ridiculous. What the hell was wrong with him? Jason wasn't his just because they were fooling around a bit, and besides Dick knew that neither Bruce nor John would start anything with a kid that had just turned fourteen.

“It depends on who is hosting and who will be there,” Bruce replied.

“Who will be where?” John asked from the door. He looked adorable. His hair was a bit messy and the shirt he was wearing looked really soft. He at least, Dick thought, looked rested.

“Gala season started,” Dick said.

“Oh,” John said as he sat down. “Are you going?”

“Depends on who is hosting and who will be there,” Bruce repeated.

John looked at him. “You think Blackwell will attend one of those.”

“Yes,” Bruce answered, even if John hadn't really asked a question. “I haven't encountered him in
the past, but then maybe he uses something similar as me to mask his scent.”

“Maybe he was too busy kidnapping kids and fucking hookers to show up at fancy parties,” Jason threw in.

“Language,” Alfred said as Bruce gave him a look.

Jason grinned. “Can take the boy out of the Narrows, but not the Narrows out of the boy.”

“And once you find him there, what then, Bruce?” John asked, which was a good fucking question, Dick thought.

“Oh, great, you started talking strategy without me,” Damian grumbled as he entered the kitchen.

“Damian.”

“Father,” Damian replied, sitting down. “What is our game-plan here?”

“Our?” John asked a bit bemused.

Dick couldn’t blame him. John didn't know that aside from Bruce, Damian was the deadliest person at the kitchen table right now.

“Yes, our. This is a werewolf matter. Grandfather used to put them down.”

“Absolutely not,” John said.

“You have a better idea?” Damian challenged. “Put him in a prison? What kind?”

“We can't just start killing people,” John said.

“It can be argued if he is a person,” Jason sneered. “I think he's a feral animal and should be put down.”

“Revenge is not the answer,” John said.

“Sometimes,” Jason said looking at John. “Revenge is the only justice you get. You better get used to it. If you want to run with wolves.” He bit into his veggie bacon and let the silence speak for him.

This was, Dick thought, the sound of no one arguing with your point.

John sighed. “I'm a detective.”

“We know,” Dick said. “We don't want you to do anything you're uncomfortable with.”

John looked at him then. “Batman is on the case as well, maybe he can help. Maybe he knows a place to lock people like Blackwell up.”

“Wouldn't bet on it,” Damian said so low only Dick could hear.

“We have some evidence against Blackwell, or rather Draken. What we need now is to get Blackwell into a position-” John stopped, looked at his real bacon and then at Bruce.

“No,” Bruce said.

“But if what Dick said is true, then he wouldn’t be able to resist me,” John argued.
Jason snorted.

“Jay-” Dick said.

“You want to be bait?” Damian caught on.

“Yes, he would be able to smell me, right? I mean in a room full of people?”

“Yeah, he sniffed my mom out too,” Jason said. “You'd have to think some hot thoughts.”

“And suddenly I'm feeling less hungry,” Damian said, but grabbed the soy yogurt anyway.

John nodded. “If he tries to kidnap me that would give us a solid case, even get us a warrant to search his home, business buildings, and warehouses.”

Dick could see that John was pretty much set on that idea.

“John-” Bruce tried again.

“You want him in your city? Murdering? Kidnapping, breeding, turning kids against their will?” John challenged.

“Of course not,” Bruce said.

“You will help me then? Because I'm sure they won't invite me to such a fancy gala,” John replied.

“I'll think about it.”

“Great, I'll talk to Gordon,” John said, as if the matter was settled already.
John woke up with a start, surprised to see Dick curled up in his bed, naked. Dick must have shifted back in his sleep. He looked so angelic as he slept, but John could still see the dark circles marring his complexion from lack of sleep.

John wasn’t sure what the fuck was going on between him and Jason, but it hurt to see the repercussions. John pulled the blankets over the boy and tucked him in. Dick stirred slightly, but didn’t wake and for that John was grateful. He got up from bed, unable to go back to sleep. He was feeling restless… tomorrow was the night of the gala.

John yawned, leaving his room to head downstairs for some coffee.

“Are you planning on fucking Dick?” Jason questioned harshly, stopping him in the hallway from his door way.

“What?” John asked, turning to him.

“You heard me.”

“Like you even care,” John snipped.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Jason growled, getting up in John’s face.

John snorted, “I don’t know what the fuck is going on between the two of you—”

“It’s none of your damn business!”

“Oh, I think it is when Dick is in my bed.” John snapped and Jason blinked, paling slightly.

“If you hurt him, I’ll kill you,” Jason seethed, with anger or jealousy, John wasn’t sure.

“Shut up!” Dick hollered at them and they both jumped, turning to see Dick standing in John’s doorway, the blanket wrapped tight around him.

“Dick,” they both began but Dick huffed at them and slammed the door. John’s door.

Jason glared at John and proceeded to slam his own door in John’s face.

“Fuck,” John groaned, rubbing his face. He turned back to his room, to check on Dick. Dick was curled up on the bed, under a pile of blankets. “Dick.”

“Don’t make me go.”

John sighed, sitting down on the bed as Dick peeked up at him. “You can sleep here, I know it comforts you.”

Dick gave him a thankful smile.

“Did you and Jason have a fight?” John questioned.

“No,” Dick sighed as he sat up. “It’s just… I dunno. It was so easy before.”
“Before I came here?” John guessed.

Dick nodded, “We’ve been messing around, a lot.”

“I gathered that much,” John glanced back toward the closed door, almost expecting to see Jason standing there. He’s seen enough to know they both cared deeply about each other… “You want more, but he doesn’t?”

Dick nodded once more, worrying his lip. He looked so conflicted, afraid? “I’m just being stupid.”

“Naïve perhaps, not stupid.” John assured him. “You’re young, you have your whole life to fool around and fall in love.”

“He’s like me,” Dick whispered. “I know I’m young, but so were my parents. They were so happy. I thought it would be the same for me, falling in love and being happy forever and ever.”

John sighed, not knowing what to say. “Get dressed.”

Dick blinked, surprised. “What?”

“Go get dressed, we’re going out.”

Dick raised a brow.

“Come on,” John smiled. “We’re going downtown.”

Dick studied him for a moment then smiled brightly, rushing off the bed and to his room. This would be good for him. Bruce would probably discourage them from leaving the manor, but they needed this.

~*~

“That was great,” Dick grinned as they left St. Swithin’s. “Do you coach the boys often?”

“Not as much as I used too,” John explained as he shifted the car to drive and headed to Police Headquarters. “You were a natural.”

Dick smiled brightly, shrugging his shoulders. “Good reflexes.”

John chuckled, “I hope you don’t mind one last detour. I just need to talk to Gordon.”

Dick nodded, “In preparation for tomorrow?”

“Yes.”

“Batman will have your back,” Dick stated with such conviction that it made John feel a little bit better about the plan.

John simply nodded, he’s the one that pushed for it, but now as it got closer to the event… the more nervous he got. Could he really pull this off?

John parked the car and led the way into the precinct, Dick following closely, seemingly in awe of everything he saw. “Do you like being a detective?”

John stopped just shy of Commissioner Gordon’s office. “Yes, I’ve always wanted to help out since I was a boy. I couldn’t be out there like the Batman, but I could do my part. I didn’t want another
“A kid to lose their parents like I had.”

Dick nodded. “You’re a good man.”

“Thanks.” John felt a warm flush run through his chest at the compliment… it felt good to be recognized for his work.

“I thought I heard voices.” Gordon stated as he opened his door. “What can I do for you two?”

“Commissioner, this is Dick Grayson.”

“Yes,” Gordon nodded, “I believe we’ve met before at the Policeman’s ball. Wayne is a huge benefactor.”

Dick nodded.

“Come in,” Gordon waved them into his office and that’s when John noticed a petite redhead sitting in his office. “I’d like for you to meet my daughter, Barbara.”

Dick flashed a bright smile, jumping in and offering his hand to her. “I’m Dick.”

“Babs,” she smiled back as she took his hand.

“It’s nice to meet you,” John added, when she briefly took her eyes off of Dick and looked at him.

“Hi,” she waved and then turned her attention back to Dick.

“It’s for a school project,” Gordon explained. “Take your daughter to work day.”

“I see.” John nodded, it was great to see this side of the Commissioner. “Uh, could we speak in private?”

Gordon raised a brow, “Barbara could you show Dick the lounge and get him a drink while we talk?”

“Yes,” she grabbed Dick’s hand and tugged him toward the door.

“She’s a beauty,” John commented after they left the room.

“Thank you, she takes after her mother in that department.”

“I fear for any boyfriend she brings home.” John teased and Gordon laughed, shaking his head.

“Not any time soon I hope,” Gordon sighed heavily and then turned his attention back to John. “I gather you have something to add for tomorrow night?”

“I just wanted to touch base,” John nodded. “I’ve done undercover work before, but this is a bit more intense.”

“Everything is ready to go, we have surveillance over every part of the venue. We just need for him to engage you in a conversation… and you’re sure you can make that happen?”

“I’m sure.” John assured him, not able to tell him how he planned to lure Blackwell in. But deep down John thought that they could trust Gordon with their secret. After all, he was the biggest supporter of the Batman. How could he not?
They talked over a few more details and then they headed toward the lounge. Dick and Barbara looked a bit too cozy when they walked in. Barbara jumped away, lips a little rosy and cheeks flushed.

“Dick, it’s time to go.” John stated. “It was nice to meet you, Barbara.”

She smiled, nodding her head. The Commissioner didn’t look pleased and Dick seemed to notice as well.

“Bye!” Dick called out as John squeezed his shoulder and guided him out. “She was nice,” he smiled.

“Oh, is that all?” John couldn’t help but tease. “Did she smell good?”

Dick laughed, “Not like that… but she smelled nice, like the gardens after it rains.”

“Uhuh,” John chuckled, but it was good to see Dick not looking so sad and defeated. “We better get back before Bruce sends out a search party.”

“Yeah.”

~*~

John was nervous as he finished dressing. The suit he was wearing probably cost more than his entire salary the year before. “Shit.”

“Language.”

John startled, turning to Bruce who looked gorgeous in his own stunning suit. “I’ve never been good at this,” he grumbled as he tugged at his tie.

“Let me.” Bruce stated as he stepped forward and tied the tie with practiced ease. “There’s nothing to worry about,” he added. “You reek of nervous energy.”

John sighed, closing his eyes briefly. That wouldn’t work at all. “I’ll be fine.”

Bruce simply rose a brow, then nodded. “It’s time to go.”

John followed him to the car and they drove in silence to the venue. There were so many cameras on them when they arrived and Bruce Wayne took most of the spotlight from him and for that he was grateful.

John slipped into the crowd, mingling as best he could, but he felt totally out of place. He cursed under his breath, it had been over an hour and he hadn’t seen Blackwell anywhere and he lost sight of Bruce as well. This was turning into a bust.

“You clean up nicely,” a voice purred into his ear and John suddenly felt flushed as a body pressed against his. This was unexpected, but very welcomed.

“Selina,” he drawled as she smiled up at him and John took in her tight black dress that revealed all her tantalizing curves. “Didn’t really expect you at a place like this.”

“What can I say?” She grinned. “A girl’s gotta eat.”

John snorted.
“Dance with me.” Selina stated as she rubbed against him and John nodded. He wasn’t much of a dancer, but then this was more like sex then dancing; the way they moved against each other.

And he knew this was a distraction he didn’t need it, but if he needed to be aroused for Blackwell to find him… this would do it.

She was driving him positively insane, just like that day so long ago. John grinned as he guided her into a dark hallway and he kissed her hard, pressing her against the wall. He just wanted to get lost in her and forget about everything else.

“Excuse me.”

They startled slightly, pulling apart from the heated kiss. At one glance John knew it was his target, but at the moment it was really hard to focus on the plan. “Three’s a crowd.” John began, moaning when Selina grabbed his cock and pumped him through his pants.

“Or interesting,” Selina smirked against his skin.

John was so fucked.

“Interesting,” Blackwell replied easily as he stepped up behind him and pressed against John’s back. He moaned against John’s neck as he inhaled deeply. “You smell so good.” He whispered into John’s ear.

“Yeah?” John gasped, “New cologne.”

Blackwell growled and John felt a sharp prick in his neck and then everything went dark.

~*~

John groaned, blinking as he came too. “What the fuck?” He felt groggy and he wasn’t sure where he was. He tried to get up, but he was tied to the bed. He was confused, how did this even happen? Weren’t they watching the doors?

“You won’t be going anywhere.” Blackwell smiled as he stepped closer to the bed and into John’s vision.

“Where’s Selina?”

“The woman you were with? She was disposable,” he shrugged and John cursed under his breath. John just hoped that she was safe, surely Blackwell wouldn’t be that stupid. “But you are everything.” Blackwell continued as he looked John over, licking his lips. “Do you know what you have?”

“A stalker?” John harbored a guess, knowing that he couldn’t let on that he knew exactly what Blackwell was talking about.

“You’re our future.” Blackwell ran his hand down John’s leg. “You’re a fine specimen to continue the line.”

John shuddered, trying to get out of the bindings. He just had to bide his time, the Batman would be here soon. And he hoped it was sooner rather than later, the way that Blackwell was looking at him.
Part One: Chapter Twenty Five

Twenty five

“Can you see him, Dick?” Bruce asked, urgently.

“One second he was dancing with a woman and the next they just-”

“Probably making out,” Damian cut in, but he was rewinding the tapes. “There, they're not in range of any cameras. Is Blake stupid?” He huffed.

Jason was inclined to agree with Damian. It was stupid to move out of the way to make out with a woman on a mission. It was like this was John's first fucking undercover job. Rookie mistake.

“Sending it to your phone now,” Dick said.

Jason was in awe of Dick, he was calm and collected, even when they had just lost John. And they couldn't find Blackwell either.

“I found the woman,” Bruce said, his voice tight. “She's unconscious. Probably drugged. The exits?”

“Nothing on the tapes,” Dick reported. “They didn't use any of the normal exits. There are police in civies everywhere. Gordon came through on this one. He cares about his men.”

“I know,” Bruce growled. “John is still gone. Activate the tracker.”

“On it,” Dick said and pushed a button.

“Wait, what?” Jason asked.

“Father implants trackers as a precaution. Dick has one. When I'm allowed on the streets, I'll get one too,”

Damian sounded proud of it.

Jason shuddered. He didn't like the idea of being tagged like a dog.

“Bruce has one too. If something should happen to him, I could always find him,” Dick explained.

“But – John? Does he even know about this?”

“Yeah,” Dick said. “He does. He wasn't thrilled, but-” Dick shrugged. “Got an address for you Bruce. Want me to head out?”

“Yes,” Bruce said. “Damian can take over the comms,”

Damian huffed, but didn't argue.

Dick was already up and running.

“What about the police?” Jason asked, following him to his bike.

“I'll be faster,” Dick said. “Hell, Bruce will be faster.”

“On my way to the location now, but give Gordon John's position as well.” Bruce cut in.
“Done,” Damian replied.

“You sure you will be fine?” Jason asked.

“I'm taking the bike,” Dick answered, which wasn't an answer at all, Jason thought. Jason wanted to kiss him, but Dick was already halfway out of the Cave as the thought occurred to Jason.

“This sucks,” Jason said.

“Yeah,” Damian answered.

~+~

There was a brief mad moment when Jason thought about suiting up as well, but neither he nor Damian had their own outfits yet, and it would be stupid to get into the middle of something like that without any armor. A part of him didn't want to see Draken, or Blackwell, or whatever his name was either. Another part wanted to be good for Bruce.

He and Damian stayed glued to the comms. Batman's and Robin's masks also had tiny cameras. It was fucking amazing, Jason thought, how good the transmitted pictures were.

It was as if you were in a real life movie. Seeing everything the main character was seeing. Running over rooftops, flying, jumping.

“This is fucking amazing,” Jason said.

“Yeah and they haven't even really started yet,” Damian replied as the Batman dot was closing in on the John dot on the map. “Dick and I used to sneak down here and watch Father kick ass at least twice a week before-”

“I came along?”

Damian shrugged. “Now he spends his nights somewhere else.”

Not with me, lately, Jason thought a bit meanly. He had been tempted to go and sleep at Tim's place, but he was sure that would only make things worse between him and Dick, and if Damian was right and Tim had a crush on him, it wouldn't be fair to Tim either.

“Yeah,” Jason said.

“Maybe things will smooth over once this is done and Blake is living at his own place again,” Damian replied without looking away from the screen. They couldn't hear anything now because Robin and Batman were maintaining radio silence. They were both in the building where John was being held.

“You don't like him much, do you?” Jason asked.

“Do you? Besides he's not pack. It's hard to explain– it just doesn't feel like he belongs here.” Damian said.

“Yeah,” Jason could understand that. Pack wasn't just about having the gene or being turned. Tim smelled like pack to Jason for some reason, but John didn't. Maybe it was his human part that still had a thing against cops. No matter how nice and how much they wanted to help.

Suddenly the silence exploded into noise. People shouting, things crashing, howling.
“Shit,” Dick said with feeling. Jason wanted to ask what was going on because the pictures were a blur, but then Dick was speaking again. “Batman is coming in. Get the medic.”

“On it,” Damian replied at once. He was a bit shaken, but tried not to show it.

“Medic?” Jason asked.

“Pennyworth,” Damian explained, already pushing whatever buttons would summon Pennyworth into the cave.

“He's a medic?”

“Trained by the British Army,” Damian said.

Jason of course knew that Alfred took care of Batman and Robin's wounds, but he hadn't known that Alfred was actually a doctor.

Pennyworth was down just a few moments later and taking over the communication. They could only hear Alfred's end of the conversation.

As soon as Alfred hung up Damian was in his face.

“Is it Father?” He demanded.

“No, it's Master John. He has been bitten,” Alfred stated calmly.

Jason could smell the nervous energy on him. He was afraid for John.

“Fuck,” Jason said and this time Alfred just nodded.

“Master Bruce thinks we can maybe prevent the outbreak, fever, and transformation if we wash his blood-”

“You want to take out all his blood, run it through a machine, and put it into him again so he won't be one of us?” Jason asked. He wasn't sure how he felt about it.

“Master John never asked for it and we have the chance to help him now.” Alfred's voice brook no argument.

“Will that even work?” Damian asked.

“I don't know, Master Damian, but your father certainly thinks it's worth the try, if you excuse me. I have to prepare the med-bay.”

“What about Draken?” Jason wanted to know.

“Master Bruce didn't say anything about him,” Alfred answered before he made it clear that he had no time for them right now.

“I'll get Robin on the comm,” Damian said.

Jason nodded. “Good idea.”

“Cave to Robin,” Damian said into the comm.

“Yes?”
“What happened to the target?”

“Draken got away, the police are here. I’m supposed to deal with them. So it will take a while until I’m back. B is taking John back to the Cave,” Dick said.

“We know. The medic is already preparing for their arrival.”

Jason snatched the comm, or maybe Damian let him. He wasn't sure and didn't care at the moment.

“What do you mean he got away? He was right there. He bit John, why isn't anyone pursuing him?!?”

“I tried, but Batman said no. I'm still on shaky ground with him, and you know it. I can't break rules again.” Dick sounded angry, but that didn’t make Jason feel better. “I'm sorry, but the Batman thinks that preventing John from turning – or dying, is more important than getting Blackwell. I agree.”

Jason slammed his fist against the console. “Son of a bitch. He knew you would try to save John. Draken told us that an injured hostage is better than a dead one.”

“Distraction,” Damian said. “Because the good guys will always try to save people.”

“Yeah,” Jason replied. “Son of a bitch.”

~++~

They weren't allowed in the Cave while Alfred took care of John, but neither Jason nor Damian could go to sleep. Bruce was down there too. Jason wondered if he could help at all. But that was mean and-

“I'm home,” Dick said emerging from the Cave.

“How is he?” Damian asked.

“No idea, wasn't even allowed to look at him. Seemed unconscious. Bruce blames himself for this.”

“Did you tell Gordon that Batman has John?”

“Yeah, couldn’t tell him about the werewolf thing, so I said he was poisoned and that Batman has an antidote.”

“You think this will work?” Damian asked.

“It's a theory, but not a bad one. I don't think it would work on us. Fully turned, it's not a miracle cure for werewolves, but it might help John. Might just be enough to prevent him from turning.”

“This is madness, you realize that right?” Jason threw in. “I mean if it works what will happen once John wants to be turned? Is it even possible?”

“I don't know,” Dick said.

“Because being turned should be a onetime deal only, like losing your virginity,” Jason replied. He meant it too. Was stopping a transformation like this going to prevent it from working should he ever want to be turned for real?

“I don't know, Jason. I really don't know what will happen to John.”
Jason sighed and then grabbed Dick and pulled him in. Dick looked exhausted.

“I'm sorry. I'm glad you're alright and I'm glad John isn't dead. I'm just pissed off because Draken got away.”

“Yeah, you and me both,” Dick said.

“You should go to bed,” Jason replied as he pulled away from Dick.

“What about you?” Dick asked.

Jason wanted to tell him he wanted to stay up until they knew something, but – it could be hours until John woke up. And Dick needed sleep. He needed Jason too.

“Yeah, we're going too,” Jason said, looking at Damian who nodded.

Jason didn't think Damian should be sleeping alone either tonight.

“Thank you,” Dick whispered.

“You're welcome,” Jason said, leaning in and kissing Dick's forehead. He wanted to know everything about tonight, but he could ask Dick about it in the morning.

He stirred Dick gently in the direction of his room and Damian followed.
Dick whimpered as the images replayed in his mind and he cried out, waking up. He felt like he couldn’t breathe and only calmed when he felt Jason’s strong arms wrap around him.

“Shhh,” Jason whispered into his ear. “I’ve got you.”

Dick turned into him, kissing him hard and needy…. They haven’t shared a kiss like that in days. And he needed this so much.

“Gross.”

Dick groaned, he had forgotten that Damian had curled up with them to sleep after the mission was completed. Dick had needed his pack close to him in order to sleep, but now Dick needed Jay more. “Sorry,” Dick grumbled halfheartedly, they were normally really careful about showing any PDAs in front of Damian, but Dick really needed this and didn’t feel ashamed for showing it.

“Tt,” Damian huffed and jumped off the bed, leaving them alone.

Jason snorted, “Way to go.”

Dick slapped his arm. “You didn’t seem to protest.”

“Yeah, well-”

Dick shut Jay up with another kiss. Dick missed waking up like this and he craved so much more, but he knew now wasn’t the time. They parted to breathe and Dick moved against Jay, kissing the faint scar on Jason’s neck. It held so much more meaning to Dick now than it did before… now he knew what it looked like, what Jason had to endure to be here. “Draken was a magnificent white wolf, with piercing golden eyes… he was ruthless when he marked John. Almost like he was mocking us by turning him in front of us.” Dick felt the anger once more at seeing John tied to the bed, naked, and at Draken’s mercy. “I wanted to change and go after him, but Bruce forbade it. He lost all focus when John- fuck. We should go check on John.”

“Draken’s easily three times bigger than you, Dick. He’s bigger and broader than Bruce is in his wolf form. And he’s a pureblood like you. He would’ve hurt you.” Jason argued. “I was angrier at Bruce for not pursuing him, John was a fucking liability and Draken used him as a diversion.”

Dick sighed. “I know.” Dick rested his head against Jason’s chest. “Everything just happened so fast and, fuck. I don’t like that Bruce is using John as a Guinea pig, he’s taking away John’s birthright and choice… it’s in his genes. I know you were turned against your will, but would you have wanted that cure?”

“Fuck no.” Jason sneered.

Dick smiled, his heart skipping a beat and he had to kiss Jason again. “Come on, let’s go check on him.”

Jason nodded and they headed down to the Cave.

~*~
“Did it work?” Dick asked Damian as they neared the med-bay.

Damian shrugged, looking into the med-bay as well for an update.

Dick caught a glimpse of Bruce. He looked terrible, obviously he hadn’t been to bed and had been at John’s beside all night long. “Bruce,” Dick began as he crossed over to him. “You can’t—” his voice trailed off as he finally got a better look at John. He was horribly pale, but his cheeks were flushed with a fever… “It didn’t work?”

“I don’t know.” Bruce’s voice was gruff, dismissive. Exhausted.

Dick reached out, squeezing John’s hand. It hurt that John didn’t respond at all. He brushed his fingers over the dressing on John’s neck and he glanced at Jason. “Jay.”

“No, you boys should go back upstairs.” Bruce tried to intervene, but Damian snorted.

“No, Father. You should go rest, we can watch over him.” Damian stated and Bruce sighed, rubbing his brow.

“You’re not doing anyone any good,” Dick added and looked to Damian who simply nodded.

Damian took Bruce’s hand and guided him away. Bruce grumbled under his breath, but he knew they were right. And he was too exhausted to argue with them.

“Shit,” Jay cursed as he joined Dick at the bedside. “He’s feverish— did it take?”

Dick shrugged. “I dunno, this is all new… the science is there, but no one has tried this before.”

John groaned, turning his head toward Jay. Jason’s eyes widened slightly, reaching out to John and taking John’s hand in his. John grasped onto it, practically pulling Jason to him.

Dick watched in awe, these two had never gotten along before and now… “It’s the pack bond.”

Jason’s head snapped to Dick, “How can that be possible if his blood was washed?”

“I dunno, but you feel it, don’t you?”

“Yeah, no, fuck. I dunno.” Jason seemed torn and lost in his own thoughts.

“He smells different too,” Dick commented.

Jay nodded in agreement. “He smells like pack, like home.”

“Traitor.” Damian huffed as he suddenly reappeared.

“What?” Jason gasped. “It’s true, I can’t explain it.”

“You were both bitten by Draken. You have a bond now— we just have to see if he transforms.” Dick mused. “When did you transform for the first time?” Dick looked to Jason. “John has the same gene, so he won’t need the moon to turn, ya know?”

“When the fever broke, although I didn’t know what was going on at the time.”

“Tt.” Damian grunted. “Means he’s never leaving now.”
Dick shrugged, “In the end it’s John’s decision. Pack bonds are only part of it. And it all depends on if this works or not.” But secretly, Dick really wanted John to stay.

~*~

They moved John back to his own bed a day later, his color had improved, but he still remained feverish. All signs were pointing to the fact that the blood washing didn’t work. It weighed heavy on all of them.

So, Dick and Jason spent the morning running around in the garden instead of staying in the manor. They just needed to get rid of all the extra nervous energy and anxiety over the situation. Dick knew Jason just felt so helpless.

“Mucha, Degas!” Tim called out and raced over to them. They barked at him and met him half way. “I’ve missed you guys.”

Jay barked in what Dick knew was an agreement. It had been awhile, they had been tied up with this case and now with John.

Dick brushed against Tim and they plopped down on the ground in a cuddle pile. They listened to Tim talk about his past few days and Dick wished that they were there for him. Tim lived such a lonely life. Dick licked at his face and Tim giggled.

Dick’s head snapped up when he heard someone calling for Tim.

“What is it?” Tim questioned looking toward his home and groaned when he heard his nanny calling for him. “I better go.” He got up slowly and they both followed him toward the gate. “Tomorrow?”

They barked in agreement and Tim smiled brightly at them. He kneeled down to hug them quickly before he headed back to home.

Dick licked at Jason’s face as Jason continued to watch Tim’s retreating form. Jason was so protective of Tim and Dick knew that he wanted to go after him, but it wasn’t safe to do so.

Jason turned back to him, licking Dick’s face before pouncing on him and they rolled around playing a little longer before they raced back to the manor.

They ran up the stairs and to John’s room. Dick jumped up onto the bed, licking at John’s hand before curling into his side. Jason nudged at John’s face, licking it… almost encouraging John to get up.

“Okay, okay,” John suddenly replied. “I’m up.”

Dick and Jason shared a glance and then looked back to John who opened his eyes briefly, then squeezed them shut.

“Fuck, why is it so bright?”

Dick barked at him and John shuddered, slapping his hands over his ears.

“Shh, not so fucking loud.”

Dick was so confused and he shared a look at Jason who mirrored his confusion, concern? Dick shifted, wrapping a blanket around him. “John?”
“Shhhh,” John hissed. “Fuck, what is happening to me? I heard your bones shifting, how can I hear that?” His eyes flew open and he looked between them. “And why is Damian yelling?”

Dick’s eyes widened and he glanced at the open door, he pushed his hearing and he could barely hear Damian. “You can hear that?”

“Crystal clear.” John was practically trembling as he managed to sit up, he brushed his hand against the dressing and stilled. “He bit me, am I a werewolf too?”

Dick shared a look with Jason, “Not exactly. What do you remember?”

John closed his eyes, “Not much, he bit me and all I felt was this immense heat running through my veins and then the Batman.”

Jason scooted closer to him, resting his head against John’s lap. John absentmindedly petted his fur, which seemed to calm John. The pack bond, Dick was sure of it.

“With Bruce’s help, the Batman tried an experimental treatment on you, so you wouldn’t turn.” Dick explained and John tensed.

“What?” John gasped. “No, what right did he have to try that on me? I didn’t want that.” John stood up, legs trembling and he cried out in anger and slammed his fist into the wall. He jumped back in shock at the damage it caused. The wood had splintered and caved in…. the strength behind it was astounding and it shocked John and the rest of them.

“Shit!” Jason exclaimed as he shifted back as well and Dick shared his blanket with him.

John looked down at his fist and back at the wall. “That was solid wood… I can’t. What the fuck is going on with me?” He turned to them, breathing in deeply. “Wait. I can smell you.” He came back to the bed, sniffing at them. “Shit.”

“We don’t know, you were supposed to be you. But it seems like you have our traits… the enhanced hearing, sight, and smell. The strength.”

“But I can’t turn? What the fuck does that even make me?”

“We’re not sure it even took,” Dick explained. “You didn’t shift when the fever broke. We don’t know what will happen. Maybe it will take longer for you to manage to shift.”

“In other words, you don’t fucking know. Where the fuck is Bruce?” John growled, but it was deeper and it sent a shiver down Dick’s spine. “Get out, both of you. Get the fuck out!”

They shared a glance and left the room, going into Jason’s room across the hall as John slammed his door. They were still both stunned at what they saw… John wasn’t John anymore, but Dick had no idea what he was.

“We should tell Bruce.” Dick began, but he had reservations.

“Fuck, no. Let John cool down first. This is all too new. I remember how messed up I was about it and how angry.”

Dick nodded and then leaned into Jason. Jason wrapped his arms around him and Dick sighed, needing this so much. This was a huge new development and they had to just wait and see.
Part One: Chapter Twenty Seven

Twenty seven

Everything was just too much. His head felt like it was going to explode and what was more concerning was the anger he could feel in his veins like a fever.

“Breathe,” he told himself. “Just fucking breathe. In and out and in again.” It helped a little. When he concentrated on the breathing he wasn't overwhelmed with everything outside of his own body. The noises and too bright lights were fading away.

He could still smell every single person in the house and he could even smell the fucking house. He didn't know if it would be better in the city, but he knew that there was no way he could stay here.

John was sure that he would attack Bruce in his current state. Because Bruce had no right, no fucking right- he took another deep breath.

No, it was no good. He knew that Jay and Dick were in Jason's room, making out: if he strained his ears just a bit he could hear them and he didn't want – absolutely didn't want to listen to kids having sex.

He was desperate and confused and angry. So fucking angry.

It seemed like a very good idea to fuck this feeling right out of his system.

John concentrated on his breathing for another half hour, until he was sure he would be able to drive, and then put on clothes, grabbed his keys, and went downstairs.

“What are you doing up?” Damian asked.

John snarled at him and Damian took a step back. John felt vaguely guilty for terrifying an eleven year old kid, but fuck it all. He needed to get out of here.

“Blake!” Damian yelled as John stormed out.

“What?” John hissed.

“What?” John hissed.

“Where are you going? Father would-”

“Out! And Bruce can go and fuck himself!” He said and slammed the door.

He took another deep breath once he was outside. He could hear Damian yell for Dick and Jason. He felt a pang for leaving Jason like this, which was stupid. The boy didn't even like him – but, shit John thought. He just knew that Dick and Jason would worry, Damian and Alfred too. Probably even Bruce.

The thought of Bruce brought back the anger.

He needed to get away from this house.

~+~

John would like to tell himself that he didn't really know why he was here, but that would be a big
fat lie. He wanted a drink or ten, and he wanted to feel Selina against his body.

He felt vaguely guilty for not asking about her, but the whole maybe a werewolf thing had thrown him off. He didn't even know what day it was, how long he had been out.

When John entered the bar she was behind the counter.

“Look what the cat dragged in,” she said.

“Hi, Selina,” John said. Breathing in the smell of stale beer and unwashed bodies and something that was uniquely her that he hadn’t noticed before.

“Don't, hi, Selina me. I thought you were dead,” she replied. “You surely look like death warmed over. What happened?”

He sat down. “Pour me something strong.” John didn't even have to look around to know how many people were here right now. Maybe this wasn't all bad. It would surely help him in his job.

She gave him a look, but poured him a whiskey anyway. “I’m glad you’re okay, Selina.”

She waved it off. “Well, it was nice to wake up in Bruce Wayne's arms.”

He smiled. “Really?”

“Yes,” Selina replied. “That guy who interrupted us, Blackwell, he knocked me out and took you.” She poured herself a drink. “What the hell did he want with you?”

John sighed. There was no way he could tell her. “I was on his case. He's behind a few child kidnappings, murders too.”

“And you were bait?”

He smiled wryly. “Yeah, but it kinda got out of hand.”

“The place was swarming with cops after. I didn't stick around for too long,” Selina admitted. “Wayne is awfully cozy with the Commissioner.”

“Yes, he is,” John said and even to his own ears it sounded bitter.

“You only here for the drink or-?”

“What else is on the table?” John asked her.

She smiled. “Oral is an option.”

John nodded. He wanted to fuck her badly, but – maybe not when he was so unstable. It would be better to let her call the shots.

“You interested in that?”

“Yeah,” John said.

She grabbed the glass. “I like my hook ups sober, or as sober as they can be.”

“Fair enough,” John said.

“My shift is over in thirty minutes,” Selina replied and put water in front of him.
“I’m just gonna sit and wait here then,” John replied.

She nodded with a sharp smile.

For some reason, John was itching less for a fight the longer he just sat there and watched her work her charm on the patrons.

~++~

They were barely inside her cramped apartment, when he was tugging on her pants and pushing them down and getting to his knees.

“Someone’s eager.”

“You have no idea, you smell really good,” John said and it was more of a growl.

She grabbed him by the hair as her back hit the door. He ripped the soft material of her panties to get to her and she shuddered.

Selina arched into him as he started to lick her. Suddenly, he couldn't think beyond the soft flesh between her legs. Her fingers twisted in his hair and pulled him in and he loved it.

The noises she made and the way she smelled and felt on his tongue. The taste of her. “Fuck, but you're really good at this,” she gasped as she came.

He looked up at her. The way her breasts moved with her heavy breathing was intoxicating.

“Thanks.”

“And you look rather good on your knees, John,” she said, looking down on him. Something in her voice made him impossibly harder. “And you like being on your knees,” she stated.

Right now he really, really did. John nodded.

“Touch yourself John,” Selina said, it was more like a command and John obeyed.

~++~

John looked at her as he put on his clothes on the next morning. His phone showed him twenty missed calls and even more text messages. Mostly from the boys, but also two from Bruce. They wanted him to come back.

He knew it was the responsible thing to do, but he was afraid he would get angry at Bruce again for trying to cure him. John didn't see being a werewolf as a curse. Not at all. He just had to watch Dick run around in his wolf form to know that it wasn't a curse. Just because Bruce – John shook his head.

“You're thinking too loud Blake,” Selina groaned.

“I have to get back,” John said.

“No, you don't. No one can make you do shit, John,” Selina stated. Her eyes were still closed, but John knew she was fully awake.

“People are worried about me.”
“People? Where have you been? I asked around a bit after, but no one would say a damn word.”

“Wayne manor,” John said.

“Ah...the Commissioner sat you up with that gig?”

“It's a safe and remote place,” John replied.

“And you needed protection?” Selina asked.

“They thought so,” John sighed.

“You need to start making your own decisions, John,” she replied and turned around.

John knew she was right. He had been independent once and then he walked up to the manor and things got crazy. And decisions were made for him. He didn't regret everything, but maybe he should have made his point on the whole werewolf thing clear from the start. Maybe then the fucking Batman and Bruce Wayne wouldn’t have betrayed his trust like this.

“I –,” he frowned. “Can I see you again or was this a onetime thing?”

She turned around to look at him then. “You want this to be a onetime thing?”

“No,” John said. “I want to take you out on a real date.”

“Fries and burgers? Maybe chicken wings?” Selina teased.

“Yeah, that's what I was thinking,” John smiled back.

“Usually, I'm more expensive than that, but I like you John,” Selina said. “And you're really good at oral sex, what more does a girl need?”

“You tell me and maybe I can get it,” John replied.

“Don't bother, darling,” she said, “I can get it myself.”

He kissed her then, hard, and she nipped his lip.

~++~

John made it to the manor for dinner. It smelled so good, he nearly forgot to be angry at Bruce.

“Master John,” Alfred said. “It’s nice to see you gain.”

John smiled. He couldn’t be angry at Alfred. “Thanks, so…”

“Dinner is ready, the family is in the kitchen,” Alfred cut in. “Maybe you want to join us?”

Us; John thought, like he was included in it all. And maybe now that he was – whatever he was – maybe he could be part of the pack too.

John really wasn’t sure he wanted to be part of this pack.

He nodded anyway. No need to pass Alfred’s cooking by. “Yes, thank you.”

Jason gave him a look when he sat down. Damian didn’t even acknowledge his existence. He felt torn between apologizing and not.
“You’re back,” Dick said.

“Yes,” John replied. He had no clue what to follow that up with.

“Got the anger out of your system?” Jason asked, looking at his plate.

“Most of it, it doesn’t mean I’m not still pissed at you, Bruce,” John said, looking at Bruce.

Bruce wanted to answer, but Alfred cut in.

“Maybe you can discuss the matter after dinner.”

“Sure,” John said.

Dinner was a rather quiet and tense affair. John was glad when Bruce excused himself and asked John to join him in the study.

“You didn’t shower,” was the first thing Bruce said as he closed the door.

“What?”

“I can smell that woman all over you.”

“Her name is Selina,” John bit out.

“You spent the night with her? The boys were worried sick about you while you were fucking a woman?” Bruce’s tone was controlled and devoid of emotion.

It pissed John off. “Now you care about me? What about when you just decided to use me as a Guinea pig?!”

“I didn’t use you John,” Bruce said. “The Batman-”

“Fuck that,” John said, breathing in slowly to calm himself down. “I woke up here, I can smell everything – the fucking house, the fucking bats downstairs.” It had clicked only minutes ago, when Bruce passed by him so closely when he shut the door. That scent of Kevlar and leather and Batman. John wasn’t going to admit he just figured it out this instant. “You used me.”

“I tried to save you. You know that not all transformations take and it’s a curse I wouldn’t want-”

“It is not a curse! You just have to look at Dick and Jay, even Damian,” John said and he could see the longing in Tim’s eyes to be like them too. “It’s only a curse to you.”

“You never seemed happy about having the gene, John,” Bruce said.

“I – didn’t think about it much. I didn’t think it would happen like this. You still had no right to do what you did.”

“I was trying to save you,” Bruce argued.

John ran a hand through his hair. “Yeah, I know, but now I’m this. Whatever this is. Dick said I should have turned by now, but I haven’t.”

“Maybe it will take longer because your blood was washed.”

“What if I can’t ever turn into a wolf Bruce? What does that make me?” John demanded.
"I don’t know. The first of your kind."

"Great, just fucking great.” He felt so tired all of a sudden and angry.

"Did you use protection?"

"What?” John asked, blinking at Bruce.

"When you had sex with Selina, did you-"

“For fuck’s sake, I always use protection, it’s not like we’re in a committed relationship right now,” John cut in.

“You should do it even if you are in a committed relationship, John.”

“It’s not a curse,” John said hard.

“It could easily turn into one. Besides we don’t know how your state could affect your children,” Bruce replied.

“And whose fault is that?” John asked.

“I’m sorry, I thought it would prevent you from turning. I didn’t want-”

“You think Damian is cursed?” John asked sharply.

“If I had known what I know now, I would have been even more careful with his mother.”

“What does that even mean?”

Bruce looked out of the window, all John could see was the broad expense of his back. “I don’t have intercourse with women anymore.”

John let that sit for a few moments. Fuck. Was that what Bruce wanted from him? To only confine himself to handjobs? Maybe oral sex? “That is your – that’s how you do it, but I won’t deprive myself of something I like because I’m afraid.”

“John-”

“No, I only came to tell you that I won’t stay here anymore. I can’t. I can’t figure this out when I want to rip your throat out every five minutes.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” Bruce said calmly.

John wanted to scream. “Yeah, me too.”

“Will you say goodbye to the boys?”

“Yes,” John said and left the study.
Part One: Chapter Twenty Eight

Twenty eight

Relief washed over him as soon as he smelled John’s return. It was stupid really, he hadn't even liked John that much. And Jason wasn’t even sure if he liked him now, but he just needed to know John was safe, that he was nearby.

Dick bumped his shoulder against his and Jason growled, hating that he was so worked up over this. “Jay.”

“What?”

“He’s back, it’ll be okay.” Dick reasoned, but Jason wasn’t so sure. Dinner was tense and they all knew that John and Bruce were arguing in the study.

“Doesn’t mean he’ll stay.” Jason argued, cause why would he? John had a life and a home before all this and now with Draken out of the picture, he could return to the life he had.

Dick sighed. “I don’t want him to go.”

Me neither, Jason thought, but didn’t voice it. He ached for John to stay at the manor, with their pack. He belonged here with them. Which was still such a foreign thought to Jason, when just a few days ago he didn’t care for John at all.

They tensed as John suddenly stormed past Jason’s room and they rushed to follow after him. John growled at them and then grabbed his bag, throwing his stuff into it.

“What are you doing?” Dick asked, but they already knew what John was doing. He was leaving.

John dragged his fingers through his hair and turned to them. “I wish I could stay, but I can’t. I just… I want to rip out Bruce’s throat.”

Dick looked to Jason, almost pleadingly. He knew that Dick wanted him to persuade John to stay and John would if Jason begged him to. “Jay.”

“What?” Jason was angry, but he got it. And he’d be damned if he told John to do shit. “Fucking go. I don’t care.” He spun on his heels and left before he lost it too. Fuck him.

Jason ran out of the house, to the safety of the gardens. He tugged off his clothes and shifted, needing to run. He darted further into the woods and headed for the gate.

He growled when he heard the gardeners in the Drake’s yard, which meant he couldn’t sneak over and see Tim. His only other safety net. What were they doing anyway? It was almost dark.

Jason plopped down on the ground and snorted when he heard Dick barking for him.

“Jason?”

Jason lifted his head when he heard John’s voice calling out to him as well and he almost darted away, he wasn’t sure if he could deal with this. Dick pounced on him, nuzzling him and licking his face. Jason relaxed slightly, his heart racing as John neared.

John sighed as he dropped down next to them and Jason almost whimpered when John reached out
and pet him. Jason shuddered and practically climbed into John’s lap.

They sat there in silence as John just continued to pet Jason and Dick stayed close, offering his comfort too.

“I have to go,” John whispered. “But that doesn’t mean that I don’t want you boys in my life. I understand now when Dick said that I smelled good to him… you both smell like home to me, especially you Jason. I feel like we’re family and you can always come to me for anything.”

Jason barked in agreement, John was pack. He didn’t want John to leave, he hated this. Jason closed his eyes and let John lull him into a brief reprieve.

“Hi.”

Jason jerked his head toward Tim’s voice, surprised to see him at the gate. He looked up at John who smiled down at him. “I called him, I thought-” John’s voice cracked. “Thought it would be good if he could come over for a bit.”

Jason whimpered because he knew what was coming next. John pulled away and Jason got up, feeling almost panicked.

“What’s going on?” Tim asked, looking at them and then at John.

“I have to go,” John stated. He ran his fingers one more time over Dick's and Jason’s fur. “Take good care of them.”

Tim nodded, lips pursed and Jason knew that Tim must have questions, he was inquisitive like that. Tim sat down between Dick and Jason and petted them until John was gone.

Jason huffed, curling into Tim and burying his face into Tim’s belly. He felt torn, wanting to run after John and preventing him from leaving. But this was good, this would do for now. John had done something right, he knew his boys after all.

Jason liked that, thinking of them as John’s boys too.

~*~

Jason wasn’t sure how long they had been sitting out there in the garden, but Tim had fallen asleep curled in between Jason and Dick.

“There you are.”

Dick barked at Bruce and Jason couldn’t help the growl that passed his lips as Bruce neared, it was his fault that John left.

Bruce picked up Tim and started back toward the manor with Dick and Jason trailing behind him. Bruce didn’t say a word and Jason knew that he wouldn’t until they were safely in the manor. Tim must have been exhausted, because he didn’t even stir as Bruce moved him and only yawned as Bruce placed Tim in one of the guest rooms.

Jason jumped up on the bed, not wanting to talk to Bruce or change back. He was still angry and hurt and he knew he’d just have words and he didn’t want to fuck up anything else.

Dick looked toward the bed and back to Bruce.

“You can stay if you wish. I can patrol without you tonight.” Bruce stated softly and Dick
whimpered, seemingly torn on what to do.

Jason barked at him to go, Dick needed this and they needed more answers. Blackwell, Draken, or whatever the fuck he was going by now was MIA. And as of this morning they had no leads, but then they had been distracted by the fact that John had also been MIA.

Dick nodded, jumping up on the bed and licking Jason’s face, then Tim’s, before he darted off the bed and followed after Bruce.

~*~

Tim cried out and Jason startled, waking up instantly. “Tim,” Jason called out as he gently shook him awake.

“No, no, no.” Tim whimpered, trembling as he hiccupped and finally opened his eyes. He flushed, looking around him. “Jason?”

“Yeah, it’s okay. It’s just me. You’re at the manor, you fell asleep in the garden.”

Tim sniffled, rubbing at his eyes as he sat up. “What time is it?”

Jason shrugged, not knowing as he watched Tim closely. This was the second time that he has witnessed Tim having some sort of nightmare.

“Everything okay?” Dick asked as he entered the room, his hair was ruffled from sleep and Jason wanted to run his fingers through it.

“Yeah,” Jason assured him as he pulled the blanket further around him, knowing how Tim didn’t seem to like seeing him and Dick naked. “Tim?”

“I better go,” Tim stated instead and Dick snorted, joining them on the bed.

“Bruce already called and cleared it, you’re spending the night with us.” Dick yawned. “It’s too early, go back to bed.”

Tim worried his lip and then he nodded, instantly closing his eyes as he curled around the pillow. Jason knew he was faking, there was something going on and he was about to call him on his bullshit when Dick nudged him and Jason sighed.

Dick shook his head, leaned in and kissed Jason’s cheek. Dick stretched out on the other side of Tim and Jason reluctantly followed his lead and went back to sleep.

~*~

“What?” Tim asked as he looked between the two of them.

“You had another nightmare.” Jason stated as he poured syrup over his pancakes.

“Don’t remember.” Tim shrugged, purposely taking a huge bite of his food to avoid talking about it.

“Drake.” Damian snorted as he joined the table. “When did you get here?”

“He’s been here all night.” Dick smiled and Damian grumbled, looking put out that he didn’t know? Wasn’t with them?
“Great, I’m the last to know.” Damian snipped as he piled his food on his plate, glaring at the two of them. “Cause of Blake?”

Tim nodded, swallowing. “He did call me.” Tim explained. “Why did John leave?”

Jason knew Tim was deflecting, which worried him even more. “Ask Bruce,” he snipped, being mean again. It was all Bruce’s fault.

“Did he kick him out?” Tim asked, looking between them. “But you were working on that case!”

Jason and Dick shared a glance. Tim knew far more than they thought he did, so there was no reason to lie to him… he’d figure it out sooner or later. “No, but things got complicated.”

“Oh.”

“He’s an idiot.” Damian huffed.

“She’s pack!” Jason snapped at Damian, feeling overly protective and then he growled at himself for the outburst.

“He is?” Tim asked, wide eyed and curious.

“Yes, no, fuck if I know.” Jason grumbled.

“Language,” Damian and Alfred corrected and Jason groaned.

“John was bitten.” Dick explained and Tim’s eyes widened. “By the same wolf as Jason–”

“John’s a werewolf now too?” Tim gasped with awe and excitement and Jason knew that Tim wanted to be one too.

“Not exactly,” Dick sighed. “The Batman and Bruce gave John a new treatment and it didn’t exactly work. He has most of our abilities, but he didn’t turn.”

“That’s horrible!” Tim sighed, frowning.

“And that’s why he left.” Damian added. “End of story, can we have at least one meal without talking about him?”

Jason huffed, but dropped the subject. They ate the rest of the meal in silence and then Tim left before Jason could dig more into those nightmares. Something was going on and Jason was determined to find out what it was sooner or later.

~*~

Jason plopped down on the mat, feeling totally worn out from the grueling work out. He was getting better, but damn did he still have a lot to learn before he could be Robin.

“Are you done already?” Dick teased as he did a few more flips. Fuck, Dick made everything look so damn easy. But that was why Dick was allowed on the streets and Jason would still have to wait another year or so.

“No.” He growled as he got up and they spared another round.

Dick smiled, he was beautiful and fucking deadly. It still amazed Jason. And this time when they paused, Jason leaned in and kissed him.
“Now are you done?” Dick chuckled against his lips.

“Nah,” Jason grinned, flipping them over and kissing him once more. This was good too, he loved when they were playful like this too.

“Tt.”

They pulled apart and Dick stuck his tongue out at Damian. Sometimes, Damian had the worst timing ever.

“Father was asking for you, Grayson.”

Dick rolled his eyes at the name and nodded. “Don’t have too much fun without me.”

Jason chuckled and got up from the mat with him. Jason smiled at Damian. “Ready?”

Damian smiled, a wicked gleam in his eyes, as he tapped the blade on the ground. Jason smirked grabbing his own blade. “En garde.”

Jason managed a few good moves, before Damian once more kicked his ass.

“Again.”

Jason nodded, Damian was a pro at this, even better than Dick, which seemed impossible when Dick was such a natural at everything else. But Jason was still learning and he hoped one day he’d bypass all of their teachings. He was going to be the best fucking Robin ever.
Twenty nine

It wasn't fair, Tim thought, that John was pack now too. Tim wanted desperately to belong to them. It was even less fair that Mister Wayne denied John what was rightfully his: to turn.

Tim couldn’t wrap his head around it. How could you be a werewolf, but not be able to turn into a wolf? What exactly did that make John?

If Tim would ask for it – but he did, and Jason said no.

He looked up at the ceiling in his room. He didn't want to die, but he thought that he would take his chances. It would be enough for him to be able to change only on a full moon. Like Damian. Like Mister Wayne, even though he’s still not had any confirmation that Mister Wayne was a werewolf too, but Tim just knew that he had to be one.

There was no chance in hell Tim had the gene that would allow that, he could trace his whole family back to their humble beginnings in Europe. No one had even mentioned any kind of insanity or anything else. No whispers of strange uncles or cousins.

At least Jason was going to help him get stronger. He promised to show Tim a few tricks. Tim just really needed to stop falling asleep at the manor. Or with Jason close by.

The nightmares weren't as bad anymore as they used to be. The treatment, the pills, he was given were helping. He didn’t know exactly anymore, why he was so paralyzed when he saw naked people, why he shied away from human contact.

It bothered him sometimes. It meant that he was forgetting the reason for the pills, but then he remembered parts of the nightmares and he wanted to forget everything else as well. Like it was never there.

Maybe, when he forgot, he could get over this and be a real boy again.

~~+

“Okay,” Jason said. “I'm gonna show you a few hard and fast moves to take people down.”

Tim nodded. He was in his gym clothes and Jason was as well, they were outside, because it was a nice warm day. They had dragged one of the big gym mats out, because no matter how soft the ground was, Jason insisted that Tim could still get hurt.

Tim wasn't going to argue with that. He was touched that Jason cared so much.

“Are you ready?” Jason asked.

“Yes,” Tim was as ready as he could be, he had no idea what Jason would do and that was a bit unsettling.

“Uhm...I’ll probably need to touch you for that, and I know you don't like people touching you, which is totally cool, personal space bubble and all-”

Tim smiled. “It'll be fine. I trust you Jason.”
“Okay,” Jason said, smiling back.

Tim did trust Jason, he had trusted him as Mucha before he even met Jason.

“What are you doing?” Damian asked from the door to the garden. He leaned against the frame and crossed his arms over his chest. Even now, Tim thought, you could tell that Damian took after his father. He would probably be as broad and big as Bruce Wayne was.

“Teaching Tim how to take down bullies,” Jason replied, not looking at Damian.

“You're bullied?” Damian asked.

Tim nodded. It wasn't strictly true. Mostly he was left alone these days. He was marked as the looser, loner kid. He hated school. Well, not school. He didn't hate the teachers or the knowledge, but the other kids? He could have done without them.

He remembered that he had a private tutor when they were still living in Manhattan. He couldn’t remember that man’s face or name, only knew he had been a good teacher, which was strange, but then-

“Tim?” Jason asked.

Tim could feel himself blush. “I'm sorry. I'm paying attention now-” he froze. Felt himself go cold over with panic. He did something wrong, he did something and now he had to be punished-

“Hey, it's fine,” Jason said, “Damian huffs and rolls his eyes all the fucking time.”

Tim blinked, looked from Jason to Damian.

“That is because I know everything you could possibly show me,” Damian replied, but he was looking at Tim and Tim didn't like that look.

“You wish,” Jason said.

Damian huffed. “I bet I can teach him better methods to deal with bullies.”

“We don't want to kill them,” Jason joked. Damian rolled his eyes.

“I'm ready now,” Tim said.

Jason nodded and started the lesson.

~+~

Tim was tired but happy. Jason was lying next to him on the mat, Tim could feel his body warmth and the sky was still blue and the air warm. Damian went inside a good hour ago. He did help. Maybe Damian didn't hate him after all. Tim really didn't know where he stood with Damian.

It almost felt like Damian didn't want to make friends with normal people.

“Are you still sad about John?” Tim asked. It was better to ask about other people’s problems than let them ask about yours. And Tim's problem was so small: he had nightmares. He had pills that helped with them. It would be fine.

He didn't think pills could solve John's or Jason's problem.
“Yeah,” Jason said. “It's stupid really, because I didn't even like him that much before. I was tolerating him because Dick liked him. Dick's scent was all over John, so...it was hard not to care at least a bit. But now with John being part of my blood pack—” he stopped. “I get it, you know? Why he left. I get it. He's angry and he doesn't want to hurt people. And us being able to turn, fucks with him even more, because it's a constant reminder what he can't have.”

“Is it certain then? That John won't turn?” Tim asked.

“We can't say for sure, but it's been too long by any standards. Dick and Damian say he most likely won't turn. The transformation had been stopped midway. He's—”

“Stuck,” Tim cut in.

“Yeah. That. Neither meat nor fish.”

“What?”

“It's a German saying, means you don't belong anywhere. My old neighbor Mister Keller used to say that a lot.” Jason sighed. “Kids in the hood used to wonder if he was a Nazi or a Holocaust survivor.”

“He was neither?” Tim asked.

“Don't know. Never asked him,” Jason answered. “He was always nice to me and my mom.”

“What happened to him?”

“He died,” Jason said.

“Oh—”

“Hey, he was old, don't be sad,” Jason replied. He reached out and curled his fingers around Tim's. It was nice. Tim never wanted to get up.

“Do you think John will come back, once he's figured out how to deal with his situation?”

“Don't know. I think he has a girlfriend. Could smell a woman on him when he came back after he went MIA. Strange thing, because I was sure he had the hots for Bruce.”

Tim turned to look at him. “You're pretty open minded about all this.”

“What this?” Jason asked.

“Liking boys or girls or both.”

“Yeah, different folks and all that. It's cool to not be attracted to people at all,” Jason said. Tim knew it was meant to be casual, but it didn't feel so at all.

It was aimed at Tim, maybe Jason thought his behavior meant he was repulsed by human beings. Maybe he thought Tim was asexual without knowing it.

“I'm not asexual, Jason,” Tim said quietly. He had wet dreams and he did feel attracted to Jason – there was just something about men, bigger than him, looking down at him, telling him what a bad boy he was—

“Okay,” Jason replied. His voice cut right through those thoughts.
“Okay,” Tim said.

Training with Jason was fun, sometimes Dick or Damian joined them, and showed Tim a few more tricks. Tim liked watching Dick do all kinds of awesome things. Dick was still every bit the acrobat he had been before his parents died.

Tim sometimes wondered if his parents would die on their safari, eaten by a lion maybe, or trampled by elephants, would Mister Wayne take him in as well? Tim didn't have any other relatives that he knew of. Or did Mister Wayne only take in wolves?

“You look like you're thinking big thoughts,” Dick cut into his musings.

“He always looks like that,” Jason said with a smile.

Tim took a sip from the lemonade Alfred provided after practice. “I was thinking about my parents.”

“Yeah? When are they coming back?” Dick wanted to know.

“Soon?” Jason asked.

Tim shook his head. “They met someone in Africa and were invited to Spain for a few weeks,” Tim said. His father had called just last evening to inform Tim of that development.

Jason frowned. “They sure as hell are busy not being here.”

Tim shrugged. “I don't mind. If they were, they would be complaining about the company I keep.”

Dick laughed. “Yeah, the company of wolves. Your housekeeper got over you always coming home covered in wolf hair and grass?”

“She did. But then my parents pay them handsomely to care for the house and me.”

“How many servants do you have over there?” Dick asked.

Dick was never at Tim's house, maybe Tim should invite them soon. “Evans the Butler, Maria the nanny, Mrs. Vega the cook, Mrs. Miller the housekeeper, and Lola the maid. Plus Lee the groundskeeper and his crew, but they’re not always around.”

“That's not that much. Bruce made it sound like you had a whole army of servants when you first moved in,” Dick said.

“We used to, but a lot of them weren't needed with only me staying at the house, some are overseas with Mother and Father. You only have Mister Pennyworth after all.”

“True, no idea how he keeps everything together with the three of us and Bruce,” Dick joked.

“He’s magical,” Jason said, fluttering his eyelids.

Dick smacked him gently on the arm.

It seemed so easy to be affectionate for them. Especially for Dick. Tim envied it a bit. But Jason was right, people felt different about such things. Still he could remember a time when his father used to clap him on the shoulder and his mother kissed him goodnight. His father was never the
overly affectionate parent, but his mother used to be. When had that changed? His head hurt when he tried to remember the exact moment, his breathing started to be difficult too. So he just stopped thinking about it. Much.

“He sure is,” Dick said, kissing Jason's cheek. Tim noticed, not for the first time how close Jason and Dick seemed to be and he wondered briefly if there was something more. He knew that Jason seemed to be open to all kinds of relationships.

“Not in front of the neighbors,” Damian complained.

“Your concern is touching,” Jason said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

“I don't mind,” Tim said, which wasn't exactly true.

“I do,” Damian replied.

Dick rolled his eyes. “Brat.” Then leaned in and kissed Jason again, this time winking at Tim.

Damian huffed. Tim smiled.

Yes, he thought, this was good. He was better and he had friends and maybe Damian didn't hate him after all. His parents could stay away a bit longer.

Tim was doing just fine.
Damian huffed as he knocked once more on the door. Incompetent fool, if he didn’t have any other choice, Damian wouldn’t be here.

“Hey, sorry.” Blake gasped as he opened the door, eyes widening as he focused on him. “Damian?”

“Are you going to ask me in?” Damian questioned, feeling impatient.

Blake blinked, glancing back into his apartment and then to him. “Uh.”

“I know you have a ‘friend’ over.” He drawled out the word friend, Damian knew that Blake was having sex. It was the reason it took him so long to answer the door and put something on. He could still smell it on Blake… and he recognized her scent from when Blake came back to the manor after being MIA.

“Yeah,” he reluctantly waved Damian in and shut the door behind him.

“John?” She called out. Damian recognized her from the sting at the gala when she entered the room. “Oh, who do we have here?” She purred as she slinked over to them wearing a flimsy robe.

“Selina Kyle, this is Damian Wayne.” Blake introduced him as he grabbed for a shirt and pulled it on. “Damian, Selina.”

Damian nodded, not really in the mood for pleasantries. He came over for a reason. “Miss Kyle.” He forced a smile to his face, turning away from her. “Blake.”

She suddenly laughed. “Oh, I like him.”

Blake shook his head, amused. “Go run a bath, I’ll join you in a bit.”

She smirked, leaning into Blake and Damian turned his head not wanting to see them kissing. It was bad enough that Dick and Jason fooled around constantly and they thought they were being sneaky. Ha.

Damian groaned, crossing his arms over his chest as he waited for them to stop. But by the noises they were making it, it wasn’t going to end anytime soon.

“So, why are you here?” Blake asked when they finally pulled apart and Kyle left them.

“I need your help.” He stated as he turned to Blake.

“I’m not sure what I can do to help,” he paused, glancing back to the hallway to where Kyle disappeared to. “That the Batman can’t,” he finished in a whisper only one of their kind could hear.

Damian’s eyes widened, not realizing that Blake knew the truth. He pressed his lips together and then sighed, there was no reason to lie now… and Blake for better or worse was part of their pack. “I didn’t want Father to know.”

“Oh.”

Damian rolled his eyes. “Can you help or not?”
Blake nodded. “I’ll do all I can.”

Damian took a deep breathe, suddenly nervous about his request. He had exhausted all other avenues and he couldn’t risk his father knowing that he was researching their neighbors, and more importantly a friend of the family. “Can you look up the Drakes for me?”

“The Drakes?” Blake repeated, his face completely void of all emotions. “Tim?”

Damian nodded. “There’s something wrong! He’s hiding something. He has nightmares and he shies away from people touching him. I mean you must have noticed.” Damian felt anger wash over him at the thought that someone had hurt Tim. He clenched his fingers into fists.

Blake sighed, rubbing his neck. “I just chalked it up to him not liking cops. You think there’s more to it?”

Damian nodded again, not really trusting his voice. He didn’t know why this hurt him so much. They barely even talked, but Drake was pack in a way. And Damian felt the need to protect him, heavens knew that Tim’s own parents were never home to take care of their son.

“I’ll look into it.” Blake assured him and Damian suddenly felt like a weight lifted from his shoulders. “I know you said you didn’t want your father to know, but do Dick and Jay know of this little investigation of yours?”

“No.”

Blake nodded. “Jay is very fond of Tim as well, did you want me to share with him what I find?”

Damian snorted. “I’m not fond of Tim.”

Blake raised a brow studying him. “I see.”

Damian huffed. “Just keep it between us.”

“Of course.” Blake smiled. “This is kinda nice, Damian. I hope you can come to me if you need anything else.”

“Tt.”

“You know you can visit when Jay and Dick do,” he offered.

Damian knew that too, but it meant more to Jason and Dick. “I know.” He turned to head to the door. “You should see to your ‘friend’.”

Blake chuckled. “She’s more than just a friend, Damian.”

Damian shook his head, he didn’t want to know. But he still found it surprising… Damian glanced back at Blake. “What about my father?”

Blake flushed, seemingly taken aback by the question. “What? He never showed any signs he’d be open to a relationship with a man,” Blake shrugged, deflecting most likely.

“I don’t think he trusts himself to be in a true relationship with anyone… too many secrets, too many lies.” Damian stated. “He’s lonely.”

“Well that’s his own damn fault,” Blake huffed.
“Language.”

Blake rolled his eyes, “I’ve moved on and he’ll do whatever the fuck he wants too.” Blake paused. “Language, I know. But—”

“You can take the boy out of the Narrows, but not the Narrows out of the boy.” Damian repeated what Jason always said, wondering suddenly if that was true for Blake.

“Yeah,” he sighed. “I worked hard to get where I am. And sometimes you just need to cuss.”

Damian nodded in reply. “Goodnight, Blake.”

“You know you can call me John too.”

Damian huffed. “You’ve not earned that right.”

Blake chuckled, seemingly amused. “So if I find this information for you, you’ll warm up to me enough to call me John?”

Damian shrugged. “Maybe.”

Blake smiled. “Goodnight, Damian.”

Damian nodded, leaving the apartment and going back to the car. “Pennyworth.”

“I hope your visit went well, Master Damian.” Pennyworth smiled as he started the car and headed back to the manor.

“Yes,” Damian replied with a shrug of his shoulders.

~*~

Damian went out to the garden, knowing he’d most likely find his brothers out there. He raised a brow as he found Tim sprawled out on the grass. “Practice over with?”

Tim nodded.

“Where’s Dick and Jason?”

“They darted off that way,” Tim gestured to his right. “They heard something.”

Damian breathed in deeply, snorting. “A rabbit.”

Tim chuckled, “They’re hunting a rabbit?”

Damian nodded, aching to run with them. “They like the hunt, they won’t hurt the rabbit.”

“Yeah,” Tim sighed as he sat up, “I should go.”

Damian snorted, “You might as well stay for dinner. Alfred’s preparing a feast.”

Tim smiled, “I’d like that.”

Damian found himself returning the smile. He liked seeing Tim happy. It gave him a warm fuzzy feeling that he only had reserved to his pack.

Dick and Jason came running up to them, barking and running around them. Tim and Damian
laughed as they plopped down on them in what Dick affectionately called the puppy pile…. Which Damian really loved, despite his outward appearance. They stayed like that until Alfred called them in for dinner.

~

“Father?”

Father grunted, not glancing away from the monitor.

“What’s wrong?” Damian asked as he neared.

“There’s nothing, no trace of Blackwell. It’s like he just disappeared.” He sighed, rubbed his neck and turned to Damian.

“Tt. Are you surprised? You’d do the same. He’s worth as much as you are, you’d be able to disappear into night.” Damian mused.

“No. You’re right.” His father relented, reaching over and squeezing Damian’s shoulder as he got up. “Was there something you needed?”

“You missed dinner.”

His father shook his head, “I didn’t even realize the time. I’m sure Alfred is not pleased with me.”

“And Dick and Jason.” He added and his father smiled fondly.

“Yes, then I better go eat before patrol.” Father nodded and they made their way up to the kitchen.

Damian sat down across from him as Pennyworth served Father his dinner and Damian his dessert that he saved so his father wouldn’t have to eat alone. And it gave them some time to be a family together. Damian liked moments like this with his father. He’d take all the stolen moments he could get.
Part One: Chapter Thirty One

Thirty one

John had no idea what he was even looking for. There were no criminal records, not even a parking ticket that he could tie to the Drakes.

He ran his hand through his hair frustrated. What was Damian looking for? What was John not seeing about Tim?

Maybe, John thought, Damian was reading into things. Maybe Tim was just shy around strangers, maybe he didn't like cops – so few people really did after all.

Was it really alarming that Tim wasn't good with people? His parents never seemed to be around. John stopped and looked up. Recently, he had to correct himself. There were a lot of pictures of the Drake family with Tim in the middle. Smiling for the cameras, being social. Going to galas and art openings. Charities and then out of the blue nothing. And then they packed their stuff up and relocated to Gotham where his parents were never around anymore.

That was strange, right? Right, John thought. It was strange. The Drakes were well liked, they took family vacations. Now Tim was alone in that house. Raised by a mostly female staff.

John didn't have much experience with abuse cases. He had seen them as a kid, and had known that something horrible had been done to those boys, but – it had been a fathomless shape of dread back then. Now it had a name.

John just wasn't sure that name applied to Tim Drake.

~+~

“You've been brooding,” Selina said, putting a mug of coffee in front of him. He took it with a grateful smile. “Something on your mind?”

“The job,” John answered. It wasn't strictly true. Tim wasn't a case, but now that John was working on it as a side project and favor for Damian, it took on case dimensions.

He didn’t really have time for this, right now either. Draken was, well god only knew where, doing god only knew what. They had the goons, of course, but Draken couldn’t be tied to the murders, not without Jason’s testimony and John knew that wasn’t an option at all. The only thing they could charge Draken with was John’s own kidnapping and attempted murder. At least that was the official story.

Selina sighed. “Yeah and it has nothing whatsoever to do with Wayne's kid.”

“Selina-”

“What's the deal with you and Wayne anyway?” She cut in.

“Nothing.”

“Doesn't seem like nothing to me. I mean, he is Bruce Wayne, you're just a cop, usually those paths don't cross. But here you are, spending weeks at his manor, playing house with the kids-”

“Are you jealous?” John asked.
“Don't be ridiculous. I'm not. It's just strange, is all. I'm curious,” Selina answered.

“There is nothing going on between me and Bruce.”

“That right there gives you away. Bruce, like you know him. Like-” she waved her hand.

“I’ve had the hots for him since I was twelve,” John said, surprising himself, but he did want a new start. He wanted her to be a partner. He couldn’t tell her everything, not yet at least and some secrets he kept weren't his to tell anyway, but he wanted to be as honest with her as he could be right now. Wanted to tell her about himself too, about what really happened with Draken. About the bite.

“That- is a long time to have a crush on someone.”

“Yeah,” John said, taking a sip of his coffee. “It is, but I think I'm over it now. You know he isn't like you'd think he would be at all. He's different in real life.”

“Isn't everyone? People like him have a public persona. When I left home, I had nowhere to go and I did what I needed to do, I wasn't good at picking pockets back then, but there was always a guy willing to pay good money, so I would touch his cock,” Selina said and looked at him sharply.

John knew she was looking for any sign of disgust, but he had been a kid on the streets of Gotham himself. He knew how the world worked down in the Narrows.

“There was this guy that would pick me up once a month or so, pay was good, hotels were rundown. He chose them because they were rundown. Would have probably had me on my knees in a dirty ally if it weren't too much of a risk to be discovered. Had two kids and a pretty wife at home. Saw him in magazines. Treated me like dirt. Because he could, you know? Because I let him.”

“Bruce – he isn't a bad person, but he's pretty messed up. I don't think he ever really got over the way his parents died. He-” John stopped, looked at the wall for so long that she grabbed his face and made him look at her.

“What John?”

“I trusted him and I know it's stupid, but I did and he betrayed that trust,” John said. “Besides he never even looked at me that way. Not even out of the corner of his eye.”

“Maybe he's not into guys,” Selina shrugged.

“Maybe,” John said. But why did Damian ask about it then? Maybe only to fuck with John's head. Like this thing he was fabricating now, this abuse case in the Drake family. “How do I get medical records without a court order?” John asked her.

“You steal them?” She said.

“I'm a detective, Selina. I can't just steal medical records.”

“Hmm...you could borrow them?”

“Borrow?”

“Maybe someone knows someone, who could make a handy copy and leave it lying around,” she continued.
“That certainly would be handy,” John replied.

“Whose records you need?”

“Tim Drake’s,” John answered. If there was a case then a medical record would prove it. If there wasn't, John could leave it be.

Selina raised an eyebrow. “That rich kid that lives next to Wayne?”

“Yes, that one.”

“You think someone is doing something to him?” Selina caught on. She was smart like that and he liked this about her a lot.

“Maybe not anymore, but if someone did and it was hushed up-” John shrugged. He had no idea what he could do. Probably nothing, because all his evidence was stolen, but maybe the Batman could. Once Damian gave it all to his father.

“I see,” Selina said. “This is a favor to the Wayne kid.”

“I'd like him to call me by my first name someday soon.”

Selina rolled her eyes. “Maybe someone knows someone who could get a copy.”

“The less I know the better,” John said and kissed her and wondered briefly when his life became a slide into shades of grey.

The kiss began soft, but soon escalated. She made herself at home in his lap. She loved to rub against him that way. He loved how she used him like a living breathing toy for her pleasure. It took off the edge he still sometimes felt, the ache for his pack, for Jason. Just to catch his scent on the wind. When he and Selina had sex it was nearly as good as he thought running beside his pack-mates on a full moon would be. It calmed him down. Let the wolf part of him rest by having someone close.

After all, wolves rarely stayed alone for long.

~*~

Selina tossed the file on the table and just left. John was sure that he wouldn’t like whatever it was that was inside.

It was from Dr. Beyer, the Drake’s house physician when they were living in Manhattan.

He made himself a mug of coffee. This he learned from Gordon. The Commissioner would also smoke five cigarettes after a particularly nasty case that involved children or teenagers. John knew it was because there was fear at the back of his mind: that it could have been Barbara or James.

Everything was normal, up until two years ago, when his parents noticed strange behavior. Night terrors, bed wetting, flinching when someone raised their voice. Loss of appetite.

And then bruises Tim couldn’t really explain, nor could his parents, because Tim had never been clumsy and he never played any rough sports.

The patterns were strange too, no arms, or knees, in fact, nowhere you would usually see, even under summer clothes.
Dr. Beyer recommended a child psychologist, but Tim wouldn’t talk to him, he wouldn’t talk to his parents either. He stopped going to see Dr. Beyer too.

Dr. Beyer noted that child abuse was a possibility. He didn’t think Tim’s parents were the source. But it had to be someone close to Tim.

John closed the file and took a sip from his strong coffee.

It helped, but he still felt angry and not only at the person who did this to Tim, but also at himself for not noticing. Bruce, for fuck’s sake was the Batman, and hadn’t looked into it either.

He knew it wasn’t fair, both of them had things on their minds. Both of them didn’t spend as much time with Tim as the boys did. And John knew that kids just knew these things, when someone of their own was being abused. Adult often rationalized for so long, that they rationalized themselves out of that suspicion. John has seen it more often than not.

It would be hard to find out who it had been, the Drakes had fired all their staff before they moved to Gotham. Well, except for the cook, Mrs. Vega.

One less suspect, John thought wryly. But maybe she knew something. He was sure Mrs. Vega wouldn’t talk to him. She knew better than to spill secrets she was paid to keep, because John had no illusions: help in such positions were also paid for their silence.

But maybe she would talk to Damian.

John took another sip of coffee. Would it be a good idea to give this file to Damian? What could a kid, even Bruce Wayne’s kid, really do about it?

John took another sip. Maybe it wasn’t about justice or revenge, maybe it was about helping Tim. If Damian knew, it would make him someone Tim could talk to about this.

John groaned and called Selina on her cell. She had read the file, or she wouldn’t be so angry. She picked up on the second ring.

“I hope that bastard fries in hell,” were the first words she said.

“Yeah,” John replied. “You think it would do more good or more damage, if I gave this to Damian?”

“Hard to say. Timothy needs a friend,” Selina said.

“He has Dick and Jay.” It was natural to call Jason, Jay, now that John felt so close to him.

“But they don’t know and you aren’t going to tell them,” Selina said.

John wasn’t going to. Jason and Dick could do something really stupid in their wolf forms, if they knew and found the person who did this. Especially Dick, he seemed very impulsive, but John knew how much Jay liked Tim.

Damian was really the only safe bet. He wasn’t overly emotional or involved with Tim.

“No, I’m not. Damian asked me not to.” Smart kid, John thought.

“It helped that I had Holly,” Selina said. John didn’t know much about Holly, but he knew that she and Selina were close. Maybe Selina would introduce them soon. “But it’s your decision. You can just tell the Wayne kid you didn’t find anything.”
Her tone clearly stated what she thought of that idea. Selina had a soft spot for kids and girls.

“Okay, then. I’ll head over to the manor now, but I’ll be home for dinner,” John said.

“There might be dessert waiting for you too,” Selina replied.

John smiled. “See you later,” he said and hung up.
Part One: Chapter Thirty Two

Thirty two

Tim glanced longingly out the window, aching to be outside and playing with the wolves-

“Timothy Drake.”

Tim winced, his gaze darting back to the teacher. The other kids snickered and Tim stiffened slightly. He lost focus. He tensed up even more, flinching when the teacher neared. “Sorry, Miss Elijah.”

Her eyes narrowed on him for just a moment, then she slapped the ruler against his desk and Tim nearly jumped, his heart skipping a beat and suddenly he couldn’t catch his breath. “See that it doesn’t happen again.”

Tim nodded, unable to do anything else.

Miss Elijah turned away from him and started lecturing the class on the complexities of the Amazon Rainforest. It was only then that Tim was able to relax slightly and finally take a deep breath.

Tim was shaken by the encounter and was only left feeling hopeless and miserable. He just wanted to go home. No, he wanted to go to the Wayne’s. To the manor. That’s where he felt the best… safe. Wanted.

~*~

Tim dumped his book bag in his room and then shuffled down to the kitchen to see if Mrs. Vega would make him a snack. He had skipped lunch because he wasn’t hungry, but now he was a little bit. Tim also entertained the idea of going next door. Alfred would make him something as soon as he stepped inside the kitchen. He was sure of it.

“Tt.”

Tim blinked, no. It couldn’t be. Tim rushed around the corner, eyes widening when he saw Damian in the kitchen with Mrs. Vega. “Damian. What are you doing here?”

Damian turned to him, “Tt.”

Tim flushed with anger, “Who do you think you are? Coming over here and-” Tim paused, he had no idea why Damian would be in his house, talking to Mrs. Vega… Mrs. Vega looked away from Tim, her cheeks flushed and she looked guilty? “And interrogating the staff? You have no right.”

“Tt.”

Tim hit Damian, “Stop that. Educated people use words to express themselves.”

Damian huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. And once more, Tim couldn’t help but notice how much Damian looked like his father. “You gave me no choice!”

Tim sighed.

“Now young sir,” Mrs. Vega began, finally turning to him. “I didn’t say anything, I only confirmed
what he already knew.”

Tim’s heart sunk, his breath hitching as he shot a weary glance at Damian. “Knew what?”

“That you were abused!” Damian growled, dropping his arms and clenching his hands into fists. “Who was it? You know you could have told us.”

Tim shook his head. “No. No.” It wasn’t true… or that’s what he desperately wanted to believe. But he knew. He breathed in sharply, shaking his head. He needed his pills.

“Tim.”

Tim couldn’t do this. He turned away from Damian and ran to his room. He shakily grabbed for the pill bottle and gasped in surprise when Damian grabbed it away from him. “Damian!”

“What are these?” Damian demanded as he looked at the pills in pure disbelief. “Tim.”

Tim shook his head, “I need them.”

“No, you don’t.” Damian glanced around the room and then dashed to the en suite and Tim watched numbly as Damian flushed them down the toilet. Tim knew it was more of a demonstration than anything else… it wasn’t like it was his only pill bottle or the only medication he was taking. And Tim knew that Damian had to know how suddenly stopping his meds could be dangerous, especially to a child.

Tim felt a rush of anger and he shoved Damian, which was stupid because he didn’t even flinch and he just looked at Tim. “Fuck you.”

“Language.”

Tim huffed, feeling close to tears.

“You don’t need those, Tim. They’re dangerous…. They cloud your mind and poison you.”

“I do need them, they help.” Tim whispered, clinging to what they had told him so many times before. To the numbness that protected him from the past, the pain.

“You have me and Dick and Jason and Father the-” he bit his tongue, clenching his hands into fists. “John too. You’re pack.”

Tim blinked, a warmth spreading through him at Damian’s words. “Pack?” He whispered, wanting that more than anything else. He’s dreamed of being a part of their pack, their home.

“Duh.” Damian snorted and Tim smiled brightly, having Damian who didn’t even like him, come here and say that. It meant everything.

“Pack.” Tim breathed and threw his arms around Damian in a hug.

Damian tensed slightly at first and then returned the hug.

Tim pulled away, ducking his head as they stood awkwardly in his bathroom. “So?”

“Tell me what happened.” Damian stated, it wasn’t even a question and Tim felt uncertainty wash over him again.

Tim sighed, “It’s not- I don’t.” He groaned, shaking his head.
“I’m not going anywhere until you tell me.” Damian leaned back against the wall and Tim knew he’d keep his word. He was stubborn like that and Tim couldn’t help but admire him, that he’d give up everything to help Tim.

“Why do you care?” Tim asked. “You don’t even like me.”

“I like you just fine, you’re pack.”

Tim raised a brow, suddenly realizing they’ve never really talked before now. And they’ve never been alone together either. Jay or Dick were always nearby, but not now. “Uh-huh.”

Damian rolled his eyes.

Tim shoved at him again, this time a bit more playfully, before he brushed past him and went back into his room. He climbed onto his bed and leaned back against the headboard.

“Smells like Jason,” Damian commented as he joined him on the bed, taking a seat beside Tim.

“It does?” Tim gasped, surprised at Damian’s comment. Jay had only been here that one time, but he had been in his wolf form and he had snuggled against all the pillows… it was kinda nice to know that Jason’s scent lingered.

Damian nodded.

They sat in silence, Tim not willing to talk and Damian too stubborn to go.

There was a knock on the door and Tim jerked over to see Mrs. Vega with a tray of milk and cookies. “Thought you and your friend would like a treat.” She smiled warmly as she walked in and placed the tray on the bed. She looked between them. “It’s good to see you bringing a friend over, young sir.” She turned to Damian. “Will you be staying for dinner?”

“I’d love to,” Damian flashed the trademark Wayne smile and Tim snorted grabbing for a cookie.

“Wonderful.” she nodded and left them be.

“She’s very protective of you,” Damian commented as he bit into a cookie and frowned. “Not bad, but I prefer Pennyworth’s.”

Tim shrugged. “Think she’s just happy that I have a friend over.”

Damian frowned. “You could have asked us over, before now.”

“I know.” Tim grabbed another cookie. “But it’s safer for me to go over there.”

Damian snorted. “Not my fault that those two can’t manage to keep their clothes on.”

Tim chuckled. “Yeah.”

~*~

The evening was uneventful, Damian stayed by his side and Tim knew that Damian wouldn’t budge until he talked, but he wasn’t ready… he wasn’t sure if he would ever be ready.

Dinner was nothing special and they went back to Tim’s room afterward.

“How did you even find out?” Tim finally asked.
“John.”

“John knows?” Tim paled, the detective knowing was even worse. Wait. John? “So, it’s John now?”

Damian flushed, shrugging his shoulders. “He’s pack.”

Tim nodded. “Do Dick and Jay know too?”

“No, but they suspect something.” Damian sighed. “I’ve read the reports, I just want to know who it was.”

“Why?” Tim questioned.

“Because I’m going to kill him.” Damian hissed and Tim blinked, his heart fluttering at the thought.

“What?” Tim stammered, secretly in awe that he’d go that far for him. It was unthinkable- not even his parents backed him like this. He wasn’t sure what to even think about it.

Damian nodded and then he suddenly shuddered, curling into himself. “No, not now.”

“Damian?” Tim reached out to him in confusion.

“It’s a full moon.” He explained. “With everything going on, I forgot-”

“Oh.” Tim inhaled, suddenly realizing what was going on. “But, I thought you could change willingly on a full moon. Like Jay and Dick.”

Damian shook his head. “I can, if I do it early enough, but I’ve waited too long.” He suddenly let out a howl and he trembled, his clothes ripping apart as he transformed into the beautiful wolf that he was.

Tim couldn’t help but touch the soft gray fur. He smiled, this was the first time he had witnessed Damian in his wolf form. He was tiny in comparison to Jay and Dick, but one day he’d be huge.

“Did you hear that? Those damn dogs are at it again.”

Tim gasped at his father’s angry voice. It couldn’t be. He glanced toward the door and then back at Damian. “Stay.” He whispered, throwing the blanket over Damian and rushing out into the hallway to see his father and mother.

“Timothy,” his mother began with something like a smile on her face. “Where’s your little friend?”

“He left,” Tim stated quickly, which was mostly true.

“Oh,” she spoke so harshly about the Wayne family before. “Next time,” he offered. “You’re home early.”

His father huffed, shaking his head. “Someone was asking questions,” he paused. “And this Damian Wayne, you’re friends?”

Tim nodded as he realized why they had returned. The Detective had been asking questions, digging into the story that his father had paid for. Someone on his father’s payroll must have
notified him, that’s why they were back before they were due. “Yes.”

His father gave him an approving look, something Tim hadn’t seen in forever. His father slapped his hand on Tim’s shoulder, squeezing it before he headed down the hallway to their room.

“We must have him over soon,” his mother smiled, carding her fingers through his hair and kissing his brow. “It’s late, you should go to bed.”

Tim nodded, surprised at the sudden display of affection. It was nice. “Yes.” He went back to his room, shutting the door. He felt like he was in some sort of dream or daze or-

Damian barked at him and Tim immediately shook his head.

“Shhh,” Tim hushed him, rushing over to the bed and uncovering Damian. “You have to be quiet.”

Damian huffed, glancing at the door and back at him.

Tim sighed. “Did you hear all that?”

Damian nodded and then licked his face.

Tim smiled and hugged Damian close. Damian seemed much more affection as a wolf and Tim really liked it. He joined him on the bed and sighed. “We can’t sneak out of here until later, someone might notice.”

Damian let out a whine and nudged at Tim’s arm.

“What?” Tim questioned as Damian continued to nudge at Tim and then at the pile of his clothes still on the bed. “You want me?” Tim’s voice trailed off, not sure of what Damian wanted. “Oh,” he gasped as he brushed his fingers on Damian’s cell phone. “Do you want me to call the manor?”

Damian nodded, flopping down on the bed.

“Of course.” Tim said, “Sorry.” He paused as he looked at the stored numbers and picked Pennyworth. Tim figured the others would be in their wolf form too.

“Master Damian?”

“No, it’s me Tim.” Tim began. “But Damian is with me, he’s safe. We just can’t come over just yet. But we will.” Tim rushed to add after hearing Alfred’s frantic voice.

“Thank god, young sir. Master Damian’s never been away for a full moon. We’ve been worried.”

Damian let out a small noise, not really a bark, but something for Alfred to hear over the phone. “My parents came back tonight, we have to be more careful. But we’ll sneak over as soon as we can.”

“Very good, sir. We shall keep it down on this end too. We shall see you two later.”

Tim sighed and hung up, “Better?”

Damian nodded.

Tim rubbed Damian’s head, petting him as they lay on his bed. Damian curled around him and Tim felt safe. Damian licked at his face and Tim smiled. “Okay,” he whispered and then he told Damian about his abuse, how it was his tutor, Mister Larry Talbot. And how Tim thought he
deserved it all.

Damian growled at the name and Tim knew that Damian wanted to rip out the neck and kill the man that hurt him. Tim did now, not before, but he used the pills they gave him to shut up that thought and just forget it all. Tim knew that this changed everything… He had never told anyone the full truth, but it was so much easier with Damian, especially in his wolf form.

Tim was pack. Damian would protect him.
“Damian has been awfully cozy with Tim lately,” Jason observed. There was a possessive note in his tone.

Dick grinned. “That’s good, you know? He needs to be around kids his age.”

“Damian or Tim? And what’s up with that anyway?” Jason grumbled.

Dick knew he was jealous. He probably wasn’t used to feeling that way, because no one ever meant much to Jay except his mom.

Dick stroked his arm gently. “I don’t know. Maybe they found out they have more in common than they thought? Who knows?”

“Aren’t you curious? Shouldn’t you be? As you’re Robin and all, aspiring to take the old man’s place one day-”

“Who are you calling an old man, Jason?” Bruce asked from the door.

Jason had smelled him there of course, as had Dick. No one could sneak up on him, not even the Batman. Or maybe Bruce didn’t want to. Jason turned around. “I still think you’re hot if that helps?”

Bruce gave him a long look, probably not knowing what to do with Jason.

They weren’t father and son, not like Dick and Bruce, not like Damian and Bruce. They were something else.

“I’m flattered,” Bruce said, interrupting Dick’s thoughts.

Jason grinned wider, looked Bruce up and down and Bruce let him. It was a game for Jay, but Dick had no idea what it was for Bruce.

“Aww, you know you’re hot as shit, don’t even pretend,” Jason said, leaning against the couch and spreading his legs. It was an invitation.

Dick felt his blood rise. He realized, awhile ago, that he didn’t like thinking about Jay being with someone else. Displaying himself so casually. Advertising came to mind, and he felt ashamed a second later. Dick knew how it went, he was a performer too. He learned from his parents, like Jay did from his mom and his mom wasn’t an acrobat.

Something passed over Bruce’s face so fast that Dick could barely be sure it was even there, not to mention trying to find out what exactly it was.

“I know,” Bruce said and looked to Dick. The look in his eyes was sympathy, bordering on pity maybe. Dick hated it: felt caught and young and stupid. “Leave the boys be.”
“Sure, what else is there to do? Think I will meddle in Tim’s affairs?” Jason asked a bit too sharply.

Sometimes, Jay was like a firecracker that just needed the right spark. He tried to be good for Bruce, not only because Bruce was their leader, but also because he wanted to be Robin too. Wanted to be out there.

“I know you won’t,” Bruce said and then almost gentle, before he turned and left, “You’re a good kid.”

“Shit,” Jason exhaled. “Shit.”

“Why are you always doing this?” Dick asked.

“What?” Jason replied, sharply.

Dick was ready to back off again, like all the other times he tried to have this conversation, but then he just looked at Jay. “Why are you shamelessly flirting with people who won’t take you up on it?”

“Are you mad because I rile Bruce up?”

“It’s not only Bruce, John too,” Dick said.

“You can’t throw the first stone Dick, you were face first in his business,” Jason said, crossing his arms over his chest.

“But – that was different. I don’t really want to do things with John.”

“And you think I want to suck Bruce’s cock?”

“Gross,” Damian said. He looked rumpled. God only knew what he had been doing. Dick huffed, he hated it when someone managed to sneak up on him, but then all his senses were on Jay and he knew Jay’s were on him. It always was this way when they argued or fooled around.

“Damian-” Dick said.

“For what it’s worth, I think you would, if Father would only let you, but he won’t,” Damian said and moved on to the kitchen.

Dick frowned.

Jason sighed. “He’s probably right.”

“About you doing it or he not letting you?” Dick asked, but he knew the answer, just wanted some confirmation.

“Both,” Jason said and then turned so he could look at Dick properly.

Dick bit his lip and didn’t say what came to his mind first: but you have me. “But why?”

“Because it’s too much sometimes, they way you look at me,” Jason said.

“What?”

“You think this,” he gestured between them, “Is a forever after thing. Like your parents. My mom was a hooker, Dick. I don’t believe in forever after, what I do believe in is fun and pleasures of the
flesh and that there is nothing wrong to be paid for it either. And I know that hearing this hurts you, that’s why I didn’t want to have this conversation in the first place. But you keep pushing.”

Suddenly, Jason seemed so much older than his fourteen years to Dick. And it did hurt, hearing this, but – he squared his shoulders and looked Jay straight in his pretty green eyes, “I believe in forever after. And maybe, one day, you will too.”

Jay smiled. “We’ll see.”

It was good enough for now.

~+~

“So what are you doing with young, Master Timothy?” Dick asked.

Damian snarled at him, before he poured himself tea. Damian was not a morning person and Dick was sure it would get worse once he was allowed to be Robin too.

“He doesn’t like being called Timothy,” Damian replied.

“Come on. You’re over there so much, we hardly see Tim anymore,” Dick said, which wasn’t true at all.

“Tt,” Damian took a sip of his tea. “Not my fault you can’t stay clothed in company.”

“How are his parents?” Dick asked. That was the thing he really wanted to know. He’s only seen Tim’s parents when they drove by. They still weren’t home much, but at least they were in Gotham. Tim seemed happier that they were back too.

“They are snobs, but they care for Tim. In their own way,” Damian said.

Dick found that hard to believe, but then he and Jay both had the suspicion that Damian knew something that they didn’t. And knowing Damian, he wasn’t going to tell Dick.

“You like them?”

“They seem to like me,” Damian replied.

“Like father, like son,” Dick said. It was true too. Bruce could be really fucking charming and Damian as well, if he only wanted to. Apparently he wanted to.

“I hope so,” Damian said, taking another sip of his tea.

“John is coming over tomorrow,” Dick said, because that was the real reason he had looked for Damian, who hardly kept to human hours lately.

“Does Father know?”

Dick nodded. “Yeah. I think John is ready to try and mend fences or what have you.” It was a good thing too. Dick was sure that Batman and Detective Blake could do so much good, if they worked together. But after what Bruce did…Dick couldn’t blame John at all for not wanting to stay or be near Bruce. It had been months since John set foot into the manor.

“About time,” Damian grumbled.

Dick sighed. “Damian.”
“You know, Father needs friends as well as I do. The women he goes out with aren’t friends. I’m sure he counts the Commissioner as a friend, but – he doesn’t know who Father really is.”

“And still,” Dick said, “Gordon thinks of Bruce Wayne and Batman as a friend and ally.”

Damian finished his tea. “Yes, in this, you are right.”

Dick smiled and Damian smiled back. It was still rare enough that he felt warm seeing it and of course that was when Damian grabbed a Danish and left the kitchen. Without answering Dick’s question about Tim. And that big secret they were keeping.

Sneaky little – Robin, he thought.

Yes, Damian would be a great Robin one day. Maybe the best.

~+~

Full Moon and they were all exhausted from too much running around and chasing game. Not that they ever killed anything. Dick sometimes wanted to, it had been done in his pack, but with Damian and Jay being both vegetarians it just seemed cruel.

It was probably bad enough to chase rabbits in the first place. Poor things. But Dick was still part wolf and that part liked it. That part took to fighting criminals like a duck to water.

Tim yawned and cuddled closer to Jay. His parents were away for the weekend and he had asked if he could sleep over. The fire was warm and his packs’ bodies were even warmer. There was a blanket on the sofa, close by, if Tim should get cold, but Dick doubted that would happen.

“This is nice,” Tim said gently.

Damian licked his hand and he giggled. Damian was far more affectionate in his wolf form. Jay bit Damian’s ear playfully. It made Dick snort and then he cuddled closer to Tim as well. Tim was a tiny human boy surrounded by wolves and he was sleeping peacefully. What a wonderful and strange world they were living in, Dick thought.

Only one that was missing was Bruce, but – Bruce wasn’t ready to be seen by humans yet.

Dick hoped that would change with time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who has been reading and commenting! It means so much to us. <3

This chapter concludes Part One! There will a Bridge and a two year time jump. Then Part Two will be three years later, a five year time jump from Part One. In all there will three parts.
“Hi, Detective,” Jason said, smiling at John from under his mask. It was still a bit strange, feeling it on his face. It was so fucking tight and itchy, but Dick said it would get better. He was fairly new to the Robin gig after all. Only two weeks in.

John looked around, but Jason knew that he didn't need to. They both knew that there was no one in hearing distance.

“Jay,” John said.

Jason really liked how his nickname rolled from John's lips. He also liked how John looked at him lately. Maybe it was the really fucking tight Robin costume, maybe it was that Jason had filled out nicely over the last year. He wasn’t a boy anymore, nearly a grown man. At sixteen, he did look older than he was which suited him just fine. Jason could smell the light arousal on John, it made him smile.

He knew that John could smell his in return.

“No, me. The big man trusts me to answer the call,” Jason said, crouching down on the rooftop ledge. It was solid and wide enough to take his weight. Besides he learned from the best, for the last two years. If he couldn’t look graceful on a freaking rooftop ledge he shouldn’t be wearing the mask.

John nodded and switched the Bat-Signal off. “Of course he does.”

“You know you could just come over for dinner and discuss it there with us,” Jason said.

John smiled. “Selina doesn't like Bruce that much.”

“Wonder why, he is oh so charming, and good looking, and his cock-”

John's nostrils flared, but he put a hand up in warning. “Don't.”

“You are no fun,” Jason complained.

“This is work,” John replied.

“I know, so hand it over then, so I can play courier for the big man. But you know everyone misses you.”

“You guys come over nearly every week,” John said.

“Yeah, but the medic doesn't,” Jason replied, because it was second nature to use Al's code name by now. Even when he was fairly sure that no one could listen in on their conversation. Better safe than sorry.

John sighed, crossing his arms over his chest. John had filled out too since the bite. He was stronger now and all his senses were heighten. Dick and Damian had practiced with him to get it under control, so it wouldn’t split his head, so he could just not listen, not smell, not see as bright. They had waited the first few weeks, then months, but he hadn't turned; not even on a full moon. It was still something John got angry over sometimes.
“I'll try to make it this weekend,” John said.

“Gonna tell the medic you're coming over on Saturday. Dinner. He'll make your favorite.” And Saturday was two days after the full moon, so it was all good.

John smiled and Jason licked his lips. God, but fuck it all, he did want to try and press John against the nearest wall and see how far they got before John came to his senses. Close to the full moon, John often got horny, it was probably a side effect of the blood washing. John's smell got stronger, it made Jason's cock pay attention and – it was such a bad fucking idea. John could smell it all over Jason too.

“You better go now,” John said.

“One of these days, I'll catch you on a full moon, John,” Jason said. He wouldn't and they both knew it. No one got near John on a full moon, because he was leaking 'willing sex partner' all over the place and neither Jason nor anyone else would ever do anything John would regret. He was in a committed relationship and even if Selina and Bruce weren't buddies, he and the boys liked her alright. She was funny and smart and Jason would totally hit that too.

John rolled his eyes. “Here’s the info we have on that smuggler ring, you guys are interested in,” he said, uncrossing his arms and handing the USB stick over.

“Thanks. Always appreciate the help of the local law enforcements,” he saluted John and jumped down, shooting the grapple hook. This was one of the best fucking things about being Robin. Dick had been absolutely right.

~+~

Jason rendezvoused with Dick and Batman at R Point 37 and handed the drive over.

“How was he?” Batman asked.

Jason gave him a look. “Seemed fine to me. But you know it's close to the full moon, so-” he shrugged. The first time Batman had seen John, after John had moved out and spent months avoiding the manor it had been a full moon. John had come over to see the boys. He had never made it, but the day after they had been ushered away by Alfred just as John had started screaming at Bruce. No one really knew what happened between them, only that Bruce wasn't going anywhere near John on a full moon anymore. To be extra careful, he was avoiding John days before the full moon too.

“I know,” Batman said. “Thank you for this.”

“It’s fine,” Jason replied. It wasn't a big deal after all. He could keep himself in check and in his wolf-form he never wanted to attack John like that. The human part shied away from being intimate in that way with someone when they weren't wolf, or when they both weren't human. It just seemed wrong. Jason knew Dick felt the same way.

Damian didn't seem bothered by John's 'willing sex partner' scent just yet, which was a fucking blessing. It would probably change once Damian showed any kind of interest in girls or boys or both.

It was a blessing too, Jason thought, that Tim wasn't a wolf. Jason thought Tim had himself pretty much figured out.

Dick grabbed Jason and kissed him hard. Bastard, Jason thought, but grinned against his lips
anyway.

“I have a patrol to finish,” he said, adjusting his cock.

Batman looked out over the city. He didn't like these kinds of displays and Jason worried for a moment if he would be grounded for this. Which wouldn't be fair, Dick had started it.

“Robin,” Batman said and Dick winced.

“Sorry,” Dick said. Jason knew he wanted to explain, but then thought better of it. It wasn't like Bruce couldn't smell the arousal on Jason. Maybe his senses weren't as strong in his human form as when they were when he was a wolf, but they were still fucking strong.

Bruce just grunted and then jumped off the rooftop.

“Playtime's over,” Jason said.

Dick nodded. “See you later.” He ran and jumped and it looked so fucking graceful for a second Jason's heart stopped. Fucking show-off, he thought, affectionately.

They still had two hours of patrol, Bruce would probably come home in the early morning hours, but that was Bruce.

Alfred's rules were that the boys got home at two sharp. So they had at least six hours of sleep on school days. And it was a fucking school-night. Private teacher or not, some kind of order had to be upheld.

Everything else would be suspicious.

Besides, with the tracker in place, Alfred would always know if they were home or not. Jason hadn't been too thrilled about the tracker, still wasn't too thrilled, but it was a small price to pay for this: being Robin.

He sighed and then shot his grapple to start patrol in his small part of the city.

~+~

“Jay...” Dick exhaled onto his skin and then licked it.

Jason grunted. He was tired as hell, but Dick was warm, fuck that, he was hot and he was naked. Jason could smell him all over his own sheets and skin. “Jay.” Dick said a bit louder, nipping at his neck.

“Fuck?” Jason said.

“That was the general idea, yeah,” Dick replied, driving his point home by rubbing his hard cock into Jason's hip.

Jason turned then. Dick was up alright. He was hot and hard and his pupils were blown. “Had a good dream?”

“Yeah,” Dick answered.

“What time is it?”

“Time for sex,” Dick said.
Jason laughed and Dick grinned, rolled so he was sitting in Jason's lap and yeah. Jason's cock was totally interested in that. “I'm a horrible influence on you.”

“Yes, you ruined me,” Dick said, leaning down to kiss him hard. The thing was, Jason thought, that Dick was totally right. But he wasn't going to dwell on it just now. More important things needed his attention.

Dick's hands were under Jason's worn t-shirt and stroking just the way Jason loved, grazing a nipple for the extra jolt of desire.

Jason snapped up then, grabbing Dick by the neck and pulling him flush against himself. “Get my fucking boxers off,” he groaned just before he crushed their lips together.

Dick's hands slid down and hooked on the fabric, he pushed them down until Jason's cock was free and rubbed himself shamelessly against Jason.

Jason fucking loved this. Like this when he could feel and smell and taste Dick with everything he had. Loved the raw energy coming from Dick, the friction that nearly set everything afire. Jason's fucking skin and blood for sure. And he loved it when Dick was on top, just shy of full alpha aggressive. Wanted to feel Dick inside him so badly his stomach clenched with it. He pushed Dick's hand to their cocks instead and Dick took the hint: grabbed their cocks in one firm hand and started stroking, snapping his hips in tandem with Jason's. His other hand firmly planted on Jason's chest. Pinning him down.

“Shit,” Jason said as Dick threw his head back and came all over their cocks and his own hand.

Jason loved to see Dick like that too. Dick kept stroking and twisted a nipple a bit too hard, which made Jason gasp and spill between Dick’s fingers.

Dick looked at him for a moment, Jason could feel it, before he rolled to his side and collapsed there. Jason could hear him panting slightly and then the rustle as he cleaned his hand on Jason's sheets.

“Next time we do that in your bed,” Jason said.

“What would Alfred think?” Dick joked.

“That you are a crazy sex driven-”

Dick shut him up with a hard kiss. “Yeah. I am and whose fault is that? Showing poor innocent me the carnal pleasures of the flesh?”

“That would be me,” Jason gave back and kissed Dick just as hard. “Not regretting a god damned thing.”

And he meant it too.
Chapter Notes

Part II
-Story is five years from the first part, and three years from the bridge
-the main story arc will crossover with Arrow

Enjoy!

PART II:

One

John flushed with anger, all his senses spinning out of fucking control. He breathed in deep, trying to regain control. He turned to Selina, she was his everything… but that didn’t seem like enough lately.

“You know it’s true.” She hissed, arms crossed.

John shook his head. “Selina-”

“No, I can’t give you what you want. End of story. Stop trying to make me something I’m not.” She sighed. “You want the white picket fence, 2 kids, and a dog- and you know how I fucking hate dogs.”

John clenched his teeth at that, they were fundamentally different people. She was a cat and he was a dog- a wolf.

“And I know you’re still fucking him.” She added.

John inhaled sharply, clenching his fists. “No, I’m not.”

“Please,” Selina stressed. “I can fucking smell him on you, you’re like a fucking dog in heat.”

He shook his head, what she smelled wasn’t Bruce, it was him. But John had never told her about the wolf in him… he had hoped to tell her soon, but it never seemed like the time. “It was one fucking time, over four years ago. Before we were in a committed relationship.” John argued… which they seemed to do a lot more lately. They’d argue, they’d fuck, and then repeat the process the next day. They weren’t getting anywhere.

The turning point was when he asked her to marry him the month before. Something he thought would cement their relationship… because he did want the white picket fence, kids, and a family. They’ve been together for five years, in a committed relationship for over four. It was time and he had hoped that with her acceptance of his proposal he could finally tell her about his wolf blood and senses… about his pack.

She snorted, shaking her head. “I’m done, Blake. I can’t fucking do this anymore. We’ve become toxic.”
“Selina-” he groaned, he didn’t want to believe that.

“I had my tubes tied a year ago. I don’t want kids. I love them, but they’re not for me.” Selina stated and it was like the final nail in the coffin.

“What?” John croaked, why didn’t she say anything before now? Why would she do something so big and not even talk to him? John closed his eyes. He knew why… because he would have talked her out of it.

Selina leaned into him, pulling his tie and tugging him closer. “It’s been fun. Sex was fucking fantastic… but that’s not enough anymore. You need something else.”

His breath was a little shaky and he felt like his heart was going to break. “I love you.”

“I know, baby.” She kissed him. “But you love him too.”

He closed his eyes, because he could never deny it. John did love Bruce, even after everything. “So, this is it? After all this time?”

She leaned her head against his chest, “Yes.”

What hurt more was that there was no hesitation in her voice, it was done. In the back of his mind he knew this was coming, but he wanted his happily ever after. “Okay,” he replied, his voice calmer than he expected. “I-” he paused, this was her place. They had moved in together years ago. Her place was bigger… fuck.

“Go to the manor, figure your shit out.” She kissed his cheek as she pulled away. “Maybe this time it’ll work out between you and Wayne.”

John sighed, “Doubt it.”

“He loves you too, although I doubt he’ll ever admit it. I’ve seen it, the way he looks at you when you’re not.” She shrugged her shoulders. “Was it really only that one time?”

John nodded.

She slapped his arm. “Well go take charge, fuck him good and hard and don’t let him push you away.”

John snorted. “I can’t-”

Selina rolled her eyes, slapping him harder. “Don’t make our break up worthless. Go fuck Wayne or I will.”

“You don’t even like him-”

She laughed. “But I bet he’s great in the sack. Hate-sex can be very satisfying too.”

“Yeah, he is.” He snorted, shaking his head. He knew that too.

She smirked. “So what are you waiting for?”

God, he loved this woman so much… he pulled her into one last breathtaking kiss. “I love you.”

“I know.”
John really shouldn’t be at the manor and perhaps he should have waited a few days, but fuck it, there was nothing holding him back anymore. He wanted this, he needed this. It had been far too long.

He used his key, slipping in and going straight to Bruce’s office. John could smell him as soon as he opened the door, Bruce smelled so fucking good and it made him so hard.

Bruce tensed as soon as John entered the room and glared at him from his desk. The lust and Bruce’s scent were almost overwhelming. “Why did you come here?” He hissed through clenched teeth.

“For you.”

Bruce growled, standing up from his desk. “Are you insane?”

“Perhaps,” John shuddered with the need to touch him, to taste him, to fuck him. It was just like that day so long ago. Selina’s timing was perfect... it was a full moon and everything was so intense.

Bruce was drawn to him, like a moth to a flame. “You shouldn’t be here.”

“Selina and I broke up,” he stated, needing to get that out of the way. It was one of the arguments that Bruce had brought up last time.

“I never liked her.” Bruce sneered and it wasn’t anything that John didn’t know. Bruce disliked her, he had valid reason for it... but deep down John wanted to think it was because she was intimate with John and Bruce couldn’t be.

“I know.”

“You should go,” Bruce stated, it was the only warning he’d get before they wouldn’t be able to stop themselves.

John didn’t want to stop.

John shook his head, grabbing Bruce’s tie and tugging him down and kissing him. It was like a spark to a flame and John was engulfed with desire. It felt so fucking good, like he was coming home.

Bruce growled against John’s lips as he wrapped his arms around John and pulled him flush against his body.

“This is a bad idea,” Bruce stated when they parted to breathe.

“Staying apart was worse,” John answered, because it was. They avoided each other like the plague near and on the full moon, so they wouldn’t do this... which was the only thing John could think about every month. The way they were that one night, overshadowed everything else.

John was aware that the only reason they were together in the first place was because Bruce couldn’t deny his attraction and draw to John. They figured it was some sort of pheromone that John gave off during this time that weakened Bruce’s resolve and then he had fucked John hard against the desk, the wall, the bed... it had been so fucking intense and then when they had collapsed onto the bed completely spent, Bruce had turned into the magnificent beast that he was.
It had surprised Bruce how effortlessly he turned, like Dick and the other boys. Bruce had pinned John to the bed and it had been a glorious feeling. John had never felt so safe and that hollow emptiness he had felt since the blood washing was gone.

But then that morning, Bruce had proclaimed it a mistake and pushed John away… they had fought and John had returned to Selina and he had avoided Bruce at all costs around the full moon. But this was different.

John moaned as Bruce pushed him against the wall and ravaged his mouth. It was a heady feeling and John soaked it all in. He’s been aching for this for years.

There was nothing gentle about their touch and John could let go and use his full strength and power at his fingertips, knowing that Bruce could take everything and give back in kind.

They pulled apart, long enough to run up to Bruce’s room and push John against the bed.

This was nothing like their first time… But John still enjoyed stripping Bruce down, kissing and licking every inch of his body.

John was flushed with arousal, lust, love. “Fuck, Bruce.”

“Language,” he nipped at his lips and John groaned.

Bruce claimed him in every way possible.

John panted, unable to catch his breath. He felt so alive and safe. This was everything… he felt slightly guilty for enjoying this so much after his breakup with Selina. But that was a longtime coming. And if John was truthful, Bruce has always had his heart first.

Bruce shuddered against him and then transformed into the wolf. And just like last time, he did so with the as much grace as his boys. John still felt a tug of jealousy that he couldn’t turn, even though he ached with every fiber of his being to do so. Bruce barked once and then pinned him down on the bed and John once more felt safe and secure. John breathed in his scent, running his fingers over Bruce’s thick black fur.

“Bite me,” John suddenly asked and Bruce huffed, shaking his head. “Bite me, mark me.” John continued more certain of it. “We need this, don’t you feel it? Make me your mate. Pack and all.”

Bruce gazed deeply into his eyes and John knew it was now or never. John had never felt something so strongly. It was a gut instinct that Bruce had to do this.

John turned his head, exposing his neck to him. He gasped when Bruce bit him, it barely broke the skin, but it was not meant to hurt or change him… Bruce was just marking him as his own. John shuddered, flushing from head to toe with desire and love and belonging. His skin knitted together, healing as he had since the blood washing… it was one of his side effects? Powers? He wasn’t really sure what to call them. But at this moment he was truly grateful.

Bruce licked the fresh skin and John chuckled, it tickled and John sighed with contentment as he wrapped his arms around Bruce’s neck. “Thank you,” John smiled and then curled in closer to him, petting him until he slipped into the most restful sleep he’s had in ages.

~*~

John stretched, feeling content and loved. He smiled when he felt Bruce’s body against his. John turned into him, pressing a kiss to his chest.
Bruce sighed, brushing his fingers over John’s neck. “You’re mine now.”

“Yes.” John looked up at him. “Does that mean you’re not going to kick me out of your bed this time?”

Bruce pursed his lips together for a moment. “I had no choice,” he stated and John just waited for Bruce to continue his thought. He knew that opening up was hard for Bruce. “It was too soon, too fresh. And you were with her.”

John nodded, “I can understand that. But we’re not together anymore.”

“I’m glad.”

John raised a brow, there was more heat behind Bruce’s words and John couldn’t help but wonder how long he’s felt like this. “Because of this?”

“Partly.” Bruce sat up and John couldn’t help but feel like there was something more. “She’s a cat burglar, John.”

“Right.” John snorted, shaking his head. He’d know if she was. “She was a petty thief when she was younger, but I get it.”

“No, John. She’s been dubbed the Catwoman by the press.” Bruce explained and John just stared at him.

“What?” John was simply blown away by this. He had heard about her, seen the articles. He couldn’t believe it, he should have known… fuck.

Bruce sighed, “I’ve caught her red handed, but I didn’t bring her in… I knew it would only hurt you.”

“And now?” John questioned.

“She’s fair game.”

John closed his eyes, he felt torn… part of him wanted to keep her safe, but she deserved to pay for her crimes. “Fuck.”

“Language,” Bruce teased and kissed him.

John moaned against his lips and practically climbed into Bruce’s lap. He could kiss him, love him, touch him, taste him…

Bruce pulled away when his phone rang. “Sorry, I need to take this.”

John huffed in annoyance and let Bruce take the call. From the sound of it, Bruce needed to head into the office, ASAP.

“It’s okay, go.” John whispered and Bruce nodded, thankfully. Bruce pressed a kiss to his brow and then rushed off, dressing as he continued to bark orders over the phone.

John took his time getting ready. He showered and then dressed before he headed down to the kitchen for breakfast.

Alfred’s eyes widened slightly, smiling at John. “It’s good to see you, Master John.”
“Same.” John grinned, feeling so damn good. “Got any of that good bacon?”

“Certainly.”

“Bruce! Can we-”

John looked at Dick and Jay amused as they skidded to a stop before him. They glanced at each other and then back to John. “Morning.”

“You smell different,” Jay gasped as he leaned into him and took a long sniff. “You smell like Bruce, how is that even possible?”

“You’re mated,” Dick whispered in complete awe. “I didn’t think it would be possible for you-”

“Mated? So you and Bruce are together, like together/together? No more hiding away?” Jason questioned, taking a seat beside him. He rubbed against John, almost as if he was trying to maintain their pack bond.

“Yeah, my parents had the same scent as did my grandparents… when you bond you take the Alpha’s scent. So everyone knows you’re his. Which means Bruce bit you, marked you.” Dick explained as he sat across from them.

John nodded, “I didn’t realize that’s what it was… it just felt right. I asked him to.”


“I hope this means you’ll be staying here from now on.” Dick smiled, taking a bite of his waffles as soon as Alfred had placed their plates in front of him.

“I- yeah.” John wasn’t sure. “Still need to talk to Bruce about it.”

“Like he’d want you stay anywhere else?” Jason smiled, bumping his shoulder against his own. “We’ll be a real pack now.”

“Yeah.” John inhaled as it all clicked into place. This was his home, his pack.

Damian growled under his breath as he sat down at the table. It was nice to know that Damian still didn’t like mornings. His gaze narrowed onto John. “You’re not Father.”

“No.” John chuckled, he didn’t think he smelled any different.

“But he’s like your dad now,” Dick grinned. “They’re mated.”

“What about that Kyle woman?” Damian questioned and they all looked to John for the answer.

“We broke up,” John shrugged, not really wanting to get into the specifics. It was still very fresh after all.

“That’s enough questions for now,” Alfred cut in, serving Damian his plate. “You have a busy day.”

John smiled, watching them eat and talk about their plans and the last few days. It was so good, he had forgotten how easy this was. He had missed this, he was glad to be home.
Two

Tim was dreaming. Not unlike his dreams about Jason when he had been a child, this dream was about a wolf too, but Tim knew it was Damian's wolf that was chasing him. Sometimes it felt more like Tim was chasing the wolf. But then it always felt to Tim like he was chasing the wolf, if he was awake or sleeping. That part of him that felt feral, always wanted to be bitten and take his chances.

He was running through the woods, not those behind the manor, no these were wilder. Not sinister just denser and darker, it felt a bit forbidden to Tim to be there. He could feel the blades of grass cutting his soles and he didn't care. He was leaving a trail of red, red blood drops for the wolf to follow. Tim wanted the wolf (Damian) to find him. He considered stopping, but that would – not work. Damian had to catch up to him, that was the game. Tim knew that in that way you just know things in dreams. Being a part of the dream and an observer at the same time.

Tim wasn't sure what would happen once Damian caught up to him, but he hoped for- the wolf crashed into him none too gently and he went down hard, gasping for breath.

The wolf growled low and then Tim was on his back, staring up at the wolf: he was pinned, but not helpless. The wolf (Damian) sniffed at him and Tim couldn’t help the moan. It felt nearly as those few times he and Damian had kissed, Damian had kissed him, being bolder. Careful but with intent.

Tim could feel himself getting hard at that and the wolf growled again. Damian could smell it, his tongue was rough against Tim's skin. He was naked, he realized as his hips strained upwards, so he could brush his cock against Damian's underbelly.

Damian growled again, but it was his human voice and his human fingers were around Tim's wrists and his human cock was brushing against Tim's – Tim was so fucking close, the orgasm shook him so hard that he woke up.

He stared at the dark ceiling like all those years ago and wished that this could be reality.

~++~

“You smell delicious,” Jay said.

Tim blinked at him. He was still feeling raw and tender from the dream and he had no idea what Jay was talking about. “I showered.”

“Yeah, you did, but you also got off,” Jay said with a smirk.

Tim could feel himself blush. At nineteen, Jason was very handsome and Tim would still catch himself having the one or other thought about Jay like he used to when he was younger. But more often than not, his fantasies were about Damian.

“Can't keep anything a secret around here,” he replied.

Jason laughed. “Sure you can. But not if you still smell like you wanna be pinned down and have someone have their wicked way with you.”
Tim flushed. That was way too close to home.

Jason laughed again.

“Leave him alone, Todd,” Damian said from the stairs.

Tim looked up and smiled at Damian. Damian smiled back.

“Not doing anything. Also what’s with the last name again? I thought we were friends, brothers even,” Jason said, clutching his t-shirt over his heart and looking truly wounded.

Damian rolled his eyes. “Tt.”

“That isn't even a word,” Jason said.

“Not in a language you're aware of,” Damian shot back.

“Fucking brat,” Jason replied.

Tim knew exactly what Damian was doing, distracting Jason from Tim.

“Is there any food?” John asked, walking into the hall. He looked rumpled and his hair was a mess. There was a hickey on his shoulder, just barley peeking out. And he was carrying a big box.

“Hello, John,” Tim said.

John smiled. “Hi, Tim.”

Tim had seen John coming and leaving for the last three days, but it seemed now that John was moving in.

“Do you need help with that?” Tim asked.

Jason and John gave him a look. “No, I'm fine. Dick is bringing the rest of my stuff. It isn't that much to begin with. It's not like I need any furniture-”

“As you're sleeping in Bruce's room anyway,” Jason cut in. “Lucky dog.”

John groaned.

“I think Bruce is the lucky one,” Dick said from the door.

Jason nodded. “You might be right. Snagging this pretty young boy here and having his wicked way with him every night for hours on end-”

“Todd!” Damian said sharply from the stairs.

Jason sighed.

“Thank you, Damian.” John said, making for Mister Wayne's room, Tim assumed. He hadn't ever been in Mister Wayne's room, but he knew where it was. After all he had been friends with the Wayne boys for over five years now.

Tim winked at Jay and followed Dick up the stairs. Jason slapped Dick's ass as they walked by.

Tim was used to such kinds of displays by now. He's seen that and more a handful of times too.
“Idiots,” Damian mumbled as he stepped in front of Tim.

“Hi,” Tim said, feeling breathless. Damian was so much broader and bigger than Tim, even if he was one year younger than Tim. He took after Mister Wayne after all.

Damian cocked his head and looked at him. “Hi,” he said and leaned in to kiss Tim.

Tim grabbed him by the t-shirt, pulling him in and kissing him harder. His dream coming back to him and he moaned.

Kissing at Tim's place was risky because he still hadn't told his parents about Damian and that he had feelings for him. He just didn't know how. He didn't want to disappoint his parents. Again.

But here no one cared.

“Showing your boyfriend a good time?” Jason teased.

Tim flushed again. He had completely forgotten about Jay.

“Are you having a good time, Tim?” Damian asked.

“Yeah,” Tim said.

“You two, are fucking adorable,” Jay replied.

“Thanks, Jason. As always appreciated,” Damian said.

“Little shit,” Jay replied, shaking his head.

Tim smiled, grabbed Damian's hand and dragged him to the small library they used to sleep in when in wolf form. Tim always felt like part of the pack on those nights, but lately he wondered how it would feel like as a real wolf.

As soon as Damian closed the door behind them Tim was in his personal space and kissing him hard. “I had a dream this morning,” he said in-between kisses. “You were in it. I had to jerk off in the shower to be able to think straight.”

Damian groaned. “Tim-”

“What?” Tim asked, his hand creeping over Damian’s hip and towards his cock. Damian grabbed his hand and held it pressed against his hip. “What?!” He repeated sharper, looking at Damian.

“I don't want to-”

Tim blinked. “You don't want to what? Have my fingers curled around your cock while I kiss you?”

Damian took a breath and closed his eyes. “Jesus.”

“What is it? Every time I try to get you off, you just shy away and – is it because of what Talbot did, do you not – do you think I'm weak and–” he stopped, biting his lip. Tim had thought he was over this, but sometimes he still felt so fucking insecure, because Talbot had fucked him up good all those years ago.

“Tim, no.”
“I'm not a damaged fruit that will rot away from the inside. I'm not a kid either and I want to fool around with you,” Tim said, looking up at Damian. “And if you don't want to, you better say it now, because-” he was cut off by Damian's mouth. The kiss was hard and demanding and Tim was pushed against the wall, his hands pinned over his head and it was so close to the dream he had, that his cock was instantly hard.

“I want to,” Damian said gently, his free hand was unzipping Tim's pants and pulling them down with his boxers. “This okay?”

“Yes,” Tim answered. He wasn't even struggling in Damian's grip. He trusted Damian. Had trusted him, ever since Damian just waited him out all those years ago.

“Okay,” Damian said, kissing Tim again. His tongue was hot and agile. Over the last few months, they've become really fucking great at kissing, Tim thought.

He groaned into the kiss when he felt Damian's hard, wet cock against his own. They both fit into Damian's hand and the pre-come Tim was leaking made everything just so much better. He bit Damian's lip when he came.

Damian was panting into his shoulder and stroking them both through it.

“They will smell that on us,” Damian said quietly.

“Do you mind? I don't mind smelling like you,” Tim replied.

Damian groaned.

Tim wondered, if Damian also thought about covering Tim in his scent.

“I don't mind at all,” Damian said.

“Good,” Tim replied, kissing Damian. “We better clean up anyway.”

Damian nodded.

~+~

It was easier after that. Jay didn't even tease that much. But it was true that Damian and Tim were making out and getting each other off as often as they could.

It was good, but Tim still had the dreams about the wolf. And sometimes he was a wolf too, sometimes Damian didn't change back and Tim was still naked and human. He woke up shuddering from the pleasure after those dreams.

“Who would have thought,” Jay said, flopping down next to Tim on the grass, “That you would hook up with the Wayne heir. You couldn't stand each other.”

“To be fair,” Tim said, “I tried. He was being a prick.”

Jason laughed. “Yeah, he was. And then suddenly everything changed and you were pack. I mean you always smelled like pack to me,” Jason shrugged.

Tim turned to look at him, but Jason was looking into the distance. “I didn't know that. Do I smell like John used to before?”

“If that were true, Timmy, then we'd be all over you a long time ago.”
Tim made a face. “No you wouldn’t have, because I was a kid back then.”

Jason smiled. “Yeah, but it would have become apparent when you entered puberty. Tim,” Jason turned to him then. “You don't have the rare werewolf gene.”

Tim nodded. “I know.” And he did know that. “It doesn’t mean I can't be one of you one day.”

Jason sighed. “Bruce would never allow it. He is pretty much against it. You saw what he did to John.”

“John forgave him.”

“He did, but it took him fucking years and John is fucked up about not being able to change. He is a wolf by all means, expect that one. Don't know what I would’ve done if I were in his place. Go nuts probably.”

Tim nodded. He couldn’t imagine either. “But if I smell like I should be pack, that has to mean something, right Jay?”

“Yeah, it means something, but I don't know if it's good or not.”

“I want it.”

“Yeah, that's plain as day,” Jason said.

“I won't give up.”

“That,” Jason said, nudging him with his shoulder, “Is plain as day too.”

“You won't stand in my way?”

Jason shook his head. “Nah, I'm gonna stand on the sidelines and cheer you the fuck on.”

“Thank you, Jason.”
Part Two: Chapter Three

Three

Dick peppered kisses down Jason’s back as he continued to knead Jay’s tight muscles. He had been complaining since the end of patrol of a kink in his back and Dick knew just how to fix it.

“Oh, fuck, right there.” Jay moaned as Dick dug his fingers into a particular tense knot. “Oh, yeah.”

Dick smiled and worked his magic until the knot was all gone and Jason was a pile of goo under his hands. “Better?”

“Yeah,” Jason sighed happily, turning around and pulling Dick into a heady kiss. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” Dick smiled against his lips. “Any time.”

Jason chuckled. “I’m so going to take you up on that offer.”

Dick snorted. “Sneaky bastard.”

“You love me,” Jason teased, kissing him once more and did Dick ever love him. They’ve been together for essentially five years… and Jason still hadn’t said those words to Dick, ‘I love you’.

“Yeah, I do.” Dick whispered, breathlessly.

But then Dick had never said those three little words either. He was afraid that if he ever did say it, Jason would freak and pull away again. They had separated once and he didn’t think he could survive another break.

But then he had Babs to take care of him. It was a short romance and he did love her… but it didn't compare to the love and connection he had with Jason. Dick knew that Jason was his mate for life, but Jason wasn’t ready to accept that… to want that too.

Jason on the other hand, didn't have a relationship with anyone during the summer they had separated. And it had been really hard watching Jason with a string of others... Dick was used to the shameless flirting, but this time Dick knew Jay was fucking them too. It had hurt, but then Dick had found love in another form with Babs.

But that was almost two years ago and they had grown so much since then. They were in a committed relationship, they shared each other’s beds… and Jason had even moved his room to adjoin Dick’s. They never stated that they were officially boyfriends, because they knew it kinda messed with Bruce a bit.

Bruce had John now, so things were ever shifting, their pack growing. So, maybe soon they could have a more defined relationship.

And then there was Damian and Tim.

“Hey.”

Dick blinked, focusing back on Jason. “Hey.”

“What were you just thinking about?” Jason questioned, studying him.
“Our growing pack, Bruce and John… Damian and Tim.” Dick sighed happily, curling into Jay. “You think Damian is going to tell Tim about being Robin? About the Batfamily we have?”

Jay shrugged. “Damian is now allowed out on the streets, if they want any future together, he will.”

Dick nodded in agreement. “Yeah. The press is going to catch on soon that there’s three of us now, there’s already been speculation that there’s more than one Robin.”

“Mindfuck.”

Dick chuckled. “Yeah.” It sure was, it was awesome seeing the criminals freak the fuck out as not one, not two, but three Robins interceded when the big shit was going down. But on most nights, Bruce and Damian patrolled together since he was the youngest and Bruce was being far more protective of him so far… Dick got it. He was Bruce’s blood too.

Dick had been torn at first, he’d been patrolling with Bruce for so long, but he loved being out on the city alone and teaming up with Jason on other nights. They were good partners, on and off the streets.

“So, what do you think about Tim being a werewolf too?” Jason suddenly questioned and Dick raised a brow.

“What brought this up?” Dick couldn’t help but ask.

“Tim asked about it the other day, was just wondering where you’d side on it.” Jason shrugged, trying to act like it was no big deal. But it was. It’s always been there, lingering. Tim’s wanted this for as long as they had known him.

“That if he’s to turn, it needs to be soon… he’s sixteen now, his body will still be more accepting of it. The longer he waits the worse his turning will be.” Dick mused, running his fingers over Jason’s neck. “And there’s a ritual that will help us and make him one of us. He already smells like pack to me.”

Jay snorted. “That’s because he reeks of sex and Damian half the time.”

Dick slapped his arm, playfully. “You know what I mean. You smelled it on him before.”

Jason nodded.

“Bruce wouldn’t allow it… so we’d have to do it on our own.” Dick continued. “And it has to be Damian so that Bruce would have no choice but to accept him as pack and bond.”

Jason growled at that.

“You know it’s true… we all know Tim’s wanted this since he saw you that day in the garden. Especially when he learned that he could be turned. I just hope they realize that this will link them forever.” Dick explained and Jason frowned.

“How so? I don’t even feel mine anymore.” Jason questioned.

“It’s different when it’s willing and they’ve already been intimate. It’s like the mark John carries.” Dick paused, biting his lip. “If Tim doesn’t die that is, it’s still a huge risk. He doesn’t have the gene or any family history.”
“Neither did Bruce.” He snipped, Jay’s eyes widening with realization. “Will he be as black as Bruce?”

“No, it’s not a forced bond. Tim is willing, he’d be brown… maybe a little darker than you.” Dick smiled. “I bet he’d make a cute little wolf. He’s still so tiny.”

Jason smiled, “Yeah. So we should probably talk to Damian then, see what his plans are.”

Dick nodded. “But it can wait. I rather stay in bed with you a bit longer.”

“No argument there,” Jason winked, kissing him softly as he pulled the thick comforter over them.

~*~

Dick’s heart raced, his breath coming in short pants as he pushed back against Jay. It was always such a rush and a heady feeling when they were intimate in their wolf forms. Jason growled in his ears and then Jay bit his neck, claiming him as his mate.

Dick shuddered with pleasure, every sensation heightened as they continued with their frantic pace. He was so close.

Dick clawed at the Earth below him, howling as his orgasm washed over him. He felt Jason’s still a moment later as he came. They moved together until they were completely spent and then they collapsed onto the ground. Dick turned his head and licked at Jay’s face. He loved Jason so much and he wished he could tell him that.

Dick curled in close as they enjoyed their orgasmic high… it was always so much more intense in this form. Jay licked at his face and Dick returned the sentiment.

Dick startled slightly when there was a forced cough and Dick jerked his head to the source. He barked at John who was standing there, watching them. How long had he been there?

“Hi,” John smiled, his cheeks slightly flushed.

They quickly got up, Jason growling at the interruption. Dick bumped his shoulders against Jay’s and then licked at his face. Jay sighed and then darted over to John, rubbing against his legs.

Dick stopped before him, barking at John as more or less a reprimand for watching them.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean-” he sighed as he reached down and pet Jay’s head. “I was just taking a walk and I was blindsided by the scent. It was heady and rich and I’ve never smelled anything so good. It’s totally different then when you’re having sex in human form. Now that I’m used to.”

Dick snorted.

“I just never realized that you two had sex in this form too,” John continued as he walked toward the manor and they followed closely. “I mean, I’ve seen you fool around in this form, the pawing and licking… the rubbing against each other.” John rattled on and sat down on one of the benches. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have watched or anything, but it was so damn hot. Like I never thought- It was just so damn good.”

Dick shared a look with Jay and then transformed. He grabbed one of the blankets they kept stashed under the benches and randomly throughout the garden and pulled it around him. He still felt a little weird being naked in front of John… “It got you horny too?” Dick could smell it and he knew Jason could too.
“Fuck, yeah.” John groaned as he adjusted his cock. “It just reinforced everything that I’ve been wanting from Bruce. You have no idea how badly I want him to fuck me as a wolf.”

Dick gasped, eyes widening slightly. “What?” He shared a glance with Jason and Dick knew that Jay must be surprised as well.

John frowned. “What? Is that like weird or something, isn’t that what you guys do too?”

“No,” Dick had never even thought about it, if he was honest. “We have sex while we are both wolves or both human. Jason loves to fuck me when we’re wolves and then he loves when I take control when we’re human.” Dick smiled as Jay suddenly jumped on his lap and licked at his face. “But we’ve never been together like this.” Dick wrapped his arms around Jason.

Jason shifted, shuddering against Dick. He pressed his face into the crook of Dick’s neck. Jason was still so sensitive after he turned. Dick kissed his cheek and then wrapped the blankets around him too. “Fuck,” Jason groaned and then glanced at John.

“Jay,” John smiled.

“John,” Jay returned the smile easily. “So you want the big, bad beast to fuck you?”

John flushed, nodding his head. “Yes, but you make it sound so bad. It’s just that I identify myself as wolf most of the time, that I don’t even see it like a human and wolf. I just need him, I crave that intimacy with him.”

“We never really thought about it to be honest,” Jason shrugged. “Just talk to Bruce about it.”

John snorted. “He’ll probably say no.”

“Maybe,” Dick hummed. “But, you’re the only human he’ll let near him when he’s a wolf, so that’s something. And I pretty much think he’ll do anything for you, it never hurts to ask.”

“Or just withhold sex and make him want it too.” Jay suggested with a slight smirk.

Dick hit him.


“It’s okay, at least you let us finish.” Jason winked and Dick rolled his eyes.

John chuckled, “I’ll leave you two be.”

Jay pinned Dick to the ground once John had left. “That was a first.” He chuckled, nipping at his lips.

Dick moaned, wrapping his arms around him and kissing him back in return. “Yeah, and probably not the last.”

John snorted. “Yeah.”

~*~

Dick dressed quickly, excited to patrol. Ever since Damian had started to patrol with them, Bruce had taken Damian under his wing and they patrolled together… at first Dick was upset, but now, fuck. He loved being out on his own. He didn’t realize what freedom it gave him and it was so
much more fun to patrol with Jason at his side.

“Anything we need to look out for?” Dick asked as he affixed his mask.

“John’s troubled about a new case.” Bruce began as he glanced at his Robins.

“What is it?” Damian questioned, his voice almost as deadly as the Batman’s.

“A new drug has hit the streets, it’s almost toxic to those with wolf’s blood. There’s been two deaths thus far, but since it’s drug related John can’t investigate like he’d want to.” Bruce explained and Dick tensed, his fingers curling into fists. Dick wanted to hurt someone and he couldn’t imagine what John felt, not being able to investigate it. “Keep an eye out for anything regarding drugs.”

They nodded, knowing that they would each help in any way they could. They were Batman and Robins. Bruce and Damian left in the Batmobile to investigate in the Narrows and Dick and Jason would patrol pretty much all they could. Together they could do anything.

They jumped onto the Batbike and roared out of the cave. It was their time to be Robins.
Part Two: Chapter Four

Four

John was constantly thinking about it now, seeing Dick and Jay having sex in their wolf-form made John want that intimacy even more.

“You smell horny,” Bruce commented.

John bit back a moan, but leaned into Bruce’s broad chest anyway. Bruce smelled like clean water and soap, and Bruce, and wolf and hot fuck underneath. Mate, pack, and family. Home.

“And it’s not even close to the full moon yet,” John joked, it was true that his scent changed when it was close to the full moon, a side effect from him not being able to change, like his wolf needed an outlet. Some kind of raw energy, animal and pure and what else was there, really except for sex? It was good he didn’t have the urge to tear people’s throats out.

Bruce’s fingers settled heavy on John’s shoulders and John wished they were paws. His mind flashed to the first time he had seen Bruce in his wolf-form. Big and black and scary as fuck, but in hindsight; arousing too.

John was a fucking adrenalin junkie and he knew it.

“What got you in the mood?” Bruce asked, kneading John’s shoulders.

“Dick and Jay.”

Bruce sighed. “I really wished they wouldn’t have sex where people can see them.”

“To be fair they weren’t naked,” John said, his breath coming faster as he replayed their coupling on the soft grass.

“John,” Bruce said like he knew where this was going.

Maybe he did. There was no disguising the fact that he was turned on by Bruce as a wolf: Bruce could smell it on him.

John tipped his head back, to be able to look at Bruce, it also exposed his throat which got Bruce hot and bothered too. “Hear me out, okay?”

“Okay,” Bruce replied, pulling away from John.

Only fair, John thought. “They were in wolf-form, having sex on the grass and it – it turned me on. Not only their scent, which is different, but the idea of being taken that way, or take someone in-”

“You can’t turn,” Bruce cut in.

John balled his hands into fists. And whose fault was that, he wanted to snap, but didn’t, because it wouldn’t help anyone. “I know, it doesn’t mean I’m not a wolf. I identify as a wolf, especially on a full moon and I want you to fuck me when you’re a wolf or – I want to fuck you too, bury my hands in your fur and feel you, smell you, bite you,” he said, the last words more of a whisper.

“You can’t turn,” Bruce cut in.

John balled his hands into fists. And whose fault was that, he wanted to snap, but didn’t, because it wouldn’t help anyone. “I know, it doesn’t mean I’m not a wolf. I identify as a wolf, especially on a full moon and I want you to fuck me when you’re a wolf or – I want to fuck you too, bury my hands in your fur and feel you, smell you, bite you,” he said, the last words more of a whisper.

“You’re not an animal!” John cut in sharply. “And I don’t want to fuck stray dogs!” He snarled. “I
want to fuck you, because you’re mine and I am yours. No matter the shape.”

“I know, John, but I can’t,” Bruce said. “Isn’t this enough?”

John would like to say that it was, but it wasn’t. “Maybe for now.”

Bruce nodded. “Any progress on the drug case?”

“You know, I’m not on the case, because I’m homicide,” John said.

“I know.” Bruce replied. “So, any progress?”

John smiled. “Montoya lets me watch and learn. She thinks the case is weird. Especially the two deaths, because she doesn’t know what to look for and I can’t tell her, because if she finds the slight ‘otherness’ in the victim’s blood she’ll have a connection – to me and other people like me.”

“There are no others like you,” Bruce said.

John wondered, if Bruce thought it was comforting, because it really wasn’t.

“Well, Montoya thinks this could be connected to an older case, I have the file here,” John said, starting the computer. He wasn’t really supposed to take those files home and show them to the Batman, but – Gordon often looked the other way.

It didn’t only make John friends in the department. Some people were envious and some were just plain afraid or suspicious of the Batman.

“Let me see,” Bruce said, sitting down.

~+~

“Have you talked to Bruce about your bedroom cravings?” Jason asked.

It was still a bit weird for John to discuss his sex-life with someone who he thought of as a kid, but Jason wasn’t a kid anymore, he was a man and good looking too.

Jason didn’t seem to have a problem at all with discussing sex. No matter how weird and out there it might be. It’s all: been there, done that with Jay.

“I tried, he shut me down,” John replied.

“What argument you give him? You know he likes it when you make a good case. I think it’s kind of a kink for him,” Jason mused.

John nearly choked on his coffee. “Really?”

Jason shrugged. “So?”

“Told him all about how I identify as well, more often than not, with a wolf and that I want him in any way possible.”

“And he shut you down, using some version of ‘People who have sex with animals’, right?”

“Yeah,” John said.

“Bruce – he doesn’t get it.”
“And you do?”

“Yeah. Me and Dick, pretty much have had sex in both forms from the beginning,” Jason said.

“And then there’s Tim.”

“What about Tim?” John asked.

“He – wants this, like you want it.”

“To be a wolf, yeah.”

“And be with a wolf,” Jason shrugged. “So Tim compared it to being transgendered, you know? You know you’re someone else on the inside, and you need for people to see you how you are. The real you. In your case you don’t identify as female, but as wolf, but I think Tim is right, the principal is the same.”

“Hmm…”

“Yeah, also not all transgendered people have a sex-change for a lot of reasons, so…” Jason trailed off.

“This makes sense actually.”

“Yep, Tim is smart like that.”

“Did he come up with it so he could ask Bruce to turn him?” John asked. He knew that Bruce never would, especially in Tim’s case. Tim had no wolf-history in his family and he was small too. Weak would come to mind on occasion. The wolf instinct would always try to find someone who would most likely survive the change. Wanting it, didn’t really play a part. It probably helped that Damian and Tim were in a relationship. At least Tim would have an accepting pack. Jason was still very protective of Tim.

“I think so,” Jason answered. “Not that I have much hope Bruce will.”

“Bruce can be stubborn sometimes,” John said.

“Yeah, don’t think I didn’t notice,” Jason replied smiling.

~+~

“How is the case going? Bruce doesn’t talk about it much, but he’s buried himself in it,” Dick asked, sitting down next to John on the couch.

“At least he can work on it. I have my own murder cases and this worries me on top of it. The last victim wasn’t even a dealer. Or had any history with drugs.” John sighed. This really fucking worried him. It was like someone was targeting those with wereblood.

“You think it might be a serial killer?” Dick asked, crossing his legs under him. He was so graceful, John thought with just a bit of envy. Never lost his youthful limberness.

“If it is one, then he’s very careful. If he is one, he probably did it before,” John said, sitting up. He knew what he was looking for, the question was how to investigate this thing without tipping Montoya off? He hated that he had to lie to her about it: she was a very good cop after all.

But there was no way he could let her know. It would endanger the boys and Bruce. A lot of other people with the gene too.
But was it better to not say a thing? Those who knew about werewolves should be warned that someone was out for them.

God, John wished there was some way to find out how many werewolves were in Gotham. He didn’t doubt there were more than just Bruce’s pack. The city was too big for that.

And then there were those with potential, like Jason’s mother had been. The drug probably affected them too.

“I’m sure the Batman can hack into the police system,” Dick said.

John gave him a look. “I don’t really approve of that. Neither does Gordon.”

Dick leaned his head against the back of the couch. His throat was smooth and sun kissed, his dark skin a startling contrast to his wolf’s white fur. John suddenly understood Bruce’s obsession with a bared throat.

“But he overlooks it, because he knows the Batman wants to help and as far as I can tell Bruce had always been more the type to ask forgiveness than permission.”

“That is very true,” John said.

“You still mad at him for what he did?”

“Sometimes,” John admitted. “But it can’t be helped now. Things are what they are.”

Dick turned his head so he could look at John. He smiled. “Doesn’t mean you will give up on your idea of having Bruce as a wolf too, does it?”

John smiled back. “No, it doesn’t.”

John was pretty sure that Bruce wanted him too when he was a wolf, he just had to let go of human morals for a while. See John as what he really was. Inside.
Part Two: Chapter Five

Five

Damian stood on the rooftop, scanning over the city below him. It still amazed him that he was finally able to patrol with his father after all this time. He was fifteen and the Robin to his Batman. Damian glanced over at him in complete awe. His father had always demanded attention, but as the Batman he was something different all together. He was everything that Damian strived to be-

“Robin to team,” Dick’s voice crackled over the link, cutting into Damian’s thoughts.

“Team here,” Damian replied quickly, eager for anything. It had been a pretty quiet night so far and he wanted a little action.

“Something’s fishy over on the south docks, we’re checking it out.”

“Backup?” His father questioned and Damian waited breathlessly for confirmation.

“Possibly,” Jason’s voice added into the conversation. “Looks like a shipment of some sort.”

“How many?” Father demanded as he readied his grappling gear.

“A handful,” Jason replied. “We got this.”

“Stand down,” Father growled and nodded to Damian as he jumped off the building and flew across the night’s sky.

Damian rushed to follow, loving the way the wind whipped around him as they made their way to the docks. They quickly intervened and fought their way through the armed men… there was definitely more than just a handful of men.

It was a flurry of activity and once they had knocked them all out, they called for the police. Father opened one of the boxes, his jaw tensing as he looked inside.

“Drugs.” He practically spat as he lifted a bag of a blue sparkly powder. It wasn’t like anything Damian had ever seen before.

“Careful,” Dick gasped. “It could be deadly to us.”

Damian’s eyes widened. It could be the drugs that John had been searching for. The one killing their kind. Damian shuddered at the thought.

“I know that mark,” Jason began as he pointed to the box. “It’s Vertigo.”

“Vertigo?” Dick repeated, “But that’s been off the streets for years. Isn’t that guy dead?”

Jason shrugged. “So it’s new and improved? It doesn’t look like Vertigo, but maybe whoever is making this shit is using Vertigo’s stuff.”

“So it means a trip to Starling City to investigate.” Dick suggested. “We could do it,” he glanced over at Jason. “It would be fun.”

“No.” Father stated sharply as the sirens could be heard in the distance and Damian knew that the discussion would be tabled until later. “Robins retire.”
Damian groaned, he hated being dismissed. At least it was Friday and he got to stay out as late as Dick and Jason. On school nights he had to go back at two in the morning and they got to stay out longer... now that Dick and Jason were in college classes, they had more leeway. And of course, they took classes later in the day so they could stay on patrol longer and still be able to sleep in.

Damian sighed and they reluctantly made their way back to the cave.

~

Damian startled, waking up as the Batmobile came to a full stop and Damian watched as his father emerged. “Father.”

“Damian,” He removed his cowl, studying Damian briefly. “What are you doing still up?”

“I wanted to talk to you,” Damian began, his heart was racing as he tried to come up with the argument he had planned earlier. He had been thinking about this for a long time, even more now that he’s been patrolling.

“Yes?” His father’s voice was soft and tender and Damian suddenly wanted to just curl up in his arms... but they’ve never really had that type of relationship.

“I want to tell Tim about this.” He stated with absolute certainty. “He’s my boyfriend now and he’s kept the secret about us for five years and hasn’t breathed a word to anyone. I trust him and I’m tired of lying to him, especially now that I am able to patrol.”

His father sighed. “I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Tim has been faithful to me and to our family and he’s so smart. He could help us out in the cave.”

“Damian.” This time his Father’s voice was sharp and harsh and made Damian want to retreat.

Damian stood up, squaring his shoulders. He was almost as tall as his father and broad... one day he may surpass him. He was still a growing boy. “That’s not fair, you can confide into John, and Dick and Jason have each other, and I have no one.”

“No.”

“He’s my mate.” Damian gasped, starting to feel helpless. He needed to tell Tim everything if he had any hope of being with him.

“Damian, you’re fifteen.”

“No,” Damian argued. “Dick and Jason were younger and they knew. And now five years later there is no denying that they are mates.”

His father sighed, pinching his brow. “I know.”

“You like Tim, he’s practically been pack for years. Out of everyone, he deserves to know about us. He may even already suspect. He is really smart.”

“Let me think about it.” His father settled on a moment later. “It’s been a long night, you should go to bed.”

Damian sighed, that was better than an outright no. “Goodnight, Father.”
“Goodnight, Damian.” His father smiled, pulling him into a brief hug and Damian returned it before he went off to bed.

~*~

Damian grumbled, pulling the pillow over his head. He wasn’t a morning person and he’d never would be. He breathed in deeply, smiling when he caught Tim’s scent. Well, maybe he could be convinced otherwise.

The bed dipped and then he felt Tim’s warm body heat against his. “Morning,” he whispered as Damian turned to him and they shared a kiss that grew more heated.

“Morning.” Damian moaned as they parted to breathe. “I wasn’t expecting you, but I’m glad you’re here.”

“Me too,” Tim smiled, curling more into him and resting his head on Damian’s chest. “Wish I could spend the night with you too. Jay and Dick did all the time at our age.”

“I know,” Damian whispered.

Tim sighed. “It’s not fair. They were so lucky to be able to sleep together.”

Damian wrapped his arms around Tim and pulled him closer. They just fit so well together and Damian ached to tell him everything. He shook his head, pushing those thoughts away and settled on the last conversation he had with Dick and Jason. “So, were you going to talk to me about it?”

“About what?” Tim asked, slightly confused as he looked up at him.

“I mean, I’ve always known you wanted to be turned, but you’ve never talked to me about it.” Damian began, running his hand down Tim’s back. “But Dick and Jason had this long talk to me about it.”

“Oh.” Tim flushed, “I just didn’t want you to tell me no.”

Damian shook his head. “Never, I want it too. I’m just scared that you won’t survive the turning and that will kill me.”

“I will be fine, Damian… all my dreams and Jay even said I smell like pack. So that has to mean something?”

Damian wanted to believe it too. “Dick says you’d have dark brown fur.”

Tim smiled. “So we can do this?” He asked breathlessly.

“Yes, Dick said we’d have to do it soon… that the younger you are the better your body will adapt. Father will be furious with me, but this is our lives, our choice.” Damian explained. “But you have to be sure about this, your parents will never accept you as a wolf.”

“I know,” Tim sighed. “If it should come to that, they’ll disown me and I’ll just have to move in with you.” He forced a smile to his face, but it didn’t reach his eyes at all. “I’m all set.”

“Tim,” Damian groaned.

“I want this and if you want it, what is stopping us?” Tim asked, shifting beside him until he was straddling Damian. “The next full moon then?”
Damian couldn’t say no, even if he had nightmares of this not working… his bite could kill him or forever link them. It was a scary thought. But Damian has loved Tim for years, even before they started dating. He wanted to protect Tim, ever since he found out about the abuse and Talbot.

Talbot. That fucking bastard. Damian would kill him if he ever found him. It’s been years and he’s still not found a trace of him. The Drake’s money gave Talbot a new identity and their protection in a way… he’ll never forgive the Drake’s for protecting their son’s abuser. But one day. Talbot would get his dues.

“Damian?”

Damian shook his head, clearing his thoughts. “Sorry, um, yes. The next full moon.”

Tim grinned at him and kissed him. Damian smiled against his lips, kissing him back.

There was a loud knock at the door and they flew apart. “Wake up, breakfast and family meeting in five.” Dick called out and then opened the door. “Morning, Tim.” He winked and then left.

“Bastard.” Damian grumbled and Tim chuckled.

“Come on,” Tim grinned as he grabbed Damian’s hand. “Get dressed, we don’t want to be late for breakfast.”

Damian groaned, he’d rather stay in bed with Tim, but Pennyworth had promised to make those Danishes he loved. “Okay, okay.”

~*~

Father came down halfway through breakfast and joined them. “Morning,” he smiled as he took his seat.

“Morning,” they replied in unison.

“Where’s John?” Jason smirked.

“He’s still sleeping.” His father replied nonchalantly.

“Tired him out?” Jason winked and Damian made a face.

“Naturally,” Dick chimed in, wrapping his arm around Jason and kissing him.

“Breakfast is on the table,” Damian grumbled and Tim rubbed his thigh under the table, soothing him.

“Boys.” His father stated, shaking his head with amusement.

“So, what’s the family meeting?” Dick questioned as he turned to Father.

“A business trip has come up,” his Father began and Damian knew it had to do with Batman business and not Wayne Enterprises’. “I’m heading to Starling City and I thought it would be good for Damian to join me.”

“Can we go too?” Jason asked and Damian knew that they would probably want to go more.

“No, you have classes that can’t be missed.” Father replied. “John has to work and I thought it best for me to show Damian the ropes.”
Damian nodded, eager to go with him. This was his time to really show his father how much he’s learned. It was perfect. Dick and Jason grumbled, not caring for the decision. But it made sense and then they could patrol while they were away.

“For how long?” Tim asked.

“A week or more, I’m not sure yet.” His father replied.

Tim frowned, “The full moon is coming up.”

Damian’s eyes widened and he reached over and squeezed Tim’s hand. “It’ll be fine,” Damian assured him, knowing what Tim was hinting at. They’d work it out.

Tim nodded as he squeezed his hand back. “Okay.”

“Father, did you-”

“Now is not the time, Damian.” His father cut him off and Damian grumbled, hating that he had to lie to Tim about why they were going on this trip to Starling City. He wanted to tell him everything.

“Tt.”

Tim squeezed his hand again and he huffed. Soon. That’s what Damian kept telling himself. Soon he’ll be able to tell Tim everything and soon he’ll be a wolf like him, linked together. Soon.
Dick didn’t like that Bruce was taking Damian to Starling with him. He understood, of course, someone needed to stay in Gotham and he and Jay were seasoned Robins so to speak. When the Batman wasn’t patrolling his city he wanted it in good hands.

“It’s flattering, actually,” Jason said.

“In a way, sure,” Dick replied.

“You still don’t like it. Aww, are you missing patrolling with the big, bad Batman?” Jason teased.

Dick threw a pillow at him that Jason dodged with no effort at all. “Maybe. Sometimes,” Dick admitted.

“It’s Damian’s turn to be Bruce’s Robin,” Jason said.

“I know,” Dick replied, sprawling on the couch. “Just – he hasn’t been away on Batman business since I came to live with him. He used to hunt wolves down in other cities too, before.”

“You’re afraid he will do that again?” Jason asked, gently.

“Don’t know. Don’t think so? I mean, he’s better now. With Damian and John. And us, but-”

“Tim,” Jason said knowingly.

“Yes, Tim. I know, we know, everyone knows that Bruce won’t turn him. Won’t let any of us do it either and frankly we’re against the clock here. He’s still young and that’s good, the older he gets the higher the chances of him dying or going plain crazy and when that happens-”

“We’ll have to put him down,” Jason finished.

“I couldn’t do that,” Dick whispered. “It would break Damian, probably Bruce too. He’s never killed children. Mostly, I think because he didn’t know that werekids even existed until he took me in, but even if, he wouldn’t.”

“No, he wouldn’t. He gave me a chance after all,” Jason said.

“He did,” Dick said. “I’m glad he did.”

“I’m too,” Jason replied, getting up from the floor and joining Dick on the couch.

Dick was sometimes overwhelmed with Jason’s scent, his heat, his nearness, his body. Fuck, and wasn’t that a beautiful body? Big and strong and all Dick’s to play with.

Dick grabbed him by his neck and Jason moaned low in his throat. It went straight to Dick’s cock. Jason’s kiss was hot and hard. He leaned up, straddling Dick and looked down.

“You know Bruce hates it when we fuck outside our rooms.”

“He won’t come in here, no one will,” Dick said, running his hands over Jason’s chest, his sides, as Jason was removing his own shirt.
“Even if they would, not sure I could stop now,” Jason said. He threw the shirt aside and then got up to get rid of the rest of his clothes. Before he made himself at home in Dick’s lap again, he opened Dick’s pants, pushed them and his boxers down to expose Dick’s cock. He was hard, but so was Jason. “Want you to fuck me,” Jason said, bending down to grab a small packet of lube and a condom. Dick didn’t think they needed the condom, but this wasn’t a discussion for now anyway.

Jason threw the lube to Dick. “Come on, I need your fingers in me.”

Dick bit his lip to keep the groan in. Fuck, he loved it when Jason got like this, he also loved it that Jason loved when Dick took control, pinned him down, and fucked him hard.

Dick had this fantasy that he would soon share with Jay: he wanted to fuck Jason face down, one hand holding Jay by the neck, the other bruising his hip. The bruises would fade soon, but – Dick wanted to leave a mark. He was sure Jay would be up for it too.

But not now, now Jason so clearly had other plans. He kneeled over Dick, his hands braced on the couch on either side of Dick’s shoulders. Dick licked a wet stripe from Jason’s neck to his chest and then opened the lube. Tore it open in his need to be inside Jay.

“Come on,” Jason said again as Dick slide his fingers over Jason’s hole. Dick slipped one in and Jason moaned. “Yes.”

And then Dick slipped in another until he was up to three and Jason was bearing down on his hand, getting impatient.

“Ready?” Dick asked.

“Yeah, fuck yeah, put that cock in me. Now, Grayson.”

Dick slipped the condom on and then Jason was grabbing his cock and pulling it inside himself. They both groaned once Jason bottomed out.

“Love it when you fuck yourself on my cock,” Dick whispered, his hands settling on Jason’s hips.

“Love to fuck myself on your cock,” Jason said breathlessly as he pushed down, he played around with the angle until it was just right. “Fuck, yes, right there.”

Dick’s hands tightened on Jason’s hips, he was pushing now too, they were in perfect tune, fucking hard and fast and furiously.

Dick could tell that Jason was close and he pried one hand away from Jason’s hip to wrap his fingers around Jason’s cock, stroked fast and gracelessly until Jason spilled between his fingers, going still, clenching around Dick and sending him over the edge too.

He fell onto Dick and Dick wrapped his arms around him, not caring for the mess.

“That was good,” Jason panted into Dick’s neck.

“Yeah,” Dick said.

Fucking Jay did what it was supposed to do, take Dick’s mind off the Batman and Robin issue. He watched as Jason got dressed and then Jason turned and smirked at him. “Like what you see?”

“Always,” Dick replied.
“Sap,” Jason said. “So, I’m gonna shower and then I have a study group thing, could get late.”

“Patrol?”

“I’ll be there,” Jason replied. “Can’t let you do the hard work alone, can I now?”

Dick rolled his eyes. “Have fun.”

“Don’t brood,” Jason said. “Only Bruce gets to brood. It looks attractive on him.”

Dick threw another pillow at Jason that he dodged. Jason laughed. “Need to do better than that. Maybe you should ask Damian for tips.”

Damian, Dick thought, something about breakfast had been weird. Dick was sure that Damian had talked to Bruce about Tim.

Dick needed to talk to Damian about it too, before he and Tim took matters in their own hands. They were still kids and it could get messy.

Tim and Damian knew that Dick and Jason would help them with the turning, but Dick really had to make sure Tim knew what he was getting himself into. He could die and that was a terrifying prospect. How would they even live with themselves if Tim should die?

“Hey,” Jason said, interrupting Dick's thoughts, coming closer and rubbing his arm gently. “I meant it, you know, don't brood.”

“Can't help it. Bruce is rubbing off on me,” Dick said.

“Don't you wish,” Jason replied, playfully.

Dick slapped him lightly. “Stop that. He's like my dad.”

Jason made a face. “What were you brooding about anyway?”

“Don't you have study group?” Dick asked.

“I do, but-”

“It’s nothing, really. Only that I need to talk to Damian and Tim, because if they try you know what on their own.”

“Okay,” Jason said. “See you later.”

Dick kissed him and then let Jason go.

~+~

“So what was that at breakfast?” Dick asked, leaning against the doorway to Damian's room. He had waited for Bruce to leave the house for the office to have the talk. Better safe than sorry.

“I talked with Father about telling Tim about Batman,” Damian replied.

“I gather it didn't go too well?”

“He said he would think about it,” Damian answered. He didn't sound happy.

“He doesn't want to endanger Tim, Damian.”
“I don't think lying to the person you love is a good basis for a relationship,” Damian said.

“Can't say I don’t agree with that,” Dick replied. “And about the other thing-”

“They are connected,” Damian cut in. “Tim needs to know all about me, about us, so he can make an informed decision. We wanted to do it this full moon, but I don’t think father and I will be back until then from Starling City.”

“Way to go, little brother. I thought we would do it as a pack,” Dick said.

Damian had the grace to look a bit sheepish. “I'm not sure Tim believes in the ritual. He's more of a science person.”

“Doesn't matter, Damian. It will help. The herbs will help too. It will help to have the pack there, so you don't have to carry the whole burden of the turning. We have your back and we will have Tim's.”

“Thank you, Dick.”

“You're welcome,” Dick said. “I'll need to talk to Tim about it too. I admit the sooner the better, but we don't and shouldn't have to rush the transformation.” Just ask Jay, he wanted to add, but didn't. Damian was probably thinking the same anyway. “A few more weeks won't make a difference.”

“Dick-”

“This has to be planned out, Damian. You can't just say the next moon and bam. What about Tim's parents? The fever will take Tim, no matter what we do. What about Bruce? If he's here he will try to prevent it. Maybe even do what he did to John.”

Damian shuddered. “I wouldn’t allow it.”

“He's your father and pack-leader,” Dick reminded gently. There was always that pull (sometimes really fucking hard to resist) to obey your (chosen) pack-leader. Maybe that was the reason why Batman and the Robins made such a good team.

“I know,” Damian said. “But he's wrong about this. He's wrong about Tim.”

Dick nodded. “Okay. Just, don't rush it.”

“I won't.”

~++~

“So, Bruce is going to Starling City,” John said later that day.

“Yes, he has a lead,” Dick replied.

“Vertigo,” John said.

Dick nodded. “Might be the drug that kills people like us.”

“Still think it's a serial killer,” John said.

Dick knew he had no real evidence for that theory, but John's hunches were pretty accurate. He had figured out that Bruce was Batman, before he had any evidence and only put that theory away
because of the werewolf revelation. It was hard to believe, Dick thought, that you could be all three: Bruce Wayne, billionaire, Batman, and a werewolf.

“If it is, Bruce will find out.”

“I want to go too,” John said.

“How will you defend that to your boss?” Dick asked.

“I could take a few personal days,” John said.

“John, Bruce can handle this, and it’s not even your case. He is leaving for god only knows how long, leaving the city's protection to Jay and me and you.”

John sighed. “I don't have to like it, even if I understand.”

“You can help here more,” Dick said.

“When did you get so wise?” John asked with a smile.

Dick shrugged. He didn't feel wise or like an adult. God, he was running around in a really tight Hero costume and jumping from buildings. That couldn’t be called adult behavior, no matter that Bruce was doing it too.

“Bruce is pretty smart when he isn't stubborn as hell,” Dick said.

“Yeah,” John replied.

Dick bit his lip. He probably shouldn't ask, but – Jay had told him about the talk he and John had. John smiled. “Spit it out, Dick.”

“About you wanting Bruce to have sex with you while he's in wolf-form,” Dick began.

“Yeah? You think it's weird?”

“No, yes, no? I don't know. It's just – back in the ancient days,” Dick said. “When werewolves were known better and all that jazz. The dark ages. There were people who paid for that, you know? So, it kinda has a stigma. At least to our people.” Maybe that was the real reason why he and Jason never tried that. Dick grew up with these stories, of course he only found out later what they were really about. “It's – dirty.”

“Ah...okay,” John said. “Was that why you looked so shocked?”

“Probably. I don't think what you want is wrong, and that it's messing with me a bit.”

“Jay talked with you, didn't he?”

“Yeah, laid it all out in terms of being transgender. And it made sense. With you and Bruce it makes sense to me, but maybe because you are a wolf by all means and were denied the right to change, but I don't know if I were so cool with it if you weren't.”

“You live what you learn,” John said.

“Yeah, but I always thought of myself as a very open-minded person and this...can't probably be called open-minded.”
“It's like with all things, Dick. If two people are into it and are consenting, that it's okay. Even if one of those people is paying for it.”

“What you're saying is that it was all about shaming hookers?” Dick asked.

John smiled. “Maybe. I don't know. I never heard those stories, Dick.”

“I have a book with ancient Werewolf fairy tales from my mom and one with Lore and tales for adults from my dad. You can borrow them. It's your history too.”

“Thank you, Dick,” John said.

“You are welcome,” Dick replied.

“Feeling better?”


“You are welcome,” John said with a wink and a smile.
Seven

Bruce closed his eyes, just breathing in John’s scent and letting it wash over him in calming waves. A small smile flickered on his lips when John snuggled closer to him as he slept in Bruce’s arms. It still amazed Bruce that they were together, John was his mate. Bruce had marked him and if truth be told, he wanted what John asked of him, the beast inside him wanted it even more.

It was unthinkable to Bruce, he shouldn’t want it or even entertain the idea. But even now he still thought about it. It was all around him, even though John hadn’t brought it back up. The boys still continued to talk about it…

They were linking it to transgender or rather in this case, transspecies. John felt like a wolf, identified with a wolf, but he was human. And he wanted to be with Bruce as a wolf. It was logical, even Bruce couldn’t fault his reasoning.

John was human with all their wolf’s traits. The desires, the need. It was so apparent to Bruce, especially on a full moon. He was just stuck with his human form.

And it was all Bruce’s fault. He meant well, he was so driven to save John from the curse, that he never once considered what John felt. What John needed.

Bruce was also starting to see it less and less of a curse. It was hard not to with his boys running around as wolves on a daily basis. The love they had for it was contagious.

Bruce had grasped so hard on to it, wanting to relish in the pain and the hate he felt towards the beast that had turned him. It had been his link to the past, the reminder. But now he had John-

Bruce shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts.

“You’re brooding,” John huffed against his chest. “Stop it.”

Bruce snorted.

John sighed, looking up at him. “What is it?”

“Nothing.”

“Bullshit.” John grumbled, smacking Bruce’s arm.

“Language.” Bruce replied automatically and John groaned, turning away from him. “John–”

“I’m not one of your fucking boys to reprimand.” John grumbled as he grabbed his pillow and puffed it up before he buried his face into it in a huff.

“John.”

“Don’t,” John sighed. “Just, sometimes, I don’t think you see me as the partner and mate that I am.”

“You’re my mate,” Bruce insisted as he pulled John closer to him, nipping at his neck.

John moaned, shuddering against him. “Yeah?”
“Yes, and it’s more out of habit, Dick and Jason are old enough and yet I still can’t help it.” Bruce explained softly.

“True.” John chuckled, turning more into him and facing Bruce once more. “So, tell me what has you up this late? You do realize you have a flight in a few hours.”

“It’s Damian,” Bruce replied, it wasn’t a lie as much as it was an omission. He didn’t want to tell John he was thinking about him and his request… and it was true that Damian’s request laid heavily on Bruce’s mind.

“About the turning?” John questioned and Bruce couldn’t help that his eyes widened slightly in alarm. “And shit, that’s not it. Is it?”

“No.” Bruce growled, easily putting the pieces together in his head. “Tell me Damian’s not considering turning Tim. I won’t allow it.”

John sighed and that was all the confirmation Bruce needed. “We know-”

“Then why am I hearing this now?” He questioned. “Tim’s a boy-”

“And Dick said it’s easier the younger you are.”

“Does the whole pack know about this, except me?” Bruce questioned, feeling livid with anger. He pulled away from John, needing to move.

“Yes, and this is why. You’re so fucking unreasonable. He’s like me, Tim identifies himself as a wolf, he has for years. He’s pack and your son’s chosen mate.”

Bruce growled. “It’s a curse. What happens when he goes feral or dies? What if his parents find out and lock him up or something just as unthinkable?” He spit out as he paced the length of the room.

“You’ll not steal this right from him,” John snapped as he jumped out of the bed and rushed over to Bruce. “Tim’s wanted this for so long, he knows all the damn risks. He loves Damian, our pack. He’s kept our secret for years-”

“And I bet you’d agree to tell him that I’m the Batman as well?”

“Of course, Tim has more than earned the right to know.” John nodded with agreement. “He’s a smart kid and now that Damian’s patrolling he’ll figure it out.”

Bruce grunted, crossing his arms over his chest, feeling very defensive. “I don’t like this at all.”

John sighed, “I know how much you love your boys, Bruce. They’re your home, your pack.” John reached out, trailing his fingers over Bruce’s arm.

Bruce relaxed at the simple touch, it calmed him once more and Bruce dropped his stance, “I can’t-”

John just smiled at him, leaning up and kissing Bruce softly, reverently and then he pressed his head against Bruce’s chest. “I love you and I know your objections, but deep down you know that this is right, for Tim and for our pack.”

Bruce growled deep in his throat, but he didn’t voice his growing doubts. Tim was too small, he’d never survive. He wasn’t pack material…

“Just think about it, don’t rush into anything or you will push them all away.” John added,
breaking into his thoughts before John kissed him once more.

Bruce grunted, that was the last thing he wanted. He needed his boys, he needed to keep them safe.

“Talk to Damian, hear him out.”

Bruce sighed, feeling like a child being reprimanded. “Fine.”

“And keep an open mind about it,” John added and Bruce huffed.

“No promises,” Bruce replied as a thought suddenly occurred to him and he pulled away from John, needing to put some distance between them to concentrate on this. “And how did you find out?”

“The boys have been talking about it for the last few days. Sometimes, I think they forget how good my hearing is. But it was Tim who officially told me...he wanted to know if I regretted being bitten.”

Bruce raised a brow, they had never really talked about this. “And do you?”

John shook his head. “No, but I regret how it was done and what followed.”

Bruce pressed his lips together in a thin line. “That beast bit you, I was only trying to save you.”

“Yes, I know.” John sighed heavily. “You made it all about you. I was bitten, turning, and you took away what was rightfully mine.”

“John-”

“No, fuck.” John shook his head. “You made me into this, I’m not human or wolf. I’m something in-between and I feel so alone sometimes.”

Bruce’s heart ached at John’s words and he knew there was nothing he could do or say to help ease his pain. It was Bruce’s fault. “You have us and the boys.”

“But on the full moon when you all turn? It hurts so fucking much that I can’t.” John whispered and deep down Bruce knew that, but they’ve always skirted around this conversation.

“John-” Bruce began once more, not knowing what to say.

“And it’s all your fucking fault!” John snapped and Bruce could see the sense of relief that washed over John’s face at finally being able to voice it. Bruce wondered how long he’s wanted to say as much. “I’m stuck in this human form because of you and everything inside me wants to turn into a wolf, to run all night long. You cursed me.”

Bruce inhaled sharply, hearing this hurt more than he could ever imagine. In trying to save John, in preventing what Bruce thought of as a curse from taking over, he did curse John. But that hadn’t been his intent.

“I’m sorry.” Bruce whispered, wrapping his arms John.

“You should be,” John sagged against him, all the fight leaving his body. “Sometimes I hate you so much.”

Bruce closed his eyes, “You’re right, I was only thinking about my pain, my turning, and I wanted to protect you.”
“I know.” John whispered. “That’s why it’s so fucking hard.” John continued his voice wavering with tears. “I had the gene, Bruce. I should be able to turn at will, to be free to run and play like your boys. But I can’t. I’m stuck in this form with all my senses on edge. Some days it’s torturous and before the full moon? It’s even worse.”

Bruce kissed the crook of John’s neck, knowing he needed to rectify this somehow. To right his wrong. “I’ll do all I can to fix this.”


“I don’t know, but I will find a way.” Bruce firmly stated. “I’ll consult with Palmer Technologies in Starling City. I was just reading an article about their use of nanotechnology that could possibly help.”

John nodded, seemingly overwhelmed. “Thank you.”

Bruce kissed John, reaffirming his promise to him. Even if their mission panned out with no leads, he had another more personal mission. He couldn’t allow his lover, his mate to suffer any longer.

~*~

“Father.”

“Damian,” Bruce nodded as he took a seat beside his son on the plane. He was exhausted, he felt completely drained by the talk he had with John earlier. He hadn’t been able to sleep afterwards, his mind was racing with everything they had discussed.

They sat in silence as the plane took off, but Bruce could see his son fidgeting. Bruce knew that there was something on his mind and most likely it was about Tim.

“Father,” Damian began a moment later. “Have you thought about my request?”

“Yes,” Bruce replied, glancing over at his son. “You may tell Tim, but I cannot condone you turning Tim into one of us.”

Damian’s eyes widened almost comically before he schooled his features. “I do not know what you’re talking-”

“Damian.”

He sighed. “How did you find out?”

“Does it matter?” He questioned a little more harshly than he planned and Damian sunk down in his seat, looking thoroughly dejected.

“No.” He grumbled.

“That’s right, I’m Batman.”

Damian’s eyes widened once more, but this time with mirth and he laughed, shaking his head. “Figures you’d figure it out.” He sighed, rubbing his face. “I love him, Father. He’s my mate in every way that counts.”

“You’re young, Damian.”

“Look at Jason and Dick, they’ve been together for almost five years and they were younger than I
am now when they got together.” Damian protested. “I just know. I’m not going to deny my feelings like you did.”

Bruce winced, Bruce’s argument was weak and he was proud of his son for fighting for what he wanted. “Be as it may-”

“And Dick said since he doesn’t have the gene nor the family history, turning him when he’s younger is better. Dick knows all his family rituals to aid in his turning. Please, Father.” Damian continued, his voice full of more emotion than Bruce has ever heard from his son before. “Maybe Tim and I won’t stay together forever, but he’s always been pack. Since he moved in next door he’s been a part of our family. I want to give him that. He’s family. I love him.”

Bruce nodded, admiring his son for his conviction and for his need to help the one he loved. Something Bruce knew very well.

“I mean, if you could turn John now, you’d do it?” Damian rambled on, “Wouldn’t you? Grandfather made me think of it as a curse and you enforced that, but Dick. His love for it is so contagious and it’s so easy now. I enjoy being a wolf, playing and running and hunting. At times, I envy Dick and Jason for being able to turn whenever they feel like it.”

Bruce sighed, “Yes, I would.”

“See.” Damian smiled, “I know we’re young, but it feels so right.”

Bruce nodded, “I will think about it, this discussion isn’t over.”

Damian smirked, “Yeah, okay. Can’t do it right now anyway no full moon and we have a mission.”

“Yes,” Bruce agreed, they had a mission and Bruce had taken on another. Bruce hoped that Starling City would give him closure on both.

~*~

Bruce breathed in the night’s air. The smells were so different than in Gotham… and there was a raw energy that he’s not felt before. He stood on the rooftop, looking over the city, the view was spectacular.

“Do you think we’ll see the Arrow?”

Bruce grunted, hoping not to encounter him if he could. That would just be another complication that he didn’t have time for. He simply nodded in the direction he was intending and he jumped off the building. Batman was officially making his first debut in Starling City, his Robin following after him.
This is the first chapter where we have a peek into Team Arrow, from Roy's POV. If you haven't had the chance, you can read the second part in the Were-AU: Camisado. This is a prequel to this chapter, it's not needed to continue on with this story, but it will enhance it!

Eight

Fucking Vertigo again, Roy thought. As if this shit hadn’t been bad enough the first time around, now this crap had sent Diggle into a fucking coma.

He sighed. He hated drugs and he hated these drugs even more. It was time they found the labs where it was made and blow it all up.

Roy swirled a small knife between his fingers while he waited on Sin, she had been asking around a bit about this new Vertigo batch for him, or more precisely Oliver. Sometimes, Roy felt more like an errand boy than a vigilante. She was late which wasn’t unusual, but in this fucking city you should never stop worrying.

Especially in the Glades.

“Yo,” Sin said just as a big black shape caught Roy’s eye and then something smaller, but just as fast. He looked up, but it was gone. Canary was that fast, had been, he reminded himself. Laurel was different than Sara. Could be the freaking League again, but Roy doubted it. “You listening?”

“Yes,” Roy said. “Did you see that?”

“See what?” She looked in the direction he was staring. There was nothing there but darkness. “You losing it?”

He shook his head, caught a scent on the wind. Wolf, but that wasn’t unusual in Starling City either. “What you’ve got?” Roy asked turning to look at her.

“Not much,” she shrugged. “The dealers you know about. No one really knows where the stuff comes from.”

Roy nodded. What a bust, he thought. “Okay.”

“I do have another piece of information,” Sin said.

He looked at her and waited.

She smiled. “Stuff is being shipped out of here.”

“What? Where?”

“All kinds of cities. Central City for one, Gotham for another,” Sin said.
Shit, Roy thought. Shit. The Flash was a friend and ally, but Gotham? The fuck. Wolves heard all kinds of things about Gotham. Scary things. And if this shit is in Gotham, no matter if it kills wolves instantly, the Batman would probably track it down here. Just on fucking principle.

“Shit,” Roy said.

Sin nodded. She wasn’t wolf, but she’s heard the stuff about Gotham’s Dark Knight too. “I imagine it won’t be pretty once he gets involved.”

Maybe he already was, Roy thought. Shit. “Thanks. This is helpful,” Roy said.

“Anytime for a friend. Give my best to – you know who.”

Roy grinned at her. “Will do.”

“Also you owe me.”

“I know,” he squeezed her arm once and nodded. “I’ll make it up to you.”

He had every intention to do it.

~+~

On the way back to the new and not really improved headquarters, he wondered how Felicity didn’t catch that little detail.

Shipments to other cities. Fuck, they needed to get in contact with Barry and soon.

He was about to call Oliver when he heard the commotion. He only had a small knife and he shouldn’t be using it anyway when not in vigilante outfit, but – fuck it. If there was a fucker trying to mug or rape someone he had it coming. It wasn’t like Oliver wouldn’t put an arrow into a scumbag like that – even if it would only be a non-lethal one. Something to remember him by. Roy smiled. He was sure it looked a bit nasty, but it felt good on his lips.

“What the fuck,” he exclaimed as he rounded the corner and something (a kid, his brain helpfully supplied) sprang in his way.

“Go away. I got this,” the kid snarled. Roy could smell the wolf on him, even if the scent was masked (but it was a particular talent Roy had) and by the way the kid gave him a second glance Roy knew that the kid could smell the wolf on Roy too. Roy didn’t mask his scent when out in civvies.

Roy wasn’t one to stand back, but the way this kid got down to work just wasn’t normal. And then the clothes registered which – he could smack himself for taking this long to put it together. He was looking at Robin. And Robin was a wolf.

And in his city and too young to be out alone, so that meant – Roy spun around when he smelled the other wolf behind him.

The Batman was big and dark and fucking scary.

Roy nearly took a step back.

The Batman just watched his Robin in silence and once it was over – and it didn’t take long, he spared a glance at Roy.
“Go!” He said in a voice that was hard to resist. Nothing like Arrow's voice at all. Not that Oliver wasn’t commanding as hell – not that Roy didn’t like it when Oliver got a bit bossy now and then.

A small part of him wanted to get up in Batman’s face, but the clever part, nodded and backed away. He had to report to headquarters anyway.

~+~

Oliver was alone at headquarters which suited Roy just fine. The encounter with the Batman left him a bit shaken and a lot horny.

“Do you have something?” Oliver asked, getting up from the chair at the computer terminal. He had been at this since this morning. Roy grabbed him by the shirt and slammed him against the nearest wall.

“Yeah, can wait,” Roy said. It was such a turn on to have Oliver like this, to know that Oliver was the only one of them who wasn’t wolf and that he let Roy do – pretty much everything.

Oliver was about to protest, but Roy slid his knee between Oliver’s legs and put just enough pressure on Oliver’s cock to make his eyelids flutter in that way that he and Felicity both found so breathtakingly beautiful.

“Roy,” Oliver said, but he wasn’t pushing Roy away. He grabbed Roy’s head and pulled him closer. Sometimes you needed to get Oliver out of his own head. Roy and Felicity were pretty good at that.

“Want me to fuck you?” Roy asked.

Oliver groaned, but shook his head. It was just as well, Roy thought, sliding his hands down Oliver’s body, getting under his clothes, mapping out scars. He opened Oliver’s pants and took out his cock, stroked it into full hardness, Oliver was kissing him hard between pants and moans.

Shit, Roy thought, he would never get tired of seeing this. Would never just stop for a moment and admire Oliver like this, open and thrusting.

Oliver grabbed Roy’s cock and pushed them together. He smirked against Roy’s mouth, reminding him that he was still the teacher here.

Roy just had to kiss him for that. He intertwined his fingers with Oliver’s on their cocks and burrowed his face in the crock of Oliver’s neck. Inhaling his scent.

It was so fucking stupid to fall in love with a vigilante and a human too, but neither he nor Felicity or Diggle (even his love wasn’t sexual) could help it.

He bit down when he came, which made Oliver curse and his cock twitch violently against Roy’s own, spilling moments later over their fingers. They just breathed for a moment before Oliver kissed the side of Roy’s head. It was a strangely tender gesture and Roy loved it more for it. He had seen Oliver do it to Felicity, and Oliver being Oliver, realized pretty fast that Roy wanted that too. Roy had felt stupid and young and embarrassed for wanting it, because that was not how male/male pack relationships usually worked.

“Come on, we need to clean up and you need to tell me what Sin found out,” Oliver said, but he still wasn’t pushing Roy away.

Maybe Roy needed this, after the sex, more than he liked to admit.
Roy sighed. “You won’t like what Sin found out,” Roy said, pulling away.

They cleaned up the best they could at the small sink in the bathroom, while Roy filled Oliver in.

“Also the fucking Batman and his brat sidekick are wolves,” Roy said. “How fucked up is that? To kill your own kind?”

Oliver gave him a look.

“That’s different. You didn’t hate yourself, you didn’t hunt-”

“The rich and powerful?” Oliver cut in.

Roy frowned. “You know what I mean. He hunted down wolves in his city and other places.”

“He doesn’t anymore,” Oliver pointed out.

Roy bit his lip. It was true, but Roy had grown up with the warning to stay away from Gotham like every were-kid. “Still-”

“He didn’t kill you and I’m sure he could smell the wolf on you,” Oliver said.

Point taken, Roy thought. “Fine. He maybe saw the error of his ways. And doesn’t kill anymore. I’m still not happy he’s in our city.”

“Neither am I,” Oliver said. “But if Sin is right and Vertigo is shipped out to other cities as well, it’s no wonder the Batman wants to shut it down.”

“Team up?” Felicity piped in. “What did I miss?” She asked, looking from Oliver to Roy. “Except the hot man on man action.”

Roy grinned. “Come on, we need your help.”

She nodded. “You’d be lost without me.”

Roy thought that was pretty much true.

~+~

“So,” Felicity said later over Chinese takeout. “The Batman is in town and he’s a wolf and he is pretty much here because of the Vertigo.”

“Yes,” Oliver replied. “Barry will need to stay away from Starling City.”

“Already sent him a text and an e-mail about this and everything we have on Vertigo too,” Felicity said.

Oliver nodded. “I want you to find out where else it’s going to be shipped and I want to know how. And I need to know where the Batman is.”

“You going to confront him?” Roy asked. “And the brat sidekick?”

“Yes, this is my city,” Oliver replied.

It gave Roy the shivers when Oliver got all possessive.

“Love when you do that,” Felicity said, which was her way to say she was turned on. Roy could
smell it on her too.

“Call Diggle, we need everyone on this.”

“What about Nyssa and Laurel?” Felicity asked.

Oliver thought for a moment. “Give them the basics, but they’re busy with something else. We can do this on our own,” Oliver replied. “We did before.”

Roy knew he wouldn’t be allowed to go with Oliver, but he wanted to anyway. “Good luck with the Bat,” he said.

Oliver smiled.
Damian grabbed for his phone, “What?” He grumbled, still half asleep.

“A late night?” A light chuckle followed.

Damian smiled as Tim’s voice washed over him. “Hi.”

“Hi.”

Damian’s heart squeezed tight. He missed his boyfriend so much. This was the first time since they had acknowledged their feelings that they were apart for any length of time. “Miss you.” Damian whispered, even surprising himself, he normally was so much better at guarding his feelings… but this was Tim.

“Miss you, too.”

Damian hit face time on his phone and was rewarded by a glimpse of his beloved’s face. “Look at your phone.”

Tim turned and smiled brightly. “Good call.” His breathing hitched and his eyes widened. “Shit, what happened?”

“What?” Damian questioned as he suddenly recalled the fight from last night. The bastard had a good right hook and got Damian in the face… it was the only shot he got.

“You have a black eye!”

“It’s nothing,” Damian shrugged. “Some idiot got into my face. I dealt with him.”

Tim raised a brow, but didn’t say anything else.

“Have you been to the manor?” Damian questioned and Tim chuckled in return.

“Dick and Jay are good. Alfred too.” Tim supplied, knowing Damian all too well.

“Tt.”

“So,” Tim began, glancing away for a second. “Did you hear that Batman and Robin have been spotted in Starling City?”

Damian’s eyes widened. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Tim continued, “And on your first night in Starling City too.”

Damian studied Tim as Tim worked through it in his mind, Damian could see his bright eyes and curious face. Tim was thinking through it all.

“That’s a huge coincidence, don’t you think?”

Damian simply nodded, letting Tim talk it out. Damian had a feeling Tim was so close and he only needed a nudge to figure it out. This wasn’t how Damian wanted to tell Tim the truth, but since
they were talking about it and Father did say that they could. “It sure is.”

“But then Robin was spotted in two different places here in town-”

“That’s because there are three of us.” Damian cut into his musings and Tim’s eyes widened, mouth parting slightly.

“Are you saying, what I think you’re saying?” Tim asked almost breathlessly.

“Yes.” Damian replied, his heart racing in anticipation.

“I knew it! That means you are-” Tim bit his lip and Damian was pleased that Tim was being careful. Their conversation should be safe, but it was still technology that could be hacked and you could never be too careful. “And your father?”

Damian nodded. “Yes.”

“Holy fuck, Damian. This is-” he gasped, eyes lighting up once more. “Dick and Jay?”

“Your language has been atrocious.” Damian teased instead and Tim laughed.

“I’m guessing that’s a yes.”

“Yes,” Damian smiled. “I’ve wanted to tell you for a while now, Father just gave me permission to do so.” Damian explained. “Now that I’m allowed out there on the streets, I’ve had to lie more and I hated it. I wanted you to know everything. I love you, Tim.”

“Love you too,” Tim smiled. “This is, wow.”

“When did you figure it out?” Damian wondered and Tim shrugged.

“I kinda started figuring it out when Jason started teaching me how to defend myself… you guys were so amazing. I began to notice more how you moved and when I’d watch the news and saw the footage of Batman and Robin. It’s so obvious to me now, but I think I was so focused on the wolves at first, that I didn’t even think about it.” Tim continued, his cheeks flushing slightly.

“Wow.”

Damian ached to kiss him. “You’re the best boyfriend.”

Tim’s cheeks flushed even more. “Do you know when you’ll be back home?”

“No idea, so far we’ve got nothing to go on.” Damian huffed. “And Father’s been distracted.”

“Why, what’s wrong?” Tim questioned and Damian shrugged.

“He’s suddenly set on fixing John.” Damian snorted. “Should have thought about that before he fucked it up in the first place. Always thought the blood washing was a mistake.”

“Can he fix, John?” Tim questioned, his eyes lighting up.

“No idea, he has a meeting with Mister Palmer today.”

“Palmer? As in Palmer Technologies?” Tim gasped in excitement. “His work in nanotechnology is amazing, I was just reading about one of his most recent projects.”

Damian smiled, loving how Tim got excited over science and technology. Damian had to admit he
liked the subjects too. “That’s him.”

“So maybe nanotech can fix John?” Tim mused out loud. “I never thought about it, but it could work. If it can search out the cells that were never fully turned and finish the process. Then John would finally be able to turn into a wolf.”

Damian nodded, he hoped that they could find something to help John.

“Why now?” Tim questioned and Damian shrugged.

“No idea,” Damian frowned. “It must have been pretty recent development, Father’s always more intent the first few days.”

“True.” Tim hummed, his cheeks flushing once more. “Have you seen the Arrow yet?”

“Not yet, but I have a feeling it’ll happen soon, maybe tonight.” Damian chuckled, “And I’m sure he’ll be hotter in person.”

“Shut up,” Tim groaned. But they both knew that Tim thought the Arrow was hot.

“You must have a thing for masked vigilantes.” Damian teased and Tim turned a brighter shade of red.

“Damian.”

Damian laughed. “But you’re stuck with me.”

“Yes.” Tim smiled, “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Good.” Damian grinned.

They talked until Tim’s mother called him to breakfast and Damian reluctantly got up to face the day.

~*~

Damian couldn’t withold his excitement as he donned his suit. It had been three nights since their arrival and as he told Tim, he was pretty sure that tonight the Arrow would make his appearance to them.

If their situations were reversed and the Arrow had invaded their city, the Batman would have already hunted him down. The night before, Damian was pretty sure that the Arrow’s team had kept tails on them, followed them throughout the city, but they didn’t approach them, they were gaining intel on them, which was a pretty smart move.

“Keep alert,” his father stated as he stood next to him, looking over the city.

“Did the meeting go well?” Damian questioned and his father growled in response.

“Not the time.”

Damian winced slightly at the reprimand and simply nodded his head, following his father’s lead as he flew off the building. They crisscrossed over the city, still getting to know its sights and smells. It reeked of wolves, and as Damian discovered today, Starling City was a safe haven for their kind.
An arrow came flying at them and Father grabbed it out of the air as if it was nothing. He snapped it like a twig and tossed it aside. “Not a very welcoming gesture,” the Batman growled as he turned to face the Arrow.

“This is my city.” The Arrow hissed in return,

Damian took a step back, watching them intently as they took challenging stances, their positions almost identical. There was something familiar about the way the Arrow moved, like they had the same teacher. But that couldn’t be possible. Could it?

“And the source of the drugs that are killing my citizens.”

The Arrow’s jaw twitched at that. “Vertigo. We’re looking into it.”

“Not good enough,” Batman snapped. “You’re responsible for every death. You should have stopped it in its tracks and never let it pass the border of your precious city… We wouldn’t be here if you took care of it.”

“You being here is delaying-”

“Stop,” Damian cut in. “This is foolish, shake hands and work together on this. This is ridiculous. You’re both on the same side.”

“Agreed,” a man in a red hood spoke up… Arsenal? Damian hadn’t even noticed his arrival, he was too intent on their fight.

Batman and Arrow both grunted in response, both not caring for the suggestion as they continued to glare at each other.

Just great, Damian thought. We’ll be here all night long. They’re both stubborn fools.

And as if on cue there was a blast of gun fire and all bets were off.

“This isn’t over,” Arrow announced as he darted off the building, Arsenal following after him.

Damian went to follow, but his father held him back. “No.”

“But-”

“Stand down,” his father ordered. “He doesn’t want our help.”

Damian huffed, crossing his arms. “Then why are we even here?”

“Gathering intel,” his father replied as he readied his grappling hook and flew away.

Damian glanced towards the fight, but he didn’t hear anything else. He sighed and followed after his father. They patrolled a little longer and ended back at their hotel a few hours later. They rented out the penthouse just to have roof access.

“That was a bust.” Damian grumbled as he started to take off his suit and put it away.

“Not at all. He was trained by the League and he’s sleeping with his partner.” He simply replied and Damian’s eyes widened.

“He was, they are?”
“Yes. They’re mates.” His father continued. “Bonded, the Arrow must not be a werewolf, but the man in red is. He masked his scent like we do. I recognized it instantly. But he need not bother with it if his mate is human and not wearing one as well. As they stood together it was undeniable.”

Damian felt like a total fool, he was so trained on his father and the Arrow’s interaction that he didn’t even notice. “I’m sorry, Father.”

His father glanced at him, seemingly amused. “For what?”

“I didn’t notice.”

His father shook his head, reaching over and squeezing his shoulder. “You still have much to learn, my son. You need to use all your senses, not just your eyes and ears. This is why you’re here, to live and learn.”

Damian nodded, standing up a bit taller. He would learn from his mistakes. “What now?”

“It’s time to meet up with an old friend.” His father stated and Damian just blinked.

“Who?” Damian questioned, thoroughly confused.

“Oliver Queen.”

“Queen?” He repeated still confused. Why Queen?

“The Arrow.”

Damian blinked once more, his mind simply blown. “Queen is the Arrow?”

“Yes,” his father nodded. “I recognized his scent. We went to boarding school together.”

“And you remember his scent from back then?” Damian questioned, simply blown away.

Father chuckled. “Yes, we were roommates for over a year.”

Damian was fascinated by learning more about his father. “How did you manage to stay abroad during the full moons?”

His father looked away for a moment and then he nodded. They settled into the chairs in the main sitting area and his father told him about his struggles as a teen. How he snuck away from the main building and out to the garden shed to turn on a full moon. How he’d hide until it was safe to go in.

Damian sat there in awe, learning things about his father that he always thought were off limits… he was learning so much. As a vigilante and a son.
Ten

“What were you thinking?” Oliver asked sharply, putting the bow away.

“That if no one was there to talk sense into you, exactly that would happen,” Roy answered, crossing his arms over his chest.

“And with 'that' you mean what?”

“You and the Batman, glowering and snapping at each other like feral dogs,” Roy said.

Oliver gave him an unimpressed look. “You thought I couldn’t handle him, because he's wolf and I'm not.”

“Oliver-”

“I am the Arrow. I was saving this city, I was saving you, before I even knew about werewolves,” Oliver cut in. “I was fighting werewolves too, Roy.”

“Not someone like the Batman. Have you seen him? He's massive, he's strong, he's fast, and he has enhanced senses. Even in human form.”

“You have them too and I can still beat you.”

“I didn't have the training he has obviously had,” Roy said. “Besides, he had his brat sidekick,” Roy added. Maybe he shouldn't call Robin the brat sidekick anymore, as the kid tried to help. Probably got chewed out for his trouble too.

“So, you thought I should bring mine?”

“Don't call me a brat,” Roy said.

“You behaved like one.”

“I was worried, Oliver,” Roy replied. “It's the fucking Batman. Maybe he doesn't kill anymore, but – he was my childhood bogeyman.”

“Roy,” Oliver said. “I'm not wolf.”

“You fuck wolves, Oliver, you might be human, but you're pack, in fact you're our pack leader,” Roy said. It was unusual for fucking sure, but they were Team Arrow because they followed Oliver and they chose to do so. To bound themselves to a human pack leader. Didn't only make them friends in the beginning, but people came around. Starling City had the most dense werewolf population and hardly any of them were criminals. Just good people who knew that the Arrow would keep them safe. “He might have killed you on principle.”

“Who?” Felicity asked, handing coffees out to them.

Oliver took his cup absentmindedly.

Roy thanked her with a small smile. “The Batman.”
“Or as you might know him, Bruce Wayne,” Felicity said, looking straight at Oliver.

“What?”

“Didn't you go to school together? Is it creepy that I looked that up? Because if it's creepy, I totally didn’t look it up in the last few days,” Felicity said.

“Wait, Bruce Wayne is the Batman?” Roy asked.

“That's what I said,” she replied.

“Yes, but how-”

“Look, Oliver wanted to know about the Batman, I found out about the Batman. Maybe Ray helped...” she shrugged.

Ray was a huge asset to the team.

“With his face recognition software?” Oliver asked.

“Yes, it was a bit tricky,” Felicity answered. “The Cowl,” she said, mimicking it with her fingers and coffee-cup. “I only asked him to confirm my suspicion. Just putting it out there: I found out through old fashioned detective work who the Batman is and I did it in only three days.”

“You're amazing,” Roy said, leaning in and kissing her cheek. That thing between him and Felicity was pretty new, so both of them were cautious.

“I know,” she said, flipping her hair theatrically.

“You really are,” Oliver said, pulling her into a kiss. She came out of it breathless.

“Okay, so what are we going to do about this?” Roy asked. “Obviously there is no reason to fight with your old school buddy?”

“We weren't that close,” Oliver said.

“Is that so?” Felicity asked.

“We were roommates for a year, but Bruce hadn't been one of the popular kids and I – was different back then.”

“You mean you were a jerk,” Roy said.

“Yeah, that,” Oliver confirmed.

“Water under the bridge. He obviously knows something, Oliver. Otherwise he wouldn’t be here. We can use his help. He is trained, he is here, he is willing to help,” Felicity said. “He stopped killing wolves. So... Team up?”

“I hate when you say that,” Oliver sighed.

She smiled.

~+~

He wasn't allowed to go with Oliver to the lunch meeting with Bruce Wayne, but he took Felicity.
Oliver was pretty fucking brazen about sleeping with two wolves. But with Batman there was probably no way to hide that fact anyway. It also showed that he was part of a pack. Even Diggle had left his mark on Oliver. Oliver was theirs and they were his and every wolf should know not to fuck with Oliver.

Oliver was pack protected. It still made sense for Diggle and Roy to use the masking agent when they were out as vigilantes. It was easier that way to lead a normal life. And only someone who was also using such an agent would be able to smell it on them. Batman was probably trained to do it. He and Robin were using a masking agent that was pretty fucking similar to theirs.

While Oliver and Felicity were out on a lunch date with the freaking Batman, Roy went over to the hospital to see how Diggle was doing. He had woken up just a day ago and everyone had been there until the doctors had thrown them out.

He nodded at the nurses and went straight to Diggle’s room.

“How are you?” Roy asked, grabbing a chair and sitting down.

“Starving and bored out of my skull,” Diggle said.

“I'm sure you won't starve,” Roy said.

“So what brings you here?” Diggle asked.

“Keeping you up to date. Batman and Robin showed up and it turns out that Batman is Oliver's old school buddy, Bruce Wayne,” Roy replied and then just let it sink in while Diggle stared at him.

This was a secure room. Had been swept for bugs and declared alright by Felicity and Palmer, so Roy didn't have to be careful about the information he was sharing with Diggle.

“Shut up,” Diggle said.

“I know right? The Flash, The Atom, The Canary – us and now the freaking Batman and Robin. It's like he collects them.”

“Makes me so glad to not have a vigilante outfit,” Diggle said.

Roy smiled. “Aww, you're Regular Guy Man.”

Diggle laughed. “And I will wear that title with pride.” Diggle took a sip of water and then looked straight at Roy. “So how is Oliver handling it?”

“Not well, Batman was a real douchebag to be honest. Accused Oliver of not doing his job. Like we don't have our hands full with other shit too. Just wasn't fair to Oliver or to us. Made me want to rip his throat out, but the brat sidekick is his real son, so... and besides we don't kill anymore,” Roy shrugged.

“Robin is Batman's son?”

“Yeah, clear as day once you caught the scent,” Roy said. He was aware that not everyone would have caught the scent, in fact with the masking agent they used, pretty much no one would have. But Roy had been different since the Mirakuru.

“You think they will team up and look for the source of Vertigo together?” Diggle asked.

“If Felicity has any say in it, yeah. Would be good too. We are stretched thin since Nyssa and
Laurel are out of the city and you are in here.” It was pretty much only him and Oliver out on the streets right now and Felicity could only do so much. She was a fierce and smart alpha wolf, but she was no fighter.

Roy would have called Laurel and Nyssa back, but they were deep undercover, and as Oliver liked to remind them all: he and Diggle used to do this alone in the beginning. Two people against the underbelly of a whole city.

“If he's here, he has leads and is willing to shut this operation down. I'm all for a team up,” Diggle said, taking another careful sip of water.

“Yeah,” Roy said just as Mrs. Diggle came into the room. “Family time.” Roy got up and offered her the chair.

“Thank you Roy, you know you don't have to leave,” she said.

“I know, but now that you're here I don't have to listen to him moaning about how bored he is,” Roy said grinning.

She smiled. “Thank you for coming over.”

“Any time,” Roy said and meant it.

~+~

Once he was outside again, he checked his phone but there was nothing from Oliver or Felicity. Roy hated it when he was in the dark about something.

He knew that Bruce Wayne wouldn’t cause a scene in an upscale restaurant, but he still worried. He just couldn’t help himself. Felicity and Oliver weren't only his pack, they were also his lovers.

It was too early to go on patrol, but no one could stop him from taking a stroll into the worst neighborhood. Maybe someone would be stupid enough to start shit with him.

Roy needed to move. Needed to run or a nice hard fuck with the sun streaming through the window of his crappy apartment. The sheets smelling of him and Oliver.

He took a deep breath to get his hormones under control. So fucking stupid. Everything about Oliver was turning Roy on.

He shook his head and smiled to himself. Time to find some trouble.

~+~

“You're late,” Felicity said. “We tried your phone.”

“I have a life outside of this,” Roy replied.

“Don't even pretend,” Felicity said.

Roy gave her a look. “So?”

“So what?” She smiled. “Oh, you mean that meeting with the very handsome Mister Wayne.”

“He is handsome,” Roy agreed.
“He is even more charming in real life,” Felicity said.

“You had a good time then?” Roy asked.

“It was nice and after lunch we went to his suite and talked,” Felicity answered. “Oliver was playing nice too. We compared notes.”

“Does he know where this shit is coming from?”

“No,” Oliver said, stepping out of the bathroom. He and Felicity had sex when they got back. Why Oliver still bothered to shower was beyond Roy. He could smell Felicity on Oliver all the freaking time. It used to drive him crazy with jealousy and longing, but not anymore. “But a lot of people have died because of it in Gotham. Wolves. And Bruce has a pack of his own to protect. His kids.”

“Kids?” Roy asked.

“Yeah, believe it or not, he has three of them,” Felicity said.

“Really?” Roy read only about Damian and Richard. But Richard couldn’t really be called a kid anymore. He was roughly Roy’s age.

“He brought a sample of the drug that was sold in Gotham. It’s slightly different. We think Gotham, Central City, New York, and Metropolis were trial runs.”

“For what?”

“For how fast the drug will spread and for how fast it will kill wolves,” Felicity said grimly.

“Fuck,” Roy said. “You don't think anymore it was only a side-effect of the new batch.”

“Bruce's police friend thinks the drug targets wolves.”

“That's stupid,” Roy said. “I mean it's a stupid way to kill wolves, Diggle didn't die.”

“True, but it identifies wolves,” Felicity said. “There used to be groups during WW2 that were making an Index.”


Fuck. If that thing still existed anywhere it was dangerous as hell. There were more than enough people who feared wolves and then there were those who thought wolves could be useful. Mengele came to mind.

“Yeah,” Oliver said.

“Did you tell the Batman about the Index?” Roy wanted to know.

“Of course. Someone back in the Batcave is on it,” Felicity said. “Batcave. Why don't we have a cool name for our headquarters?”

“We do,” Oliver said. “Headquarters.”

“But.”

“I did let you guys get away with Team Arrow,” Oliver cut in.
Roy could hear the smile in his voice, so could Felicity.

“Cause we are, Team Arrow, I mean.”

Roy could see Oliver fighting the urge to kiss her.

“Okay, back to work, you two. You already had lunch and carnal activities,” Roy said.

“Right,” Oliver replied. “We're going to make an antidote from Diggle's blood. Bruce has a man back in Gotham who can work miracles. In the meantime we're trying to find out who is behind it.”

“If they're targeting wolves, then it's possible that the trigger was a wolf related crime,” Roy said.

Oliver nodded. “Yes, there are more than we like to admit. Felicity pulled up those that are on record in Starling, as we have police officers who are wolves it's easier, but – it's still a lot.”

“I hope you gave half this crap to Batman and Robin,” Roy sighed.

“We did,” Felicity smirked.
Eleven

Bruce tried to reflect over the day’s events, but all he could think about was John. He ached to be near him, to see him, to touch, to taste him… His whole body shuddered with the need, it was mind-blowing to realize that his bond with John was this intense… he knew it was partly because it was almost the full moon and Bruce had always reacted strongly, but never like this.

“Father.”

Bruce shook his head to clear his thoughts and then he glanced at his son. “Yes?”

“Phone.” He waved Bruce’s cell phone in front of his face and Bruce grabbed at it.

Bruce groaned, not realizing the phone had even rung. He was really off his game and his son seemed mildly amused over it.

“I fucking miss you,” John’s voice washed over him as soon as he put the cell to his ear and Bruce nearly came undone. He gripped the phone tighter.

“Language,” he teased, needing to reign in control over his emotions and put some distance between him and his son.

“Bruce.” John groaned. “Fuck. When are you coming home?”

“I don’t know.” He replied, leaning back against the door to his room. “It could be awhile.”

John groaned. “I know it’s been only a few days, but fuck. It feels like it’s been months. I’ve never felt like this before.”

“It’s our bond,” Bruce supplied. “It’s magnified due to the proximity of the full moon.”

“I know you didn’t like the idea, but I can get some time off, I can catch a train and be there-” John rambled on and Bruce wanted that so much, but it wasn’t safe.

“No, John. I need you in Gotham.” Bruce cut him off. “In fact, I was planning to call you.”

“Dick and Jay are already on the Index and there’s nothing for me to do here. I feel useless.” John countered.

“You’re not useless, in fact I need you to pick up Damian from the airport in your police car and take him immediately to Wayne Enterprise’s. It is vital that you waste no time… people’s lives are at stake.” Bruce commanded.

“Bruce,” John sighed. “I can’t use police resources for some joy ride. Can’t Alfred do it?”

“Time is of the essence, I wouldn’t abuse the system if I had no other choice.” Bruce found his voice slipping into the Batman’s.

“What is it?” John questioned his voice all business now.

“We have just obtained the bloodwork of someone that has survived the effects of the drugs, since the strength of the drug here in Starling City is a fraction of what we’ve seen in Gotham he lived.
He just woke up from a coma the other day and the antibodies in his blood may be the answer to prevent the deaths of countless others.” Bruce explained. “And there are rumors on the streets that whoever is the source of the drugs may be changing the formulation and make it airborne. My arrival here and the investigation have stirred things up.”

“Shit.” John gasped. “Yeah, whatever I can do.”

“I’m having the plane prepped as we speak. Damian isn’t pleased that I’m sending him home with this task. But if there’s a chance that this drug is released…” he inhaled sharply, his heart aching at the thought of his son dying. Of John. “I need him to be safe.”

“Understood.”

“Damian has the instructions to take it to Fox.” Bruce finished. “He’ll be ready in the lab.”

“And what about you?” John asked. “You’ve thought about everything. But what about you in this scenario?”

“I’ll be fine.”


Bruce sighed, his heart aching and his thoughts returning back to before this very phone call. “You can’t get rid of me that easily.”

“Love you.” John whispered and Bruce closed his eyes, wishing John was with him. To hold him. Before Bruce could reply he heard Dick’s voice in the background.

“Oh, hey, is that Bruce?”

“Yeah,” John replied to Dick. “Hey, Bruce. Dick wants to talk to you real quick.”

Bruce smiled. “Put him on.”

“Bruce,” Dick began. “I was just going to call you. You know how we’ve been working on the Index?”

“Yes,” Bruce nodded, feeling a wave of dread wash over him. “What did you find?”

“Blackwell.”

Bruce felt his anger rise at just the mention of Blackwell’s name. His anger continued to smolder as he recalled how the man got away. They had searched for him for years, but could never find anything. “Tell me everything.”

“We don’t have a current address or anything, but it has Blackwell’s family line. And with a little more investigating we have found that he has a sister that we didn’t even know existed. It’s the first fucking lead we’ve had in years.” Dick rushed to explain, “And you’ll never guess where she lives!”

“Starling City,” Bruce harbored a guess. He had found that this city had the biggest were-population in the country, which would be a perfect breeding ground for Blackwell. And perhaps accepting in his ways, to breed more wolves. He’ll have to look to see if there had been any reports of missing kids.
“Yep,” Dick sighed. “That’s all we got, but it’s a start.”

“Yes,” Bruce agreed. “And you’ll put this case to the side, we have bigger things to-”

“But-”

“No, Dick. This is an order.” Bruce stated more harshly than he intended, he hated shelving this for the moment. But he knew that his boys would focus on nothing but this unless ordered not to. “Damian will be coming home soon and he’ll fill you in the next step of our current case. We need everyone on this. Understood?”

Dick grumbled under his breath. “Fine.”

“Dick.”

“Okay, got it. No more investigating Blackwell.” Dick snipped. “Wait, Damian is coming back? What happened?”

“Damian isn’t happy that I’m sending him back either.” Bruce rubbed the bridge of his nose. “He can fill you in on everything. Can you put John back on, there’s not much time before the plane leaves.”

“Okay,” Dick grunted and Bruce could hear him pass the phone back to John.

“Hey.”

Bruce smiled, John’s voice soothing him. “Love you.”

John sucked in a quick breath. “Fuck, Bruce. Love you so much. You do realize that this is the first time you’ve said that?”

Bruce frowned, not realizing that. “I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t… I didn’t bring it up for you to apologize to me. I just, this is a big moment for us.”

John groaned. “I want you to fuck me so much.”

Bruce growled at that, his cock hardening at the thought of their first time together when they finally gave in. “John.”

“Shit, Bruce, your voice makes me so hard.”

“Father, it’s time to go.” Damian’s voice cut into Bruce’s very dirty thoughts, immediately putting a damper on things. Bruce muttered and he cursed under his breath at the interruption.

“Mood killer,” John chuckled. “Call me back later.”

“I will.” Bruce smiled as he adjusted his cock. “Love you.”

“Love you more.” John replied, hanging up.

Bruce sighed, pocketing his phone. He took a deep breath and then joined his son back in the main room.

~*~

Damian was silent for the ride to the airport and Bruce didn’t blame him, Damian thought he was
“You do realize, I’d trust no one else with this task.”

“Tt.”

Bruce sighed, “Damian-”

“You’re sending me away because you don’t think I’m good enough,” Damian blurted, his cheeks flushing slightly. He huffed, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I’m sending you away because I don’t trust anyone else with this task.” Bruce replied and if he was honest, he knew he needed to tell his son the rest of his reason too. “And to keep you safe.”

Damian dropped his stance, relaxing. “Safe?”

“You’re good enough to be at my side, Damian. But if there’s a small chance that this drug, this toxic agent is released in the air. I can’t risk it hurting you.” Bruce explained. “That is why you getting this to Fox is the upmost important task.”

Damian nodded. “Okay.”

Bruce smiled as the car came to a stop and he escorted his son to the plane. “Give the boys my love.”

“They’re not really boys anymore, Father.” Damian snorted.

Bruce sighed, “I know, but they’ll always be my boys. Just like you.” Bruce wrapped his arms around his son and hugged him close.

Damian grumbled into his chest as he welcomed the hug. They parted and Bruce watched as his son left for Gotham.

Bruce wanted to follow him, but he knew he had to stay. He had work to do.

~*~

Bruce stood on the rooftop, looking over the city. He felt odd, not having his Robins by his side.

“Any word?”

“Fox has the sample and is working on it.” Bruce replied, glancing over at Oliver. Bruce was impressed by his skills, he didn’t even hear the Arrow’s approach.

“Where is your other half?”

“I’ve grounded him.” Oliver stated and Bruce raised a brow.

“I’m sure he was pleased about that,” Bruce remarked and Oliver snorted.

“He’s pissed.”

Bruce nodded in understanding. Oliver was keeping him safe.

“You’re welcome at Headquarters if you need sanctuary when you turn tomorrow night.” Oliver offered and Bruce stiffened at the suggestion.
“I’ll be fine.” He stated stiffly, not wanting to discuss this… something he kept so private. The only person to ever see him shift was Alfred when he was a boy and John. Dick had wanted to see and help him, but Bruce had refused.

“Just think about it. It’s not safe.” Oliver stated and then shot a grappling hook and flew down the building.

Bruce didn’t follow, he was left once more with his thoughts.

He growled, shaking his head and darted off the building, he needed to find something… he needed to take his mind off everything and immerse himself into a fight.
“You offered him Headquarters?” Roy asked, unbelievingly. He – had still mixed feelings about the Batman. No one could blame him for that. It wasn’t every day that you meet your childhood nightmare. His grandmother had told him stories about Hunters and then later when the Batman made a name for himself in their community (and no one had known back then that he was one too, which in Roy’s opinion was so fucked up) about him too. Always with a stern warning to never ever go to Gotham City and that was before Starling even became a Mecca for werewolves.

“He needs a safe place to turn and run. I discussed it with Diggle and Felicity-”

“Oh, you did? But not with me? Because my opinion and feelings on that matter don’t count?!” Roy was getting really pissed off about this. He tried to stay calm, but so fucking close to the full moon he was a mess and the Mirakuru had only heightened it all. No matter that he was pronounced cured of the Mirakuru. They all knew some effects lingered and would always be there.

“Roy-”

“Don’t Roy me!” Roy snarled.

“Calm down,” Oliver said, holding up a hand palm first.

Roy took a deep breath. “It’s like you don’t even care.”

Oliver looked pained for a second. He wasn’t the best with expressing his feelings. The years on the island, that weren’t only spent on the island, messed him up good. But Roy had hoped that with them being – with them fighting the good fight and fucking, that Oliver was better. More considerate for fuck’s sake.

“Don’t even – I am as calm as I’m likely going to get with the full moon, the Mirakuru and the fucking Batman in town and soon at Headquarters.”

“It’s not safe for him out there. People don’t know his scent and as I understand it – Bruce had been bitten. You know what that means.”

Roy nodded, taking a step back from Oliver. Werewolves, the born ones, were naturally suspicious of bitten wolves, because they so often went feral. Attacked humans and sometimes their own kind too. Of course there were exceptions if a human wanted to be turned, if the procedures were done correctly, it was a whole other deal. Hell, his own great grandmother had been turned out of love. Gene skipped a few generations, but Roy had been the lucky one.

Bruce Wayne had never been feral of that Roy was sure, he had been a hunter. Was still a hunter, but now he hunts criminals. “I know. It doesn’t make me like him more, you know?”

“He had been a kid and he had seen his parents die. And then he had been bitten.”

Shit happens, Roy thought, he did feel bad for the boy back then, but – not all of them became monsters because something tragic happened in their past. Fuck. “I still don't like it. And I am still pissed that you didn't ask me.”
“I'm sorry, I hurt your feelings,” Oliver said, coming closer.

“Piss off!” Roy replied sharply, but he couldn't help himself when it came to Oliver, he reached for him. Grabbed Oliver's shirt and pulled him in. There had been a time where he had been afraid of hurting Oliver but that was long gone. Sometimes, it seemed Oliver welcomed the pain. Which used to scare Roy shitless. Especially close to the full moon when Roy felt the most feral.

“I know you don't mean it,” Oliver said, close to Roy's lips. “Your hard-on gives you away.” He kissed Roy then, with tongue and teeth and Roy gave back as good as he got, pulling Oliver flat against his chest. He felt like if he could crawl inside Oliver he would. But fucking Oliver was the next best thing. At least that way a part of him could be buried inside Oliver's deadly and beautiful body.

~++~

“He pretty much refused,” Oliver said afterwards, Roy spooning him, his cock still buried inside Oliver, staring at the wall.

“Who?”

“Bruce. I offered him a safe place to turn and run, and he pretty much turned me down with, 'I'll be fine.'”

“Imagine that,” Roy said. “Reminds you of someone you know?”

Oliver shifted slightly and Roy cursed, getting fully hard again. Maybe it was the full moon or maybe it was the Mirakuru, but he could fuck for hours.

“I was never that stubborn,” Oliver said.

“Right,” Roy laid the sarcasm on really thick. “He must know that he can't just turn in his fancy hotel room and roam the carpeted floors. It's not natural to stay hidden on a full moon. Wolves are meant to run.”

“I know, that is why I offered headquarters for the change and a safe place to run. We do have a few here in Starling.”

“But you meant your family's property.”

“Yes,” Oliver said. He had gotten the house and the lands around it back just a few months ago. Roy and Felicity both knew that it was mostly for them and Diggle. Diggle's wife, their little girl, who wasn't turning just yet, but would be soon. She had the gene, her father was a pureblood wolf and her mother had mixed blood. Maybe she would even master to change at will. That long forgotten art, that his grandmother claimed all werewolves could perform once upon a time. “It's mine, it's secluded enough too. I don't think Bruce would want to-”

“Feel exposed,” Roy finished.

“Yes,” Oliver said.

“I never saw a forcefully turned wolf,” Roy whispered, his hips moving in small circles and making Oliver moan. “People say the more violent the turning the darker the wolf.”

“I hope you won't stare at him,” Oliver said.
Roy rolled Oliver on top of him, because he liked when Oliver rode his cock, loved to trace the scars and tattoos on Oliver's chest, back and hips. Loved Oliver's weight keeping him grounded, loved to see Oliver's face.

“Can't promise that,” Roy teased. “He is a good looking man.”

“Go on then, rub it in, be president of his fanclub with Felicity,” Oliver said and then cursed as Roy snapped his hips sharply upward, hitting Oliver's prostate just so it made Oliver's grip on Roy's shoulders tighten nearly painfully. It was amazing: Oliver's human strength.

“We're already presidents of yours,” Roy said, leaning up, grabbing Oliver by the neck so they could kiss. So he could devour Oliver's mouth while he met Oliver thrust for thrust. Oliver tore his mouth away, to bury his face in the crock of Roy's neck. “Come on, fuck me harder,” he demanded.

Roy did, feeling Oliver's breath hot and heavy against his skin and Oliver's hole clenching around his cock. Oliver's lips were mouthing at Roy's neck and Roy held his breath, because he knew that Oliver would bite him hard when he came. Sometimes Oliver could be more feral than any of them.

“Come on,” Oliver whispered, his lips such a fucking tease.

Roy grabbed his hips hard and thrust upwards with all he had, Oliver bit down and Roy came with a growl that was more wolf than human.

Oliver fucked them through it, spilling between their bodies moments later. “Love your stamina,” Oliver said against his skin.

Roy laughed. Fuck, if he only knew. Roy really wasn't sure if he could keep up with Oliver's sex drive if he wouldn't share Oliver with Felicity. Oliver's need to touch, once he allowed himself, was consuming them. Was bordering on greed. Not that Roy minded, not that Felicity did.

“I'm not happy you didn't ask my opinion on that matter, but I understand why you offered Bruce Wayne a safe place to turn and run. I love you for it.”

“Roy-”

“Shut up and let me enjoy the afterglow, Oliver.”

Oliver did.

~++~

Roy was nervous, it was stupid, because this was his town and he was with his pack and he had, they had, Oliver at their backs. But he couldn't help it, he was nervous.

Bruce Wayne had called just two hours before sundown. Cutting it a bit close in Roy’s opinion. Felicity had been delighted.

Diggle would have to shift at the hospital, but they had staff for that there.

Roy missed Diggle painfully right now. It wasn’t right to have someone from their pack missing. He balled his hands into fists and then relaxed when Felicity slipped her fingers over his.

“He’s nice,” she said.
“How come you’re not as freaked out about it?”

She shrugged. “I never heard the really scary stories. I’m not from around here, remember?” She smiled, intertwining their fingers.

Roy could feel himself relax father. It was something about her closeness and calm and joy on a full moon. Her optimism.

“He’s here,” Oliver said just before Bruce Wayne knocked on the door. Roy had smelled him at the gate. Bruce was wearing the masking agent, but on a full moon their senses were even sharper and there was no mistaking the wolf, especially to Roy.

Roy watched as Oliver opened the door and let Bruce Wayne in. He was big and strong and smelled like he didn’t want to be here. Roy smiled.

“Bruce Wayne, Roy Harper, and you know Felicity already,” Oliver said, stepping away so Felicity could kiss Bruce’s cheek.

“Glad you could come,” she said, letting go of Roy’s hand as she stepped closer to Bruce.

“Thank you for your generous offer,” Bruce Wayne said. He was the charmer alright, Roy thought.

Felicity squeezed Bruce’s arm briefly. “Usually we just get naked and – you know, but maybe you’d like some privacy? There is a pool house in the garden, where you can change.”

Bruce nodded, then looked at Roy. “There is something different about you.”

Roy stiffened, couldn’t help it. “That’s why Oliver likes to keep me around.”

Oliver laughed. “Come on then.”

Bruce looked to him. “You’re going to be present for this?”

Oliver nodded. “Does it bother you? Don’t you change with your pack?”

“I don’t have a pack, so no,” Bruce said.

“But your son-”

“Is my son.”

“What about Richard Grayson?” Roy cut in. “He is a pureblood wolf.” Roy’s grandmother also told stories about the circus and Roy knew about the Graysons and their bloodline.

Bruce growled and Roy nearly took a step back. Touchy subject.

“Maybe we can – just not discuss this at all,” Felicity said and Bruce nodded.

“Come on then Bruce, I’ll show you my pool house,” Oliver cut in. Bruce followed him.

“You just can’t help yourself, can you?” Felicity asked.

Roy shrugged, grabbing her hand. “I’m a wild, wild thing. A bad influence on everyone around here, just look at Oliver and you, craving my hot body-”

She smacked him and then kissed him hard. “We do.”
When Bruce Wayne emerged from the shadows of the pool house he was a massive black wolf. It seemed like he was swallowing the light around him.

He was – hot, Roy thought, a small part of him wanted to get on the ground and offer himself up to the wolf. Most of him just thought that even as a wolf, Bruce Wayne was terrifying.

Oliver looked tiny and fragile in comparison to Bruce’s wolf form. All too human. Roy’s protective instincts kicked in at once.

He walked over to Oliver and let him scratch behind Roy’s ears. “Never going to get over how soft you are,” Oliver whispered.

Roy nudged his hand, then licked it and then let Felicity do the same.

He could feel Bruce watching them for a few moments and then he just took off.

Roy guessed he preferred to run alone. He stared in the direction Bruce ran off too, until Felicity bit his ear gently. He pounced on her. She wriggled free and ran. He took off after her.

This was the best part about being a wolf, he just wished he could share it with Oliver.
Part Two: Chapter Thirteen

Thirteen

Damian gave them the full rundown of events as soon as he got home. He seemed a little perturbed about being sent home and it showed. Damian was closed off, gruff, and his voice was clipped.

“So, is the Arrow hot?” Jay asked and Damian rolled his eyes in response. “What? It’s a legit question.”

“And this is why you stayed in Gotham, Todd.” Damian snipped and Dick chuckled at that.

Dick couldn’t help but love Jason even more, he knew Jay honestly wanted to know…but the reason he asked was to relax Damian and ruffle his feathers a bit.

“I’m wounded,” Jason grabbed his chest, leaning dramatically into Dick.

Dick kissed Jay’s cheek and then focused back on Damian. “So, Fox is working on the blood sample and we’re grounded until he has the serum to counteract the deadly drug, toxin, or what have you.”

Damian nodded. “After we’re inoculated we can go back to Starling City.”

Jay perked up at that and Dick had to admit that he was rather interested in it as well. “We?” Jason asked, just as eager as Dick was to go to Starling City. To meet team Arrow.

“Father didn’t say.” Damian shrugged.

“That’s not a no.” Dick smirked and if everything went as planned, he was pretty sure Damian would want to stay in town and that left Dick and Jay free to go in his place.

“Tt.” Damian replied, the sour look on his face fading as Tim neared.

Dick caught Tim’s scent the moment he entered the manor, but Damian’s emotions overrode his senses and didn’t allow him to notice at first.

“Hi,” Tim smiled as he entered the room, waving almost shyly at Damian.

Damian jumped up from his seat, racing over to him and pulling Tim into a heated kiss. Dick’s eyes widened slightly, not expecting such a display, Damian wasn’t one for public displays of emotions. He took after his father in that regard.

“So, about tomorrow?” Dick cut in as they finally parted to breathe.

“What about it?” Damian grumbled, not taking his eyes off Tim.

“It’s the full moon,” Tim supplied and Damian’s eyes widened with realization. “Yeah.”

“Oh, are we?” Damian’s voiced hitched slightly and he looked to Dick. “We can do it? You were able to get everything?”

Dick nodded, smiling. “It was a bit tricky, but I managed to get everything. I ask, because you’ll have to start the ritual tonight.”
Damian looked to Tim, “Are you sure?”

Tim nodded, “With everything that I have.”

“Don’t we know it,” Jason winked at him and Tim flushed.

Damian shot a glare at Jason, before he returned his attention to Tim. “And your parents?”

“Out of town for a week,” Tim explained. “I thought that would be enough time, right?”

Damian shrugged and looked to Dick.

“It’s plenty of time, for better or worse.” Dick stated, crossing over to Tim. “You know all the risks, Tim. Are you a hundred percent sure about this, there’s no turning back.”

“I’m sure,” Tim stated with no hesitation and it was just what Dick needed to hear.

“Good.” Dick smiled. “Then let’s get started.”

~*~

Dick had prepared a guest room and en suite. “Tonight, you’ll bathe Tim. The tub is already ready, just add more hot water until the temp is what you prefer.”

“Smells nice,” Tim commented as they entered and Dick glanced over the bathtub that he had started, it had oils and herbs to prepare Tim.

“Smells kinda girly.” Damian huffed and Dick couldn’t help but chuckle.

“It’s a combination of Aspen, Cherry Plum, Rock Rose, and Willow.” Dick explained as he leaned against the doorframe. “It’s to promote acceptance and ready Tim for his transformation.”

“So, I just bathe him in the waters?” Damian questioned and Tim flushed slightly, reaching to take Damian’s hand.

Dick nodded, wondering if this was this first time they’ve ever shared a bath before. Dick knew they were sexual active, but this was something different, more intimate in a way. “Yes, then you’ll sleep together. Naked. And I know you’ll be tempted, but no sex tonight. This is about bonding and acceptance.”

They shared a small smile and nodded.

“And in the morning, Tim is to bathe Damian in the same waters—”

“Tt,” Damian made a face, “That’s disgusting.”

“It’s one time, Damian. And if you don’t want to do this,” Dick shrugged and Damian sighed, giving in like Dick thought he would.

“It’s fine.” Tim smiled, squeezing Damian’s hand. “And then what?”

“We’ll meet for breakfast, enjoy the day and then we’ll finish the ritual when the sun goes down.” Dick explained, knowing that it’ll be hard to enjoy the day, but he hoped they’d still try. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Tim nodded, but Damian seemed lost in his thoughts.
“Damian?”

“Yes. Got it.” Damian

“Good,” Dick smiled, “I’ll leave you to it then. Goodnight.”

“Night,” Tim smiled in return and Damian simply nodded his head, shutting the door to the bathroom as Dick turned to leave.

~*~

“So?” Jason asked as soon as Dick joined him in their bed, well technically it was Jason’s bed… but it was theirs in every other way that really counted.

“They’re all set.” Dick smiled as he leaned in and kissed him softly, curling into him.

“What’s wrong?” Jason immediately asked him and Dick groaned. Jay knew him far too well.

“It’s nothing… I mean it’s stupid. But-” Dick worried his lip. “Will you bathe me?”

Jason snorted, “What?”

“I was just thinking about how very intimate it was and I realized we’ve never done it and I just asked Damian and Tim to do it… and I was kinda jealous.” Dick explained. “It’s stupid.”

“So the fucking hot showers we’ve shared didn’t count?” Jason teased and Dick groaned. Now those were very hot showers and it made Dick hard just thinking about them.

“Not the same thing at all.” Dick protested.

Jason smirked as he pressed his hand against the bulge in Dick’s pants. “Uhuh.”

Dick huffed, “Nevermind.”

“No,” Jason pulled away from him and tugged Dick off the bed with him. “We can’t let them have all the fun.”

Dick’s eyes widened slightly and let Jason take the lead. “No?”

“No,” Jason kissed him deeply, leaving Dick breathless as he filled the tub they rarely used. “And some fancy bath shit,” Jason threw some bath salts that made the water a pearly blue. “Perfect.”

“Perfect,” Dick echoed as Jason turned to him and then started to undress Dick, kissing his skin as he uncovered it. Dick shuddered with desire, but held back as Jason finished undressing him.

“So fucking gorgeous.”

Dick felt his cheeks flush, “Can’t help it, I was born this way.”

“Naturally,” Jason smirked as he took Dick’s hand and helped him into the tub.

Dick groaned as he sank into the hot silky water. “Feels so good.”

“It’ll feel even better,” Jason hummed as he grabbed a soft hand towel, dipped it into the water, and then dragged it over Dick’s skin.

Dick shuddered, his eyes fluttering closed as Jason continued to bathe him, washing every inch of
skin. “Jason,” he moaned, his skin tingling at the teasing touch. He felt like he was on fire.

Jason leaned in and kissed him softly. “Now your hair.”

Dick bit back a moan as Jason tilted Dick’s head back and started to wash his hair, messaging his scalp. “You’re really good at this.”

“I had practice,” Jason shrugged as he rinsed Dick’s hair. “Sometimes my mom was so out of it that I’d help her.”

Dick’s heart squeezed painfully tight and he pulled Jason too him, kissing him deeply. “You’re amazing.”

Jason smirked against his lips and attempted to pull back, but Dick needed more of him and tugged him into the tub with him. “Hey!”

Dick chuckled, wrapping his arms around Jason and deepening the kiss once more. Dick loved the teasing drag of Jason’s clothing against his skin. “But you’re all dirty.”

“Not anymore.” Jason chuckled, rubbing his body into Dick’s.

“Fuck, Jay.” Dick groaned as Jason wrapped his hand around his cock and it didn’t take long for his orgasm to wash over him and he shuddered against Jason. “Damn.”

“Now who is the dirty dog?” Jason teased, nipping at his lips.

Dick laughed and then he turned into his wolf form, howling as he splashed in the water. The look of surprise on Jason’s face was priceless. Dick licked at Jason’s face and then splashed more water on him, just playing in the water.

Jason snorted, ripping off his wet clothes and joining him in wolf form. He jumped up and down in the tub, splashing water everywhere.

They just continued to play until there was more water on the floor than in the tub. They only paused when they noticed Alfred’s scent and turned toward the door.

Alfred looked in on them. “Good lord, I do hope you plan to clean up this mess you two have made.”

Dick barked at him, leaping out of the tub and brushing against Alfred’s legs.

Alfred made a face, but his eyes were laughing with amusement.

Jason followed him, brushing against Alfred as well before Alfred shooed them away and they darted down the hall and raced through the hallways until their fur had dried and they eventually ended up in the library, curling up in front of the fire.

~*~

Damian and Tim looked at Dick expectantly, it was getting closer to the hour of dusk and everything was set.

“I know what I’m supposed to do, but I don’t know how.” Damian began, glancing at Tim.

“What do you mean?” Dick questioned, not sure what he was asking.
“How do I bite him?”

Dick’s eyes widen. “Oh,” Dick looked to Jason and then to John who both stiffened slightly at the question. “There’s no incorrect way, per se.” Dick explained. “You just have to make sure you bite into his jugular vein and hold it for at least a minute to let the serum take hold.”

Damian nodded, worrying his lip. Dick has never seen Damian so worried, anxious. “I won’t kill him?”

“That’s why John and Alfred are here as well. Everything is set.” Dick stated, trying to mask how nervous he was as well. “Alfred will dress the wound when Tim slips into his feverish state and then we have to wait.”

Dick explained once more everyone’s role in the ritual and everyone moved into place.

Tim laid down on the bed, closing his eyes briefly as he reached out to Damian. “Love you,” he whispered and Damian leaned in and kissed him. “It’s okay.”

Damian shook his head. “What if I fuck it up?” Damian questioned and Dick’s heart leapt in his chest. Dick blindly grabbed for Jason’s hand who instantly took it, squeezing it tight.

“I believe in you.” Tim’s voice held so much love and confidence that it wasn’t hard to believe it.

“Love you,” Damian rushed to say, kissing him once more.

“It’s time.” John stated.

Dick moved to the head of the bed, taking a deep breath before he started. “Tim this is the last chance to turn back, once we start this there’s no turning back.”

“I want this,” Tim stated adamantly and Dick nodded, giving him a smile.

“Alfred as the eldest member of our pack, do you accept Tim into our pack, our family?” Dick asked, glad that the ritual didn’t need their leader’s approval. His grandmother told him that it was due to the fact that the leader and Alpha of the pack wasn’t always at home to give his approval… they were out providing for the pack, hunting. That left the eldest member to give approval and acceptance. And in this case, exactly what was needed.

“I do.” Alfred stated, nodding his head.

“Damian as the chosen mate, do you accept the responsibility of taking Tim into our pack?” Dick questioned and Damian nodded as well.

“I do.”

Dick nodded, stripping off his robe and turning into his wolf form. He jumped up on the bed and licked Tim’s face. A sign of acceptance and approval. Jason followed Dick’s lead and did the same.

Dick and Jason stood to the side as Damian turned and jumped on the bed. He nuzzled Tim, licking his face and then he rested his head against Tim’s chest.

Dick’s heart raced as Damian howled into the night and his pack answered.

Tim barred his neck and Damian licked a stripe down in preparation. Damian looked to Dick and Jason. Then he glanced over at John.
John stepped closer to the bed and placed his hand on Damian’s head, brushing his fingers over his fur. There was an immediate soothing effect and Damian nudged at John’s hand. It was as if Bruce was there, giving his acceptance as well.

Damian howled once more and then bit Tim in the neck. Tim tensed, a whimper escaping his lips. Damian held his bite and then he let go. Blood dripping down his snout and Tim smiled at him, reaching up and pulling Damian to him.

Alfred stepped in, holding pressure and then dressing the wound.

Damian jumped down, wiping the blood off his snout and then Damian curled close to Tim as the fever took its toil and Tim passed out. Dick and Jason howled and then darted away, running out into the garden and into the night.

~*~

Dick checked on Tim the next day, and the next… it was now the third day of the fever and today would be the day they’d find out if Tim passed the first hurdle of the turning.

Damian remained at his bedside the whole time.

“How is he?” Dick asked and Damian shrugged, his eyes red and weepy.

“I don’t know, he should have woken up!”

Dick worried his lip and crossed over to them. He peeled the dressing away and smiled when he saw that the bite was completely healed. “He’s passed through the first stage.”

“What do you mean?” Damian asked as he leaned over to see the healed skin.

“If it was still raw, it would mean that it didn’t take and he’d die soon… but this is good.” Dick smiled, hugging Damian.

Damian sighed with relief and then he kissed Tim softly.

Tim groaned, blinking his eyes open at them. “Hi.”

“Oh, thank god.” Damian inhaled and Dick took his leave as they reunited, he wasn’t needed here.

Dick made his way down to the kitchen, “It worked!” He grinned as he greeted Jay at the table. “Well the first stage, Tim’s up and now we just have to wait for the next full moon to see if it fully took.”

“Or if he’s feral.” Jason piped in and Dick hit his arm. “What? It’s possible.”

“I know, but positive thinking.” He grinned, leaning in and kissing Jason.

John snorted as he entered the kitchen and they pulled apart. “Any news?”

“Tim’s up, he’s over the first hurdle.” Dick announced as he sat down at the table.

“That’s great.” John sighed, his voice was rough… hurt?

“John?” Jason questioned, picking it up too. “You okay?”

John shook his head, “I’m fine. It’s just… I wish mine went this way.”
Dick groaned. He didn’t even think about what John must be feeling through this whole process. Before Dick could add anything the phone rang and Jason picked it up. Jason grinned, hanging up after a clipped conversation.

“Fox has the serum. We can head to Starling City.”

Dick grinned, this was perfect timing. He glanced at John. “Are you going to come with us?”

“Fuck, yeah.” John groaned.

“Missing your mate?” Jay teased and John nodded.

Dick chuckled, “Then we’ll stop by Fox and grab what we need and head to Starling City. Tonight.”
Part Two: Chapter Fourteen

Fourteen

Tim thought that he would feel weak, but after the fever broke he felt fine. In fact, he felt better than fine. Damian was worried, Tim could see that. Damian didn't even try to mask it.

“I'm worried too,” Tim said. He knew that he could still turn feral after the first moon. The chances weren't as bad as if he didn't have a pack and someone to teach him the way of the wolves. Tim, Dick, Jay, and Damian had talked about it a lot before. What changes would occur and that it would most likely start one or two weeks before the full moon. Better hearing, sense of smell, better sight, faster reflexes and a heightened strength.

Tim looked forward to all of it.

“You could still go feral,” Damian said.

“I'm sure I won't. I'm prepared, my mind is prepared. I'm stronger than I look, and I'm stubborn as hell,” Tim replied.

Damian smiled at him wryly. “Don't I know it.”

“Are you worried about your father?”

Damian sighed. “He did forbid it. More than once. So he won't welcome this with open arms.”

“Can he exile me from the pack?” Tim asked.

Damian bit his lip. “Technically, yes, he can. I don't think he will, but he could exile you. If he should do that I'm coming with you. We can be our own pack.”

“Damian-” Tim stopped and reached for Damian instead, so they could kiss. This was how much Damian loved him, how far he was willing to go.

“I'm sure it won't come to it,” Dick said from the door.

Tim's head snapped to him. “You trust Bruce a lot.”

“He took me in and he protected me. He made mistakes, but as Jay likes to remind me, that's all too human and we're human most of the time. That applies to Bruce more than me and Jay, but hey.” Dick shrugged.

“He will be pissed anyway. Tim is a minor.”

“Yes, but we couldn't have waited for him to be of age. He is – fragile.”

“Thanks so much,” Tim said.

Dick smiled. “For a human that's not a bad thing. But no pack would choose you to be a werewolf because the risks are too high.”

“You mean I'll be a runt.”
“Not necessarily. We can't predict how your wolf will be. Not as big as Bruce or Jay or even Damian, but you could be really fucking strong and fast.”

“Oh,” Tim said.

Dick grinned. “Female wolves are a lot smaller and wiry and they are really fucking strong and fast. My dad's brother was a small wolf too, but he was really fast.”

“Didn't know you had family out there, Dick,” Damian said.

“He wasn't with us at the circus. Dad said he left before I was born, but he told me about him. I don't think my dad knew where he was or if he was still alive, you know? Severed all ties and just disappeared.”

“Family secrets and mysteries, Grayson, I am shocked,” Damian said, but there was amusement in his voice.

“You never tried to find him with the help of the Batcomputer?” Tim asked.

“I – honestly didn't think about it all until now. And there was just so much going on, you know? Being Robin, then Damian, and Jay, and Draken, and you, and John, and now Starling City.”

“No rest for the wicked,” Tim said.

“Exactly,” Dick replied. “It will be alright, you'll see. Bruce isn't unreasonable.”

Damian snorted.

“He'll come around,” Dick said firmly.

“Thank you, Dick,” Tim said.

“Hey, you're pack,” he replied and hugged Tim hard.

“Stop molesting my boyfriend,” Damian said and Dick backed off laughing.

“Fine.”

“So when are you and Jay going to go to Starling City?” Damian asked.

“Flight is this evening. Already called Bruce to tell him you're staying here as he ordered and because you missed Tim.”

“Tt.”

“Don't even, we know you missed him,” Dick said, crossing his arms over his chest. Tim could feel himself blush. He knew that Damian had missed him, but – hearing Dick say it made something very warm inside his belly. “I think you need to call Bruce anyway and tell him about – this.”

Damian sighed. “I think you are right.”

“Dick?” Tim said.

“Yes?”
He could feel himself blush again, but hell, whatever. Once in a lifetime opportunity. “Could you get me his autograph?”

“Whose?” Dick asked confused.

“The Arrow’s,” Tim breathed.

“Like, really?” Damian asked.

Tim ducked his head. “If it isn't too much trouble I mean...”

“I'll do my best,” Dick said laughing.

“Thank you, Dick,” Tim replied.

“You are so fucking welcome,” Dick said.

~+~

Once Dick, John, and Jason were gone and he and Damian were alone, because Alfred was driving the boys to the airport, he looked at Damian. “You should call your father today. Before Dick and Jay land, because I'm sure they won't keep this a secret.”

Damian rolled his soda bottle between his hands. There were no soda cans in the house, only bottles. Tim was sure it was because Damian insisted on it.

“I know. I just – we were good in Starling City, you know?”

“And you're worried, he won't trust you anymore.”

“He won't. He told me not to do something and I went and did it anyway. And it's not only disobeying his orders in the field, Dick's done that and was forgiven more than once, but this was pack business.”

“I thought you guys didn't follow strict pack patterns,” Tim said gently.

“Well...now more than before, and with you in the mix, I really think Father will step up even more and take on the pack leader role and that will mean that we won't be able to resist his orders – much. There is always free will Tim. Don't look so scared.” Damian grabbed his hand and Tim breathed a sigh of relief.

“It sounded scary for a bit there.”

“It can be. That was why Jason was able to kill people before. Draken obviously didn't care to forbid it. Maybe he even encouraged it and as Jason was so young and freshly turned – well,” Damian said.

“He couldn't really resist,” Tim summarized.

“Yeah, but Father would never tell us to do something we aren't comfortable with doing.”

“He'll be a good pack leader,” Tim said.

“Yeah.”

“Go on and call him. I'll be in the kitchen. I'm starving.”
“Dick said that is a good sign,” Damian replied.

Tim kissed him. “For good luck.”

“I'm sure you're going to hear him yelling at me in the kitchen,” Damian sighed, but he grabbed his cell and Tim left him to it.

~+~

Tim was cataloging every change inside him. He didn't think he was faster than before now, but maybe his hearing was better?

It was frustrating to have to wait for the full moon to be sure that he wasn't feral and that he could turn.

“Will it hurt?” Tim asked, as he and Damian were lying on the couch in front of the big TV. Damian was gloomy since his talk with Bruce, but told Tim to not be worried. He was grounded as Robin for – they didn't know how long. Damian said that Bruce would deal with it once he was back from Starling City.

Damian was working on the Index with Tim for half the day and the other half they only hung out. Tim's parents would be home soon and Tim didn't look forward to going home. He liked this. He liked being here and he liked to be able to work on the Index. It was fascinating. All the bloodlines and cross references.

“What?” Damian asked.

“The turning, will it hurt?”

“I don't know. Dick never hurt at all, but it was different for me and Jason. Me because I didn't want it, Jason because he didn't know how to do it properly.”

“But you know how to do it now so it won't hurt and I do want it.” Tim was welcoming the change with all his body.

“I'm sure Dick will show you,” Damian said, smiling at him. “He's good at this kind of stuff.”

“Yeah. I liked the ritual,” Tim said, thinking back to it. “Shame we couldn't get each other off in the tub.”

Damian sat up and looked at him. “Yeah, really a shame.”

“We could maybe-”

“Yeah,” Damian cut in, grabbing Tim by the neck and pulling him into a hard kiss. “Yeah, right now will be good.”

“It's not even seven-”

“There is no wrong time for a bath,” Damian said, kissing him again, “Or to get off.”

“You think?”

“Yeah, I do, wanna get naked with me, Tim Drake?” Damian asked.

Tim moaned. “Yes!” He wanted to get naked with Damian very badly. He wanted to lick every
inch of Damian's skin and after he was a true wolf he would finally ask Damian to put his fingers inside him. He was thinking about it more and more often.

“Come on then,” Damian said, switching the TV off and pulling Tim from the couch.

Tim followed.
Part Two: Chapter Fifteen

Fifteen

They found the warehouse the drugs were being housed in the night after the full moon. But there was no trace of anyone or any of the drugs. The place looked ransacked, empty boxes and broken vials were everywhere.

“They moved out and quick.” Bruce growled, clenching his fists together.

“It’s because of you,” Roy snipped as he punched an empty box.

Bruce glared at him, dread washing over him. It was possible that they left because Batman was in town… the word was out on the streets and it could have pushed up production. Bruce just hoped they’d have the antidote before all hell broke loose. If the rumored drug release was true.

“Enough. Head out.” Oliver cut in.

“But-” Roy began to protest and grumbled under his breath when Oliver shot him a look. Roy turned away from them in a huff.

“Any word?” Oliver questioned, sparing a glance at Bruce.

“No.” He snipped. There was still no word. It had been three long agonizing days since he sent Damian home.

Oliver nodded and they parted ways.

Bruce disappeared into the night and continued to hunt.

~*~

“And you think this will work?” Bruce asked as he looked at the syringe in the box. When he contacted Palmer earlier in the week, he wasn’t sure that there would be any results this soon.

Ray Palmer was a good man, earnest and Bruce felt like he could trust him. “Yeah. Most likely. Pretty sure.”

Bruce just gave him a look.

“If it doesn’t, no harm will come to your friend.” Ray assured him.

“Thank you,” Bruce smiled.

“Pleasure doing business with you.” Ray smiled back. “Any word from Gotham?”

Bruce sighed, shaking his head. “No, I’m sure Felicity will let you know when we do.”

Ray nodded. “I’m still tinkering with some nanotech that’ll help disperse it once we get it.”

Bruce glanced down at the box. “You’ve been a great help.”

“If you need anymore, I’ll grab my suit and join you.” Ray winked at Bruce.

Bruce groaned, his secret identity wasn’t so secret anymore. It was weird to have so many people...
know that he was the Batman and that he was a wolf.

Bruce felt vulnerable. Weak.

“Will I be able to meet this friend of yours? His blood was fascinating.”

“One day,” Bruce shrugged. “If you ever come to Gotham.”

Ray smiled. “Sounds like a date to me.”

Bruce nodded. “Sounds like.”

~*~

A sense of relief washed over him when he heard the news. Fox had figured out the antidote. Bruce knew his trust was placed in the right person.

Bruce hung up the phone with Dick and immediately went to Arrow Headquarters to update Oliver and his pack.

“It’s done.” Bruce stated, not needing to explain what was done.

“Perfect, when will we have it?” Oliver asked.

“Tonight.”

Oliver nodded, breathing in deeply. “Good.”

“Good.” Bruce repeated his thoughts drifting to his boys.

Bruce hated to be an imposition, but since Dick and Jason were on their way, he needed to make an alternative plan for them to stay here while in Starling City with him. He knew that they’d need a safe place to run and there was only one place that he knew of.

“Oliver, I hate to impose, but my boys are flying in and I was wondering if there was any possibility that we could stay at your place. They will go stir crazy at the penthouse that I’m staying at now. They’ll need space to run.”

Oliver raised a brow, an amused look on his face. “Of course, there’s plenty of space. I’ll prepare three rooms then?”

“Two will be fine.” Bruce stated, knowing that they’d prefer to share a bed.

Oliver nodded.

“I knew it.” Roy gasped. “Richard’s a pure blood, he can turn at will, can’t he? That’s why you need a space like that.”

Bruce sighed, rubbing his brow… he knew there would be no way to shield his boys from the team. He loved his boys, but they were impulsive at times and they loved to change into their wolf form more often than not. “He prefers the name Dick.” Bruce stated instead, not really confirming or deny his statement.

“That’s not a no,” Roy grinned. “Man, I can’t wait to meet them.”

“Roy,” Oliver warned and Roy groaned.
“What? This is big. I’ve always heard about it, it’s such a rare gene.”

Bruce chose to ignore his comment and turned back to Oliver. “Thank you,” Bruce said. “I’m going to meet them at the airport now.”

Oliver nodded and Bruce left without saying another word.

~*~

Bruce closed his eyes, not sure what to do. He should have known that his son would turn Tim with or without his consent. He grounded Damian and cut off the conversation before he’d regret something he’d say in the heat of it.

Tim was now pack and he hoped that Tim’s transition would be seamless… he wasn't sure what would happen to his family if they lost Tim. Tim has always been part of their family, pack, but now there was no denying it.

Bruce sighed, taking a deep breath. He’d talk to his boys about this when there wasn’t a threat to the city. They’d deal with this later, because now they needed to be a united front.

~*~

Bruce welcomed Dick and Jason as soon as they arrived. Having your own plane gave you a few more liberties and meeting your loved ones on the airfield was one of them.

It was really good to see his boys and he hugged them as they left the plane. He was about to lead them to the car when he stopped, turning back when he smelled his lover. It was an unexpected surprise.

“Hey.” John smiled as he came down the stairs to greet him.

“Hey,” Bruce breathed and then pulled John into a hug and kissed him.

“You must have really missed me to kiss me out here in public like that,” John teased and Bruce groaned. “It’ll be all over the tabloids tomorrow.”

“Don’t care.” He grunted and realized he didn’t. A sense of freedom washed over him and he kissed John again, needing to taste him once more. He had missed John more than he’d admit.

“Fuck, Bruce.” John moaned against his lips, tugging on Bruce’s jacket. “Missed you so much.”

“Yes.” Bruce agreed and forced himself to pull away before he really did make a scene.

“Seems you liked our surprise.” Dick grinned.

Bruce snorted. “Seems so.”

“What should we do with the other package?” Jason asked, patting the metallic briefcase he was holding.

Bruce shook his head, needing to focus once more on the task at hand. “We’ll drop it off at the Headquarters.”

“Headquarters?” Dick repeated. “Such a boring name, just doesn’t have the same ring as Batcave.”

Jason chuckled. “So true.”
“Don’t let Oliver hear you,” Bruce smiled as he led them to the car and headed back into town.

~*~

Introductions were made and Bruce handed over the case to Felicity, knowing that it was safe in her hands.

“I’ll make a copy and then send it to Ray to work his magic.” Felicity smiled, taking the case and immediately getting to work.

“What are you?” John suddenly questioned, looking toward Roy and Bruce inwardly groaned.

“What?”

“Your blood is tainted,” John stated, his voice all business.

“You can’t come in here and-” Roy began as Oliver placed a hand on Roy’s shoulder, calming him slightly as Roy growled and hit the table with his fist.

Bruce immediately stepped in front of John in hopes to counteract any attack on his lover.

“Way to go, Detective. Making friends wherever you go.” Jason snorted, shaking his head.

“Can’t you smell that?” John questioned, clearly confused.

“It’s the remnants of the Mirakuru,” Oliver explained and Roy huffed, crossing his arms across his chest.

John’s eyes widened. “I’ve read cases about that. I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry… I’ve never smelled anything like it before.”

“Well you smell like a fucking wolf and yet you’re not,” Roy snapped.

John stiffened at that, his face falling and he glanced at Bruce. “No, I’m not.”

“Enough.” Oliver growled.

“So much testosterone,” Felicity spoke up. “So hot.”

Dick laughed, “Yeah, it is.”

Bruce sighed, shaking his head. “We’ll head out.”

Oliver nodded. “Everything is ready,” he handed over a pair of keys to Bruce. “Make yourself at home. Rooms are in the East wing, second floor, on the left.”

“Thank you.”

~*~

As soon as his boys were settled, he returned to his room where John was waiting for him.

“Nice room,” John remarked as he leaned back on the bed, spreading his legs in invitation. “But we haven’t tested out the bed.” John winked at him, baring his neck and Bruce couldn’t stand by anymore.

Bruce rushed to him, tugging at John’s clothing as he ravaged his mouth. Bruce needed to feel all
of his lover against him, to bury himself in him. “Fuck.”

John moaned, “I love it when you cuss.” He dragged his fingers down Bruce’s back, before ripping at his clothing.

There wasn’t much foreplay, they both had no desire to draw out how much they needed to be joined together. Bruce moaned as he buried himself in John’s willing body. He paused, letting his lover adjust to his length, kissing John.

“Well, so good.” John breathed against his lips. He barred his neck once more to Bruce. “Please.”

Bruce growled, biting down on his flesh. It was a small gesture that made his whole body flush even more with desire and love. It renewed their bond.

John moaned and squeezed around Bruce’s cock. “Move.”

Bruce complied and thrust his hips, moving within him. It didn’t take long before they were both in orgasmic bliss. And Bruce vowed silently that they would never be apart for this long ever again.

“Love you,” John murmured against Bruce’s lips, kissing him once more.

“Love you,” Bruce replied as he cupped John’s face in his hands and gazed into his eyes. “I have something for you.”

John blinked, chuckling breathlessly. “You mean there’s more than your gorgeous cock up my ass?”

Bruce snorted. “You have such a filthy mouth.”

“You love it.”

“I do.”

John pulled him into a breathtaking kiss and Bruce moaned, his cock hardening at the long teasing kiss. “Again?” John grinned as he push back, slamming their hips together and Bruce had no choice but to move.

This time their lovemaking was slower, more precise as they came together. They moved with practice ease, kissing and touching and teasing. Bruce loved this man and he wanted to give him everything.

“Oh, fuck.” John cried out as his orgasm washed over him once more. “Bruce, god, love you so much.”

Bruce groaned, kissing him hard and came with a shudder inside John. He collapsed against John and just held him close as they came down from their orgasms.

“So?” John questioned after a moment. “What’s my present?”

Bruce nodded. “I was going to wait until I returned to Gotham, but since you’re here now. I’ll let you decide.”

“Decide what?” John questioned as Bruce pulled away from him and grabbed the box that Palmer had given him.

“A possible fix.” Bruce smiled as he showed him the syringe in the box. “It’s a special nanotech
cocktail designed for your blood to finish your transition.”

John breathed in, looking positively in awe. “That could-” his voice trailed off and he nodded his head. “Yes, I want to try it.”

Bruce’s heart skipped a beat with worry, this could be nothing or change everything. “Okay.” He took the syringe and wiped John’s flushed skin with an alcohol pad before he injected the serum into John.

John shuddered. “I feel like I’m on fire.” John stated and then he whimpered as he curled into himself and Bruce was on high alert for any signs of distress.

“John?”

John shuddered once more and then suddenly he was a stunning wolf before him, transitioning with ease. He barked at Bruce, jumping up and down on the bed in excitement.

Bruce looked on at him with amazement, his heart full of love for John and suddenly he understood so much more why John had asked to be with him in wolf form.

John howled and then licked Bruce’s face.

Bruce chuckled, running his fingers through his soft fur. He was dark gray in coloring, almost silver. He was so beautiful. “It worked.”

John barked, licking his face and then he jumped off the bed and barked at Bruce to open the door.

“Hold on,” Bruce smiled as he grabbed for a robe and then he led John out to the back yard. John looked out longingly and he glanced up at Bruce for his approval? “Go run.”

Before John could rush off, they heard Dick and Jason running down the hallway, barking at John in excitement. They ran over to him, pouncing on John and Bruce watched on lovingly as they played and Bruce’s heart ached that he took this joy from John for so long.

They darted off into the night, running under the moonlight.

“Amazing.”

Bruce glanced back at Oliver who finally made his presence known, even though Bruce knew he was there watching since he opened the door for John. “Yes.”

“We suspected that Dick had the gene, but all three of them?” He whispered in awe. “I can see why you’ve been so protective of them.”

Bruce nodded. “They’re my boys.”

~*~

Bruce was half asleep when John jumped back onto the bed. He was still in wolf form and Bruce was slightly surprised.

“He probably needs to sleep it off,” Dick said at the doorway. “Like Jay used to when he was still learning to turn.”

Bruce nodded as John barked, licking at Bruce’s face before letting out a huge yawn.
“But this was amazing,” Dick gushed. “I’m glad you found a way to fix what you fucked up.”

“Language,” Bruce groaned and John snorted.

“Night,” Dick winked and shut the door as he left.

Bruce smiled, wrapping his arms around John and hugging him close, kissing the top of his head. “I’m glad you enjoyed yourself.”

John barked and nuzzled Bruce’s neck.

Bruce drifted off to sleep with John resting his head on his chest.

~*~

Bruce woke up to John whining and it took Bruce a moment to realize that John was still in wolf form. “John.” He inhaled and John whimpered. The serum didn’t work… or not like he thought it would.

John licked at Bruce's face, looking pretty pathetic. Bruce never thought a wolf could look so sad.

“We’ll figure it out.” Bruce vowed and dressed quickly, he needed to see Palmer. John followed closely and Bruce frowned as he followed Bruce to the main vestibule and the front door. “You have to stay here.”

John barked at him, howling in distress and Bruce was torn.

Bruce glance over to the stairs as Dick and Jason appeared and raced down the stairs towards them.

“What's going on?” Dick questioned, kneeling down and wrapping his arms around John. “Why didn’t he change back?”

“I don’t know.” Bruce growled, dragging his fingers through his hair.

John snorted.

“Can you fix it?” Jason questioned as he sat down beside Dick. He reached out, petting John.

“I don’t know.” Bruce snapped, feeling defensive. “We don’t have time for this.”

John whimpered and darted out of the room.

Bruce sighed heavily, rubbing his brow as his boys stared at him. His body ached to follow John, but he needed to take action now and fix this… he had to speak to Palmer in person, he didn’t trust the phone lines with such a sensitive topic. “Watch over him, I’ll be back as soon as I can with Palmer and see if he can fix this.”

Dick and Jason nodded and Bruce left, hoping that Palmer’s technology would be able to fix this. Bruce cursed at himself for letting John try it now when they had so much on their plate. But seeing how happy John was it was worth it, he just had to put it right again.
Part Two: Chapter Sixteen

Sixteen

“You think we should go after John?” Dick asked.

“Don’t know. Think he needs some time to get-”

“What? Used to this fucked up situation? What the fuck,” Dick sighed. “I mean, first he can’t be a wolf and now he can’t be human again?”

“That’s what you get when you mess with nature,” Jason said.

Dick gave him a look.

“Who is messing with nature?” Felicity asked, her hair was down and she was only wearing a robe and Jason liked her legs very much. She had coffee in her hand.

“Oh, coffee, right, that was why I let you convince me to get out of bed,” Jason said, pointing a finger at Dick. “This place doesn’t have an Alfred, how do you guys even survive?” Jason asked Felicity.

“We are used to getting things done on our own,” she said. “Oh, well, Oliver insisted on it before when he was telling me all these ridiculous lies about why he needed my help, but clearly he couldn’t do it on his own and that’s why-” she spread her arms wide, “Team Arrow.”

“And you live here with Oliver?” Dick asked. Her smell was all over the place, but not as strong as Jay thought it should be. It was a big place, but then so was Wayne Manor.

“God no! Ha, no. I have my own apartment in the city,” she answered. “I stay here sometimes.”

“To be with Oliver,” Dick said.

To fuck him senseless, Jay thought, suppressing a grin.

“I know what you’re thinking young man,” Felicity said. “And you’re not that far off I guess.”

“Oh,” Dick said suddenly. “So when is a good time to ask Oliver, or the Arrow for a favor?”

“Never,” Roy said, coming down the stairs, he looked rumpled too, Jay thought. “Except if you’re the Flash.”

“You know the Flash?” Jason asked. That was maybe a little bit cool.

“Yeah,” Roy said, looking them up and down. His gaze fell on Dick and stayed there a bit too long for Jason’s liking.

“Don’t listen to him, he’s grumpy.” Felicity said.

“Before his first cup of coffee?” Dick asked.

“No, just grumpy,” Felicity said.

“I know a foolproof way to get the happy hormones flowing,” Jason grinned.
Felicity blushed a bit.

“Jason!” Dick said.

“You guessed right,” Jason said, spreading his arms.

Roy cocked his head. “Is that an invitation?”

“Depends,” Jason said in his flirty tone.

“On what?” Roy asked.

“On how open your three-way thing is,” Jason answered.

Roy grinned. “Not very, to be honest, me and Felicity? Are pretty much shackled down to our fearless leader's cock.”

That image sent a lot of blood down. “I like you Roy Harper.”

“You can call me Arsenal,” Roy said with a cocky grin.

Dick was just looking at them. And then he sighed. “No, really, I need to ask the Arrow for a favor.”


“No, uhm...so we know this kid, you see, and he has a huge crush on the Arrow and-”

Roy barked out a laugh. “Oh, that is priceless. You want the Arrow's autograph?”

“Tim has his poster over his bed,” Jason added, putting his hands in his pockets and rocking on the balls of his feet.

“Over his bed, how old is this kid?” Roy asked.

“Sixteen,” Dick said.

“Not sure if Oliver will be flattered or mortified,” Roy replied grinning.

“We'll find out soon enough,” Felicity said, finishing her coffee. “Let me show you guys to the kitchen. Also I'm not making coffee, it's a rule.”

“Cause she used to be the only girl on Team Arrow...” Roy stage whispered.

“I respect your life choices, Felicity Smoak,” Jason said and followed her into the kitchen.

~+~

John came back inside just as Felicity and Dick were leaving for Headquarters. Apparently, Oliver was already there, he sneaked out of the house with no one noticing. It was a fucking wonder, because the house was full of wolves.

Roy and Jason stayed back to look after John. Jason knew that it didn't really take two people for it, but he was also glad, because he rather liked and was curious about Roy. It was the first time he was outside of Gotham too and Starling City just seemed so different.

John curled up on the sofa beside Jason and let Jason card his fingers through his fur.
“So, that is the Batman's lover,” Roy said, looking down at John. John glared at him.

Jason rubbed his ear between his fingers to calm John down. John sighed. “Yeah,” Jason nodded.

“He smells like wolf and now he looks like a wolf, but something about him is not right,” Roy said.

“Yeah,” Jason repeated.

“Not gonna share that story, are you?”

“No,” Jason said. “Sorry.”

“It's fine,” Roy said, dragging an armchair over so he could sit. Jason was glad he didn't invade the couch, because he had the feeling John wouldn't be too happy about it.

“How come this place is more like a hotel than a home?”

“Oliver lost it when the thing with the Undertaking went public and just got it back a few months ago.”

“So neither you nor Felicity are staying here? No one of your pack is living together?”

“No...are you guys all living together?”

“Yeah, pretty much,” Jason admitted. “Isn't that what packs are for? Dick said it's a thing packs do.”

“Packs like Dick's yeah. Traveling packs do that. Stay together, but packs based in a city? Not really. I mean there is more than one pack here. And Diggle has a wife and a little girl, so... they need some privacy.”

“So we're old-fashioned then.”

Roy smiled. “Seems so. This lover lives at your place too?”

“His name is John, and yeah, he does. We all live at the manor. Except Tim, but he only chose to become a wolf recently.”

“You turned someone?” Roy asked, his voice devoid of all emotion.

Jason winced. “Yeah...”

“That – is rare.”

“I know, but then, it's fucking Gotham. I was turned without consent, so was John. But we did right by Tim, with all the rituals and shit.”

“Okay,” Roy said.

“I'm feeling judged over here.”

“It's just – the Batman's city. Werekids were warned to stay the hell away from Gotham. I mean he was our boogeyman.”

“He is a scary motherfucker alright,” Jason admitted.
“He used to hunt us.”

“He stopped. He got better when he took Dick in. He didn’t know shit about werewolves who weren’t feral and turned. Dick says seeing him turn was a real shock to Bruce's system. Didn't know there even were born werewolves.”

“Fuck.”

“Yeah,” Jason said.

“Oliver said, Bruce had been attacked and forcefully turned.”

“Yeah,” Jason nodded.

“Must have fucked him up really hard,” Roy said.

“Yeah, guess it did. That's probably why he became the Batman,” Jason replied.

“He probably thought he was doing them a favor,” Roy said.

Jason couldn't really interpret the tone in his voice and his scent didn't give any anger or stress away. He shrugged. John barked softly.

“Did he ever find the one who killed his parents?” Roy asked.

“No,” Jason replied. “But maybe with the Index...”

“Helpful little thing isn't it?” Roy asked, but there was something sharp in his voice. Roy seemed to be always kind of angry and something inside Jason could relate to that. He thought that he and Roy could’ve been really good fucking friends, maybe even with the actual fucking involved if he hadn't been taken in by Bruce. If Jason didn't have Dick.

“Tim thinks it’s really interesting. Tim’s really big into history. I just find it helpful to track down the son of a bitch who killed my mother.”

“Tell me about it,” Roy said and to his own surprise Jason did.

“And you think he might be hiding out here?” Roy asked.

“Yeah, maybe? We know shit to be honest and we aren't allowed to look into it now either, because of the whole poisoning the whole Starling werewolf population thing and also John.”

Roy looked at John, who stared right back.

“Once this is over then,” Roy said.

“Yeah, you can bet on that.”

Roy leaned back in his chair and looked at Jason. “Want me to show you the sights later?”

“If I was single, I'd ask if that is a come on.”

Roy smirked. “It is. And you're still gonna say yes.”

“Yeah,” Jason replied and smirked right back.

~+~
Sometime during the day, John disappeared into the garden and Dick came back from Headquarters.

“It's amazing, Jay,” Dick gushed.

“Amazing?” Jason questioned, they were there the night before, but it was so quick that they really didn’t get to see much.

“It's like clean and warm and they have plants,” Dick said.

“You want to ask Bruce to add plants to the Cave décor?”

“Imagine that...” Dick said.

“So what's the latest word on the street?” Jason asked.

“We have nothing, some informants are asking around, subtly, but we still don't know where and when it will be used. If it will even be used here as the Batman seems to scare the shit out of the criminals and teamed up with Arrow...” Dick shrugged.

“So?”

“So, we're gonna give the serum to every wolf in the city as a precaution.”

“Can you even track them all down?” Was this a good idea? “I mean even if you could, and you get the serum to people, there will be so many wolves in one spot, it's like a freaking invitation to slaughter them.”

“We,” Dick corrected gently.

Jason waved it away. “Not the point, Dick. I mean...did someone think about that?”

“We can't go door to door, you know?”

Jason sighed. “I know, but – this just sounds like a really bad idea.”

“Or maybe not,” Roy cut in, coming from the kitchen with the takeout containers Dick had picked up on the way back to the house.

“How is that a good idea?” Jason asked and then made grabby hands at Roy. “And give me that.”

Roy handed a container with fried rice over. “I mean what if, the people at the drop off point of the serum weren't wolves?”

“Oh,” Dick said. “That is brilliant. Do you know enough people who would do something like that?”

“A lot of people owe the Arrow,” Roy shrugged.

“You ran that idea by your team?” Jason asked.

“I just had it. I was stuck here babysitting the wolf who was human once,” Roy said, rolling his eyes.

“Gardens, don't know if he's up to it. Bruce behaved like a jerk before he left for Palmer – you know he could’ve called, but no, he has to go and leave John here after he snapped at John. It's just shitty behavior.”

“He has a lot on his plate,” Dick said.

“Yeah, we all have, but I would never do that to you.”

Dick kissed him hard for that one. Dick was such a fucking sap.

“You guys are seriously hot,” Roy cut in.

“Yeah,” Jason said, “We are.”

“Even better naked,” Dick added.

“Everything is better naked with the right company,” Roy said.

Yeah, Jason thought it was.

“So what now?” Jason asked.

“Now, I'm going to go to Headquarters, because I need my suit and then I'm going to meet you at the docks for some action.”

“You say the sweetest things,” Jason joked.

“You're gonna go out together tonight?” Dick asked.

“Yeah, Roy's gonna show me the city, I'd ask you to come, but you were all about plants and shit.”

Dick slapped him lightly. “You didn't see it. It's nice.”

“You can come with,” Roy said.

Dick smiled at him. “Nah, you go on and have fun. You crazy kids. I'll stay with John. It's not good for him to be alone. I bet he feels useless.”

“Okay,” Roy replied. “I’ll see you later Jay.”

Jason nodded. “Later.” And then he looked at Dick again when he heard the door close behind Roy. There was no mistaking that Roy closed it loud for their benefit. “John can't do much of anything in that form,” Jason said. “And what if whatever Palmer cooked up is hurting him, changing him further into wolf and away from human? What kind of stupid idea was it to just test it on himself?”

“He wanted to run,” Dick said like that explained everything.

The fucked up thing was, it did. Jason couldn’t imagine a life without being able to turn and to run. He loved this and he wanted John to have it, but the cost – fuck, it had to be reasonable. For a guy so cautious Bruce really lost all sense of right and wrong when it came to John.

“So, were you able to complete your secret mission?” Jason asked.

Dick grinned and took out an autographed photo of the Arrow. He was in mind change: mask still on, but bare-chested. “Think Tim will like it?”
“How did you even get that? And to get Oliver to sign it?”

“How about the old Grayson charm.”

“Yeah, I know that one from experience,” Jason said.

“Do you have a few minutes to spare for a blow job, before you go on your play date with Roy?”

“Yeah,” Jason said.

Dick pushed him against the nearest wall and dropped to his knees.

It was a good thing they were basically alone in the big house, because Jason couldn't and didn't want to keep his moans in.

Dick was just so fucking good with his mouth. Practice really did make perfect.
Part Two: Chapter Seventeen

Seventeen

Dick started to get worried when John didn’t return and it was getting late. He searched the garden and found John cowering under some overgrown brush. “There you are, you should come in.”

John growled as Dick continued to approach and Dick frowned. “John?”

John barked at Dick, barring his teeth at him and then lunged at Dick.

“Shit,” Dick gasped as he jumped back. “John, it’s me.” Dick began reaching out to him carefully, John sniffed at his hand and then snarled at him. “John?”

The wolf before him didn’t seem to recognize his name and continued to growl at Dick.

“Fuck.” Dick inhaled reaching out to him once more. “It’s okay,” he whispered and the wolf whined in the back of his throat and then sniffed once more at his hand.

Dick cried out as John, the wolf, bit him. Dick pulled back his hand, shocked that John actually bit him. He stared blankly at the wound on his hand as the wolf darted away.

John was going feral, was feral? He wasn’t sure. Dick’s heart squeezed tight, he’d never expected this to happen, but Dick had never been a wolf for this long or had heard of anyone who had… the wolf was taking over John’s mind, he was losing his human side.

Dick ripped at the fabric of his t-shirt and wrapped it around his hand to stop the bleeding, but he didn’t really care about his wound. He fished his phone out of his pocket and called Bruce, but there was no answer. Which meant that he was on Batman business. Bruce hadn’t returned since this morning… John needed Bruce, maybe it would prevent him from slipping away from them.

Dick texted Jason knowing that Jay would call back if he was able to. Jason would be able to help, he needed Jason. Dick sighed in relief when he called back. “I hate to cut into your budding bromance, but I need you back here. It’s John.”

Jason groaned. “I was on wolf duty all day—”

“He bit me.” Dick cut him off.

“Shit.”

“I think he’s going feral and I need you here, you’re blood pack and you may still be able to reach him. I didn’t approach him as a wolf…” Dick’s voice trailed off as his thoughts turned morbid. He needed Jason to have his back. “And if Roy should happen to have a tranq in one of his arrows, we might need it.”

“Yeah. We’re on our way,” Jason replied and hung up his phone.

Dick went back inside, pacing as he rubbed the makeshift bandage on his hand. His mind racing as he thought back to all the tales and lore he’s ever read and what his Grandmother had told him. John had been a wolf for almost twenty-four hours. It was unheard of… no wonder he was going feral.

“Dick.”
Dick startled, not even realizing that Jason had returned. His thoughts were so focused on John. “Jay,” he breathed, “John—” his voice cracked and Jason immediately wrapped his arms around him and held him close. Dick breathed in the scent of his mate and let it calm him.

“He’ll be okay,” Jason insisted as he kissed his brow and then he growled as he noticed Dick’s hand. “Fuck.”

“It’s not that bad, as soon as I shift it’ll heal.” Dick shrugged, that was the least of his concern. Dick looked over at Roy. “Sorry, for ruining your play date.”

“It’s okay, this is pack. I get it.” Roy nodded.

Dick smiled, glancing at the doors that lead to the garden. “You bring that tranquilizer arrow?”

“Yes.”

Dick hated the thought that they’d have to use it on John, but they didn’t really have another choice. “Stay back, if he starts to attack us. Use it.”

“Where’s Bruce?” Jason asked angrily. “He should be here.”

“I don’t know, his phone was off and at this point I’m not sure if John would even respond to him.” Dick touched the bite wound on his hand. “There was no connection there…”

“So what’s the plan, we find him, soothe him, and then what?” Jason asked and Dick sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair.

“We coax him back in? At least keep him safe…” Dick hadn’t really thought about what they’d do once they found him. “Did he eat?”

“No,” Jason frowned.

“Shit. So he’s not eaten since the other day too?” Dick questioned. “This is bad. No wonder he’s going fucking feral. We need to make sure he gets something to eat.”

“Fuck.” Jason hissed. “Let’s do this.”

Dick nodded then pulled Jason to him, kissing him hard. “For luck.” He whispered and Jason chuckled against his lips and then kissed him again.

“Fuck, you guys,” Roy groaned. “You’re killing me here.”

Dick flushed with desire, it was kinda a turn on to have Roy watching them. “It’s better when we’re naked.” He winked and then he began to undress, Jason following his lead.

They shared another kiss, before they shifted with ease. Dick hissed as his paw hit the ground, the bite wound was still tender, but fully healed. Jason sniffed at Dick’s paw, licking it and then Dick’s face.


Dick barked at Roy in amusement and then he rubbed against his legs before he darted out the door. He led the way to where he last saw John. He sniffed around until he caught John’s scent and they followed after it.

They found John a moment later, hunched under a broken tree branch. He immediately growled at
them as they approached, but trailed off as they got closer. He stood up to his full stance, challenging them.

Dick looked to Jason who prostrated before him, inching closer until John barked at him and then licked at Jason’s face. Dick sighed with relief, repeating Jason's actions until John accepted him too.

John shuddered, lying back down on the ground. Jason curled around him and John snuggled in closer. Their bond was still intact... now they just had to get him-

“John?”

Dick groaned as John started to growl at the voices calling for John. He recognized Bruce’s voice and the other had to be Palmer’s.

A man stopped before them, eyes wide. He was tall, kinda geeky, but good looking. “Wow, there’s three of you.”

Dick knew this had to be Palmer. Dick barked at him for intruding and he looked wildly around for Bruce, but he didn’t see him. Bruce needed to step in and pull him back before it was too late.

John stood up, his growling intensifying as Palmer took a step closer.

And then it seemed like time stood still as John continued to snarl and lunged at Palmer. Dick jumped in front of John, crying out as he took the brunt of the attack.

John howled as an arrow flew through the air and hit him. Dick staggered back, his vision fading and then everything was black.

~*~

Dick groaned as he came to, his chest and shoulder aching. “Jay?”

“Always being the fucking hero,” Jason answered as he squeezed Dick’s hand, brushing his thumb over Dick’s wrist.

Dick smiled, “Yeah.” But they both knew he’d be able to heal faster than Palmer, he had to take the risk. Dick held onto Jason’s hand, “John?”

“He’s sedated, Palmer drew some blood to test and then they’ll inject him with something else.” Jason leaned in and kissed Dick. “Don’t you ever fucking scare me like that again.”

Dick frowned, “Hey, you know me.”

Jason snorted, shaking his head. “Seeing all that blood on your white fur?”

“It hurt like a bitch.” Dick rubbed at his shoulder and was surprised to feel a dressing. “I didn’t heal?”

“Not so much, it was a vicious attack.” Jason sighed, brushing his hand down Dick’s chest. “You collapsed and instantly changed back... it’s still pretty raw.”

“Fuck.” Dick groaned as he sat up, leaning into Jason for support. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. Just figured that better me than Palmer. We need his help, ya know?”

Dick inhaled sharply, his heart fluttering at Jason’s casual admission of love. He’s waited so long to hear him say it, “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Jason smiled.

“Love you, too.” Dick tugged Jason closer and kissed him deeply, than pressed his forehead against Jay’s.

“You’re such a sap.” Jason teased and Dick chuckled.

“Yeah, I know.”

~*~

“How is he?” Dick asked after he took a moment to clean up and get dressed. John was still in his wolf form, sleeping peacefully… Dick stroked his fur.

“The serum is almost ready,” Bruce stated as he joined him at John’s bedside.

Dick turned to Bruce. “Where were you? I tried to call you.”

“I know,” Bruce sighed. “There was no reception in the lab, due to the nature of the technology. We were on our way back when my phone alerted me that you had called.”

Dick nodded. “It was still pretty shitty how you left this morning.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head. “I know, Jason already drilled me on it.”

Dick smiled, glancing over to Jason who was talking with Roy across the room. “Good.”

Bruce brushed his hand down Dick’s back, careful not to touch his wounded shoulder. “I had good intentions.”

Dick knew that too.

“And we’re ready,” Palmer announced with a syringe in hand.

Bruce took it from him and then injected John. They all waited and watched as John shifted to his human form.

Dick sighed with relief, now they just had to wait for the sedation to wear off. Hopefully John wouldn’t remember his feral side… or John wouldn’t be John when he woke up.

“Will he be able to turn again?” Bruce asked as he handed the syringe back to Palmer.

“With another injection, perhaps. But I’ll need to do more research on it.” He responded.

Bruce nodded.

Dick wondered if that was a good thing or not. In the end, it’ll be up to John.

~*~

“This was so fucked up,” Jason commented as they retired to bed. “Fucking with nature.”

Dick nodded. “Think it’s almost worse now… to know what it feels like to be able to run free and then never to be able to do it again. Ya know?”
Jason sighed. “Yeah.”

“At least Bruce made good,” he mused as he curled up with Jason in bed. “And Palmer’s a pretty good guy.” Dick leaned up and kissed Jason. “You and Roy make plans for another play date?”

“We’re gonna try, but we don’t know what the day will bring.”

“True,” Dick agreed. “Plus we have to get the serum out before everything blows up in our face.”

Jason sighed. “But now, we sleep.”

“Yeah.” Dick smiled as he kissed him softly. “Night.”

“Night.”
Part Two: Chapter Eighteen

Eighteen

John woke up under a soft blanket. He was naked and confused. He took a careful breath and then took stock of his body. Everything seemed to work okay. He kinda had to pee and he was hungry as a – wolf. He nearly laughed.

“Fuck,” he said, sitting up.

“You're up,” Bruce said from somewhere behind John.

John's head snapped in his direction. Shouldn’t he have had heard Bruce breathing, or smelled him? He shook his head. “Yeah, seems so. What happened? Also, why am I naked on the couch?”

“What is the last thing you remember?” Bruce asked.

“I hate when people answer questions with questions, Bruce. I am a cop. I do that all the fucking time. Just tell me what happened, because I know I fell asleep in our bed, and not on the couch.”

“You couldn’t turn back,” Bruce said.

“I'm human now,” John replied frowning.

“Yes, because Mister Palmer injected you with an – antidote, I guess, to the original serum that allowed you to turn.”

“So, that means I can't turn on my own at all? I'll have to take those injections and then someone will have to inject me again so I could turn back?” John asked. It wasn't a pleasant thought, the first change had hurt. And he had thought that with time his body would adjust like Dick's and Jay's, but if he had to rely on – medication, then that wouldn’t happen. But it would be worth it, he had loved to run with Jay and Dick. He couldn't wait to run with Damian and Tim as well. Fuck, with Bruce. He and Bruce could finally – do it.

“No, John. There won't be any other injections,” Bruce said firmly.

“What?!”

“It's too dangerous,” Bruce said.

“Bullshit, it worked. I turned and okay, you had to inject me again so I’d turn back, but I bet we can get used to that.”

Bruce got up and stood before John. John felt really fucking small, and having to look up at Bruce wasn't helping. Bruce took his face between his hands. “John, you went feral, because you couldn’t turn back.”

“No,” John said.

“Yes, and you attacked Mister Palmer and Dick.”

“I would never! Dick is pack!” John said sharply, but – something was at the back of his mind, a rage and panic and the need to feed.
“I know, not when you are in your right mind. But you weren't and we – Dick just figured it out in time, really. John we nearly lost you.”

John let his head sink against Bruce’s stomach and breathed him in. “I feel odd.”

“Mister Palmer said you would while the nanobots are fixing you.”

“Great,” John said. “And I'm hungry and I need to see Dick,” he added.

“John, Dick and Jason are sleeping. So is the rest of the house, except maybe Oliver,” Bruce mused, and there was a smile in his voice, John looked up because he wanted to see that smile.

“So...you and I are all alone here. And you have me at your mercy, I'm a helpless human boy- and naked,” John whispered.

Bruce growled. It was so fucking sexy. “John, we are having a conversation.”

“We can finish it afterwards,” John replied, shrugging the blanket away. The house was warm enough, but John shivered anyway for a moment, but then Bruce leaned down and kissed John breathless with a little bit of teeth. John loved it when Bruce used his teeth on him and by now, Bruce knew that it got John hard like it's nobody’s business. Bruce pressed him into the couch, it was soft at John’s back, where Bruce was all hard lines and firm flesh under his clothes. “You're wearing too much,” John gasped as Bruce gave his lips free.

John wanted to reach out and run his fingers over Bruce's firm body, but Bruce would be naked sooner if he just sat there.

John spread his legs and curled his fingers around his erection. Bruce groaned.

“John.”

“Yeah, get naked, Bruce,” John said, breathlessly. He was so fucking horny, it was ridiculous.

Bruce didn't tease, he removed his clothes and let them fall to the floor carelessly. And then he was naked and in front of John and John's mouth was watering.

“I need your cock.”

“John-” Bruce sounded nearly scandalized.

John reached out and grabbed Bruce by the hips, pressed his face into Bruce's stomach, inhaled his scent, not as sharp as he remembered, but so uniquely Bruce, John really didn't care right now. He licked over Bruce's skin and then nuzzled at his cock. Bruce's hands came up to cradle his head. John started licking around Bruce's cock and then took just the tip into his mouth.

Both of them moaned at the feeling of it. John felt needy like rarely before, maybe it was an aftereffect of being too deep into the wolf's mind. He let his mouth slide down that thick cock until he felt full and then sucked, pressing his tongue against it occasionally. Bruce's finger's tightened around John's neck. His own cock was hard and throbbing. He needed Bruce to fuck him, but he didn't want to let go. He needed to feel Bruce shudder and come on his tongue. Bruce could surely fuck him with his gorgeous fingers later, John thought and sucked harder.

Bruce tugged at his hair as a warning, but John just started playing with Bruce's balls to make him lose it.

Bruce bit back a curse as he came down John's throat.
John swallowed what he could, licking Bruce clean until Bruce pushed him away gently. “Greedy,” Bruce said, amused.

“You have no idea,” John replied. “You have lube here?”

“No, I didn't think this would happen,” Bruce answered.

John grabbed one of Bruce's hands and licked it, coated it in as much saliva as he could. He bit Bruce’s index finger playfully before he let them slip out of his mouth. “It's fine, we both know I can take your fingers with just spit.” He leaned back and pulled his legs up, holding himself open for Bruce. “Come on, Bruce. I want your fingers inside me and your mouth around my cock,” he added.

Bruce kissed him, hard before he sank to his knees. “Filthy pretty mouth.”

“You love it,” John moaned as Bruce pushed the first finger in none too gently. John threw his head back against the couch and bit his lip because he didn't want to wake the whole house with a howl.

“Good?” Bruce asked, smugly.

“Yes, fuck yes, keep going, put another one in,” John hissed. He felt wild and on the edge of something. He hadn't felt that way in a while. Fuck, sex with Bruce was always fucking good, but right now it seemed like everything in John was attuned to sex and only sex. Pleasure was coursing through his body like a drug.

Bruce shoved two fingers in and John buried his hands in the soft blanket under him. Grabbing it hard and pulling as Bruce's fingers were fucking him: stretching and playing with his prostate. “Harder, harder, harder,” John chanted under his breath. “Fuck, Bruce so good.”

“So gorgeous,” Bruce breathed against John's cock. The moist breath made John impossibly harder. He felt his cock jerk at the proximity of Bruce's lips.

“Suck it, Bruce,” John begged. “God, please, use your teeth.”

“Wanton little human,” Bruce teased, licking the head of John's cock.

John shuddered, and grabbed the blanket harder. He hoped Oliver didn't love it much, cause he was sure he would rip it if Bruce kept teasing and by god, John wanted him to keep teasing.

“Bruce, please,” John said.

Bruce opened his mouth and took John in, let his teeth graze the hard flesh as he slid down on John's cock. John groaned, couldn't help himself. Was way beyond caring if he woke anyone.

Bruce grabbed John's hip hard to keep him in place while his mouth worked his magic on John's cock and his fingers were pushing in and out of John's ass hard.

“Gonna come,” John choked out just before his orgasm wrecked his whole body.

“You taste different,” Bruce said, once they had their breath back.

“You probably swallowed some of those tiny robots,” John replied smiling.

Bruce gave him a look. “Not funny.”
“It is. A little bit,” John said, leaning in and kissing Bruce.

Bruce pressed closer and then hissed. John pulled away, looked at Bruce and then down. “Oh.” Bruce was hard again. “Did the wanton little human turn the big bad wolf on?” John teased.

Bruce kissed him hard. “Yes,” he hissed.

“Wanna fuck me?” John asked.

“Yes,” Bruce replied, “But I still don't have lube.”

“I bet that never happens to Jay and Dick,” John teased, and got bitten for his trouble. He moaned at the feeling of Bruce's teeth against his shoulder. “Fuck lube, Bruce, I'll heal and I'm stretched and relaxed already. Also, not my first rodeo.”

“John-”

“Come on, big bad wolf, I want you to fuck me hard,” John said, pulling Bruce in and between his legs. Teasing with his still wet and willing entrance.

“Hands and knees,” Bruce growled, letting go of John so he could get into position.

John complied, the couch was just big enough for it. Bruce ran his hand over John's back, from his neck to his ass and then dipped a finger inside. John groaned. And then Bruce slid his hand back the same path, grabbed John by the neck and pushed him into the sofa cushions, John grabbed at whatever was nearest. Bruce wasn't going to play around, the thought alone got John's cock interested again. He couldn’t wait for when they could do this with Bruce in wolf-form.

Bruce’s free hand spread John's ass and then John could feel Bruce's cock nudging his hole.

“Please fuck me, please, please, please,” John mumbled into the cushions. He felt desperate for it.

“Wanton little human,” Bruce said again and pushed inside.

It hurt, but not as much as John thought it would and then Bruce was moving and the pain was just spiking up the pleasure. Bruce was hitting his prostate every other thrust. John bit the cushion and met Bruce's thrust, wanting Bruce to go harder, deeper, faster. Bruce's hand tightened a bit around his neck, his nails biting into John's skin and it made him moan. John was getting hard again. Bruce was so fucking right, he was a wanton little human. And Bruce was fucking him so good: hard, fast and steady. John could feel the bruises forming on his skin where Bruce's hands were holding him in place. Moaned when he thought about those beautiful bite marks. Bruce thrust in particular hard and hit his prostate just right: the orgasm was a surprise, John cursed, tightened around Bruce's cock and felt Bruce come inside him a few moments later.

Bruce kissed his back and shoulder.

“Oh, fuck, Bruce, no idea what Palmer put into those robots, but maybe he should sell them to couples,” his voice was raspy and he felt so fucking good, and thirsty.

Bruce laughed, John could feel it against his skin. “Not gonna have that conversation with him,” Bruce replied and pulled out of John.

John rolled over and looked up at Bruce. “I think I'm dangerously dehydrated now.”

“I'll get you some water,” Bruce said.
“And something to eat. I'm hungry like a wolf,” John replied.

Bruce laughed. “Back in a bit.”

John grabbed the blanket, inspected it for stains and then curled up on the sofa again. God, he was tired. He closed his eyes and hoped that Bruce would be back soon.

~+~

When John woke up again, he was still on the couch, curled up under another blanket. He stretched and his stomach growled. He sighed, he had fallen asleep and never got that snack.

There were clothes laid out, so John grabbed them and made his way to the nearest bathroom to shower and change.

He frowned at his image in the mirror. The bruises were still very vivid, usually they would be a fading by now. Freaking nanobots, John thought.

He stepped under the spray and washed up quickly, he was still tender from Bruce's cock too. But that wasn't so bad, John figured.

Once he was done and clothed, he went to the kitchen. It smelled of bacon and eggs and coffee. His mouth watered and his stomach growled again.

“Good morning, John,” Jay said, grinning.

John nodded and made for the toast and bacon. “I'm starving,” he said and moaned as the bacon hit his tongue. He grabbed a plate and sat down, pulling the bacon and eggs close.

“Slow down,” Jay said “You might choke.”

“Maybe he likes it a bit,” Roy threw in.

John swallowed and looked at the boy. Roy was grinning, like Jay. “Shit you heard us last night.”

“Mostly you,” Jay admitted.

“Yeah, it was something like: Yes, fuck yes, keep going, put another one in,” Roy said helpfully.

“I think: harder, harder, harder, was used a lot too,” Jay grinned.

“I'm sorry,” John said between bites.

“Don't even. We know you're not,” Roy said, but he was amused by the whole thing.

“The marathon fucking last night means you're better, right?” Jason asked.

“Yeah, I think. No urge to kill anything anymore,” John said. “How is Dick?”

“He'll live, he’s sleeping it off now.” Jason answered. “It was still fucking scary to see you attack him.”

“I'm sorry. I – I don't remember much about it.”

“Better that way,” Roy said. “Don't worry. Ray is gonna look for a cure for as long as it takes. He's gonna fix this.”
John swallowed the rest of his coffee and grabbed a muffin. “I still don't feel right,” he admitted.

“You smell different too,” Roy said.

“How?”

“More human, but also good,” Roy shrugged. “Can't really explain it, but like: I want to eat you up.”

“Yeah,” Jason said. “Like that.”

“Strange,” John replied.

“That's what you get for fucking with nature,” Jason said. “Because you know it was fucking stupid and irresponsible.”

“I wanted to run with you guys,” John said, shrugging. He finished his muffin, poured more coffee, and buttered a roll.

“Was it worth it?” Roy asked.

“I don't know. I – Dick got hurt and Bruce thinks we shouldn't try it again.”

“Not until Ray runs a lot of tests. You know he cooked that stuff up in a few days, right?” Roy asked, pushing the cheese in John's direction.

John nodded. In hindsight, it had been a stupid idea to test it on himself. For god's sake, Palmer hadn't even seen him. But he had been able to turn and run. It worked, now they needed to get rid of the kinks and everything would be like it should be.

“Yeah, learned my lesson,” John said.

“Good, so are you done eating? Cause we're meeting at Headquarters with Diggle and the rest to talk strategy,” Roy said.

John grabbed another muffin. “I feel like I haven’t eaten in days.”

“That's cause you haven't,” Jason said.

“There is food at Headquarters,” Roy threw in. “Come on.”

John nodded and followed them to the car.

~+~

“Something smells good,” Felicity said, without turning around. “Did you get cake on the way here?”

“No,” Roy said. “That would be John.”

“Funny,” Felicity replied as Roy kissed her cheek. She seemed a bit distracted, or maybe she was really focused on whatever the hell she was doing right now.

John couldn’t see Bruce or Oliver anywhere, but the big guy must be Diggle.

“Not even joking,” Roy said.
“So what do we have?” John asked.

“A half cooked plan to lure the crazy person out who wants to kill all werewolves in Starling City,” Felicity answered, hitting something on her keyboard and then yelling, “Ha!” She turned around then. Cocked her head. “You're a good looking guy, John Blake.”

“Thank you,” John said.

“And Roy is right you do smell really good,” she got up. “Like really, really good. I want to eat you up, John Blake,” she continued, coming closer and the fucked up thing was that John was totally reacting to her. He knew that she was with Oliver and he was with Bruce, but he could feel the arousal spread through his body.

“John?” Jay asked.

“I'm fine,” John said, but he was moving, meeting Felicity halfway and then they were kissing and it was so hot and he wanted her to ride his cock and – he groaned, struggling against Jason's grip as he pulled them apart.


“Not you too,” Roy groaned. He was standing as far away from John as it was polite, John thought.

“No, contrary to popular belief, John's condition doesn't affect people who aren't into his particular gender.”


“Oh,” Felicity said, licking her lips. “You didn't smell like that before.”

“Like what?” John exploded.

“Like werewolf catnip,” Felicity said. “Or werenip? Wolfnip?”

“Felicity,” Diggle cut in.

“Right,” Felicity said, visibly getting a grip on herself and stepping away from John. “You're like advertising.”

“What?” John asked again, well aware he sounded like a fool.

“For sex,” Diggle explained, crossing his arms over his chest.

“Fuck, I can't. I mean it was a side effect, before. But not since I've bonded with Bruce,” John said, running a hand through his hair.

Jason let go of him and exchanged a look with Roy. “John-” he said.

“What now?”

“You aren't anymore.”

“What?”

“Bonded. That's why you smell like sex on legs. You probably feel a bit frisky right now too?”
John nodded and refused to blush. “Yeah.”

“You're not bonded, but you have the gene and are advertising,” Felicity said. “And me and Diggle we're pure-blood wolves, so...” she shrugged. “Sorry for sexually harassing you. I really am sorry. This just blindsided me.”

John had no fucking words. “Is this a side effect of the nanobots cleaning up the wolf inside me?”

“We don't know,” Diggle replied. “I'm calling Ray.” He took out his phone and went out to make the call.

“What the fuck is happening?”

“I told Ray not to play around with something like this,” Felicity sighed. “Not that I knew what exactly he was doing, but-” she cut herself off. “I'm sorry.”

“It's probably only temporary,” Jason tried, but John didn't think so. He didn't think Jay believed it either. He wasn't bounded to Bruce, that was – John couldn’t even begin to comprehend how you can be unbounded without the other person's consent.

“I need a drink,” John said, grabbing the nearest chair.

“Oliver has vodka,” Roy said. “It's good stuff too.”

John nodded. “And where the hell is Bruce?”

“Making the rounds with Oliver,” Felicity answered. “They should be here soon.”

John wasn't even sure he wanted Bruce here. Bruce would blame himself. Everything would fall apart and he's fought so fucking hard to be with Bruce. “Fuck, shit, fuck,” John yelled.

Jason hugged him hard. John could barely stand it. Jay felt so good, so solid, and firm. His mind wandered to all kinds of NC-17 places with him and Jay as the stars.

“Could you just not,” John groaned.

“Not what?” Jason asked gently.

“Touch me!” John said harshly and pushed Jason's hands away. “I just can't – I'm sorry.”

“Always knew you wanted my ass,” Jason joked, but backed away.

“Doesn't everyone,” Roy said, coming back with the vodka and glasses.

John poured while he waited for Palmer or Bruce or both of them.

This day could only get worse.
Nineteen

Jason inhaled the smoke, letting the nicotine wash over him. He hadn’t smoked in years, but he really needed it. His nerves were frayed and they hadn’t even gotten into the planning stage yet. “Fucking with nature.”

“So, you gonna tell me what is really going on?” Roy asked as he took the cigarette from his fingers.

“Shit.” Jason sighed, rubbing his brow. It wasn’t his story to tell, but now it was affecting Roy too. He refrained from telling Roy anything the other day, but now? “John was bitten and fucking Bruce washed his blood to prevent him from turning. And it worked, kinda. John had most of our traits, the enhanced senses and all that, but he couldn’t turn. It really fucked John up.”

“Fuck, I can’t even imagine,” Roy blew out a puff of smoke.

“Exactly.” Jason groaned. “So, long story short, Palmer had some nanoshit that fixed it. John turned, but as you saw it didn’t really fix him. So he was stuck and now, fuck. Palmer did something to him, he’s advertising like before. And I no longer feel our bond-”

“Your bond?” Roy cut in, confused

Jason nodded, “We had a blood bond, we were bitten by the same fucking bastard.”

“The Draken guy? The one you were telling me about?” Roy questioned as he offered the cigarette back to Jason and Jason took it.

“The one and only,” Jason sneered. “Fuck.”

“So now what?”

“No fucking clue.” Jason breathed as he enjoyed the burn of the cigarette. He closed his eyes and smiled as he caught the scent of his mate through the smoke. He glanced over the edge of the roof and waved at Dick who was approaching the building.

Dick winked at him and then climbed up the side of the building with graceful ease. This was why he was fucking Robin. Jason loved how he moved and immediately pulled Dick into a kiss. Their mate bond filling in the emptiness he felt… Jason wasn’t sure if he’d ever get over that loss of John’s bond. He didn’t even know it was that strong until it was gone.

“So, what did I miss?” Dick asked as they parted. “Besides sharing a cigarette on the rooftop,” he teased, glancing over at Roy. “Is this part of your bromance?”

Jason sighed, pressing his face into the crook of Dick’s neck and just breathing him in. He felt Dick stiffen slightly and he knew that Dick felt Jason’s unease.

“Hey,” Dick frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s John.”

“John? But he turned back, he’s okay, isn’t he?” Dick’s voice was laced with concern.
“No, he’s human.” Jason began, not really sure how to explain it. It wasn’t like they had any confirmation on it… he just knew.

“Yeah? He turned back after the injection.”

“He’s advertising, Felicity was so affected that they kissed-”

“It was so fucking hot,” Roy cut in and Jason just gave him a look.

“But, John’s with Bruce. They’re bonded.” Dick argued. “John wouldn’t.”

“John’s no longer bonded.” Jason sighed. “No idea what Palmer injected into him last night, but it’s like he’s human again. And his come hither sex partner scent is so much stronger.”

Dick shook his head and then turned to the door. Jason grabbed his arm, trying to prevent him from going downstairs. “I need to see him, this doesn’t make any sense.”

“It’ll fuck with you,” Jason warned him, but he also knew that his words of warning would only fuel Dick to go downstairs to see John… to help him.

“Don’t care, it’s John.” Dick stated with such conviction that he knew there was nothing Jason could say to prevent him from going to John.

Jason nodded and let him go.

Dick leaned in and kissed him, before he rushed down the stairs. Jason glanced at Roy who only shook his head.

“Better go after him, he’s a purebred with the gene, he’ll fuck with John just as much as John will fuck with him.” Roy stated, leaning back on the ledge. “I’m so not going down there.”

Jason groaned, “Fuck.”

He reluctantly followed, but he didn’t have to go far, Dick stood paralyzed on the steps, his knuckles white from gripping the railing so hard. “Don’t.” Dick warned as he neared him, practically growling at Jason.

“Dick?”

Dick shuddered and then suddenly he was turning, ripping through his clothes and darting down the stairs in his wolf form.

“Fuck.” Jason inhaled as he picked up Dick’s clothes and raced after him. Jason watched almost hypnotized as Dick went to John, rubbing against him and John sighed, brushing his fingers against his soft fur.

John’s anger seemed to flow out of him as Dick’s presence calmed him and muted John’s scent in doing so. John buried his head into Dick’s side. Dick licked at his face.

Jason sighed with relief, he was afraid that Dick would faceplant into John’s groin again, like he did so many years ago. But Jason felt the strong pull of his bond with Dick, Jason was keeping Dick grounded… their bond.

Dick barked at him and Jason crossed over to them.

Jason sat down beside them, brushing his fingers through Dick’s fur. “So, what’s the scoop?”
“Ray’s on his way,” Felicity replied. “Ollie and Bruce are also on their way back.”

Jason nodded, “And the plan of attack?”

Felicity shook her head. “Right, Bruce said they had something.”

Diggle just looked up at them, crossing his arms over his chest. “It’s a start.” He waived his hand over at them. “This complicates things.”

Doesn’t he know it, Jason thought bitterly.

A ringtone broke into his thoughts and Dick barked at Jason. And Jason looked at Dick in confusion, it wasn’t his phone. Dick barked again and Jason realized that the ringing was coming from Dick’s discarded clothing.

“Oh, shit,” Jason gasped. He searched Dick’s pockets and found it. “Hello?”

“You’re not Grayson.”

Jason sighed, rubbing his brow. “He can’t talk.”

Dick barked at him once more, this time it was a bit sharp and it sounded like a reprimand.

“He says hi,” Jason snorted, knowing that Damian had to hear him barking. “Can I help you?”

“Tt.”

Jason pinched the bridge of his nose. He didn’t have time for this fucking shit. “Damian.”

“We haven’t heard that Starling City has been destroyed on the news, so I assume everyone’s alive.” Damian spit out and Jason cursed under his breath. With everything that was happening, he couldn’t remember if anyone had called back home with an update. “Well?”

“We’re alive.” Jason replied as he got up and took the phone call into another room.

“And?”

“We have a tentative plan of action, which we’ll probably put into place tonight… but it’s John. He’s no longer bonded with Bruce or me. He’s human again, with no traits anymore.”

“What?” Damian gasped, his voice finally sounded more human. “He’s pack.”

“Not anymore.” Jason sighed and then updated him on everything that had happened. “So, yeah.”

“How’s Father?” Damian asked softly.

“He doesn’t know, but I’m sure he’s starting to feel the loss now. I didn’t feel anything last night, but now it’s apparent.” Jason’s own heart ached at the thought. He couldn’t imagine if he suddenly lost his bond with Dick. It was funny considering how hard he fought it in the beginning. And now? He was a believer in the happily ever after thing.

“Fuck.”


“Tt.”
“How’s Tim?” Jason questioned instead, knowing that Dick would ask for an update.

“He’s good, but restless.” Damian said fondly. “The full moon is too far off, he wants to be a wolf now.”

“He’s waited for years, he can wait another few weeks.” Jason sighed. “I better get going, send Tim and Alfred all our love and all that shit.”

“Will do,” Damian replied and then hung up.

Jason sighed and made his way back into the main room just in time to see Bruce and Oliver arrive back.

Bruce was livid, but Jason had to give him props for how cool and collected he looked.

John looked miserable and his scent spiked as Bruce finally pulled John into his embrace and John buried his face into his chest.

It was tender and painful to look at. Jason growled when Bruce’s scent washed over him and the mixture of the once bonded pair was too much. He had to get some fresh air.

~*~

It was almost sunset when Dick joined him on the roof. “Thought I’d find you here.”

Jason sighed, “It was just too much, ya know? I’m not sure how you even managed.”

“I almost didn’t, I had to transform.” Dick confessed as he leaned against him. “It was so strong, if I hadn’t I’d probably would have fucked John senseless.”

Jason growled as that scenario played into his head. “Would have been hot.”

Dick slapped his arm. “But I’d have felt horrible… you’re my mate.” He leaned in and kissed him softly: that turned into something more heated pretty damn quickly.

All the fucking pheromones in the air, finally getting to them. Jason tugged on Dick’s shirt and ran his hand down his pants. “Fuck,” Jason groaned as he blinked and looked down at the black leather pants Dick was wearing.

“Like them?” Dick breathed as he shimmied his hips. “They’re Oliver’s.”

“Shit,” Jason tugged Dick to him and ravaged his mouth once more. They parted to breathe and took notice that they were no longer alone.

“Knew it was a mistake sending Dick to fetch you,” Roy teased. “But time’s a ticking.”

Dick snorted against Jason’s neck. “Oh, right. We have a plan.”

“Yeah?” Jason chuckled, glancing back over at Roy. “We’ll be down in a second.”

Roy laughed, “Uhuh.” He shook his head, dragging his fingers through his hair and left.

“Where were we?” Jason asked, turning his attention back to Dick.

“You were about to rip my pants off and suck me dry,” Dick grinned and Jason flushed with desire.
Jason winked at him and dropped down to his knees, knowing that Dick would return the favor. Jason took a moment to admire Dick in the leather pants before he peeled them down and took Dick’s cock into his mouth. He was so fucking hard and Jason wondered how long he had been this way.

Dick’s fingers tugged into Jason’s hair and Jason knew it wouldn’t take long, they had been building up to this all day long. “Yes, fuck. Jay.”

Jason loved when Dick’s voice trailed off moaning his name over and over again until he came. Jason licked him clean and then tucked him back into his pants and Dick pulled him up, kissing him deeply. “God, you taste so fucking good.”

Dick groaned. “Stop, we don’t have time for more.”

“More?” Jason breathed as Dick winked at him, dropping down to his knees.

“Later?” Dick began as he undid his pants and freed Jason’s cock. “I want you to fuck me so hard I forget to breathe.”

“Fuck.” Jason moaned as Dick wrapped his mouth around the head of Jason’s cock, teasing him before he swallowed him down. It didn’t take long, he had been on edge since this morning. He bit his lip as his orgasm washed over him and he tugged on Dick’s hair.

Dick cleaned him up and tucked him back in. “Later.”

“Later.”

~*~

Later never happened, they were spread out through the city just after dusk. Jason questioned the use of using the nanotechnology again, especially after it fucked up John. But it would help inoculate all the wolves in town, without the drop off points they had discussed earlier. They didn’t want to draw out the wolves.

And they already knew the serum worked, they had all been inoculated before they left Gotham.

Jason set the bomb? Technically that’s what it was, it would explode and let out the nanobots. They were airborne and would attach to everyone in the mile radius. Jason was setting up the last one before they’d go off and save the city.

Now they just had to find the bastard that started this.

Jason sighed and then jumped off the building, heading to the rendezvous point.

“Jason.”

Jason startled, turning around to see the man that he never thought he’d see again. Draken.

“My, my, you’ve grown up into a very handsome man.” He leered as he stepped out of the shadow and Jason inhaled sharply, his neck burning as a reminder.

“Fuck off.” He growled.

“It’s time you came home.”

Jason shook his head. “I am home.”
Draken smirked and was about to strike him when the Batman dropped down between them. Jason was frozen in his spot, torn in so many ways he didn’t think was possible after all this time.

Draken lunged at Batman, but he stood his ground and countered the attack.

“Found him!” Felicity’s voice rang through the comm link. “The bastard’s a doctor.” She rattled off the address and Jason knew they were close.

“Fuck.” Jason hissed, they finally had Draken and their mark was only a few blocks away.

Batman hit Draken with a Batdart and he went down. They quickly tied him up and called the cops to pick him up. They had no choice but to leave him and go after their mark.

Jason looked down at the man that turned him, that killed his mother and he punched Draken in the gut. A calming sense washed over Jason, but he wanted more. He wanted to kill the fucking bastard.

“Stand down,” Bruce ordered and Jason bit back a curse and reluctantly nodded his head.

Jason followed Bruce to the warehouse only to see that the Arrow was already on the scene and had their main suspect tied up with an arrow piercing his chest... but it wasn’t a fatal wound. Jason wondered briefly what went down, but then his mind went back to Draken and he darted back to the alley where they had left him.

“Fuck,” Jason cursed when he found a pile of tattered clothes instead. The sedative wasn’t strong enough... he shifted to his wolf form to get out of the ties.

“Hey,” Dick began as he dropped down beside him and immediately made a face. “That scent, Draken?”

“Yeah, we had him!” Jason growled, slamming his fist into the wall.

Dick went through the pile of clothes and found a phone and a wallet. “He may have gotten away, but we have clues to go on.”

Jason growled, he knew they shouldn’t have left him here. Sirens rang through the air and Jason cursed again. “Figures they’d show up now.”

“Come on,” Dick tugged on his hand and they made their way back to Headquarters.

Jason was distracted and he really didn’t follow the who, what, and what have you. The city was safe and the nanobombs had gone off, protecting everyone just in case there was some sort of evil doctor backup plan.

Jason honestly didn’t care, his thoughts were on Draken and the possible leads.

“Fuck this, are we going after him?” Jason questioned and they turned to him. “This is done, we have a bigger case to go after now.”

“Jason,” Bruce began but Jason shook his head.

“No, fuck, if we don’t make a move on him now, we’ll lose him like last time!”

Bruce sighed, pinching his brow. “Brief the team.”

Jason’s heart skipped a beat and then he rattled off all the facts of their case, that they made
contact… “The phone!”

“Phone?” Felicity perked up, “Give it to me.” She actually made grabby hands at Jason.

Dick handed it over to her and then crossed back over to Jason. This was a start.

Dick leaned against Jason and Jason breathed in his scent, calming himself. They had to act fast. It was going to be a long fucking night. He was just grateful that the Arrow team was willing to help.
Part Two: Chapter Twenty

Roy couldn’t even think about the fuckedupness of what happened to John without being angry again. How dare Bruce Wayne take this away from someone?

Now that the city was safe, and the adrenaline rush gone, everything else was setting in. And being around John didn’t help at all. He could smell the arousal on Felicity too. Oliver of course wasn’t affected at all. But Roy felt like fucking for hours would barely be enough. Thank god, the Batman and Robins were out on patrol while they went over the data… that would have just been too much pheromones to take in.

He wanted to help Jay catch this Draken guy, but Oliver was talking about this Doctor Meyer and how he had only recently acquired the resources to produce so many drugs so fast. Something else was going on here, alright, but –“Shit, I need to go home,” Roy cut into Oliver’s explanation.

Oliver looked startled and then displeased. “Roy, this is important.”

“I need to go, or John needs to go, but honestly by now, I’m not sure if just removing him would help,” Roy replied. “Send me a memo.”

“Roy-”

“Let him be, Oliver,” Felicity said.

“No, I,” John ran a hand through his hair and it just made everything worse for pretty much everyone except Oliver and Diggle. “I’ll go.”

“Where?” Felicity asked.

“Not alone, in your state, you’ll be raped for sure,” Roy said.

Felicity winced, but they all knew it was true. There were criminal elements in every city and someone would snatch a good looking guy like John up, especially when he was advertising like this. Felicity was right, he was Werenip. And there was also Draken to consider. Roy didn’t know if the guy was into men, but – he was sure that Draken could find a use for John.

“Fuck,” John said.

“Pretty much,” Diggle replied. “I can get you to the villa.”

“Thank you, Diggle,” Oliver said. “Also, just for the record? This is one of the reasons I’m not even considering being a werewolf.”

Felicity frowned. “Your timing is the worse.”

He smiled at her and she growled.

“Okay, Diggle will take care of John and I will go and take care of- me,” Roy said and left them before someone could argue.

~++~
His apartment smelled dusty and unused, and he really needed to do the dishes. Fuck, he had barely been home over the last few days. And it had been nice to be able to wake up with Oliver and Felicity.

He did the dishes and then ordered a pizza.

“Home sweet home,” he said to the walls as he sat down on the couch and opened his laptop. A present from Felicity.

Their Team had a copy of the Index, it seemed to Roy as if the Index was missing parts, he had been wondering about it since he first started to read it. Despite everything the thing was fucking fascinating. Sometimes you could find some hand scribbled anecdotes in the corners of photographs and drawings. Some of the blood-lines were hundreds of years old. He could follow the Grayson line (back then Gray-Son) to the 18th century. Purebloods most of them. Highest T-gene concentration in a family too. And still because of their traveling nature, not inbred.

Draken’s family wasn’t on the Index, but Blackwell was and it was a sprawling thing too.

He even fond his grandfather’s family, not a big bunch, but reaching back centuries too. There was history there. And here he was in a trailer, eating pizza, and feeling sorry for himself.

His grandmother would have slapped him over the head for this shit. Probably for joining Team Arrow too.

He was startled out of the Index and his family histories by the doorbell.

“Fucking finally,” he said, grabbing his wallet and opening the door. “You are not the pizza-guy,” he said to Felicity. With so many smells around him in the trailer-park it was hard to make out scents.

“I bring Chinese,” she said, holding up the containers. “And Oliver. We intercepted the pizza guy and gave your pizza away. I hope you don’t mind.”

Roy nodded, he didn’t mind, and stepped aside to let them in.

“Working on the Index?” Oliver asked, as he sat down on the couch. Roy always thought Oliver looked out of place on his ratty couch, or in his ratty trailer apartment. But Oliver never seemed to care.

“It’s interesting,” Roy shrugged. He had always liked history in school.

“Found anything useful?”

“For us, or for Team Batcave?” Roy asked.

“Team Batcave, nice,” Felicity said, kissing his cheek and then his lips and it was a good thing she already put the food down, because Roy wasn’t going to let go of her any time soon. It was probably still an after effect of being so close to John, but he felt like a thirteen year old boy discovering his dick for the first time.

He’s never actually fucked Felicity, for all that they have done, but he thought that tonight might just be the night. He made himself slow down. “I wanna fuck you and if you think it’s not the right time or place, you and Oliver should go, right now,” he said, but his hands were holding her close and he could feel her wet and hot against his leg, rubbing off on him.

“You’re talking too much, makes me want to gag you,” Felicity smirked. Shit, but maybe Roy
loved it a bit that she liked to be in control when they had sex. Her alpha wolf nature only come out to play then. Roy loved to follow her commands. It always lead to awesome things.

“I’m taking this as full consent on your part,” Roy said.

“Yeah, do that, on your knees,” She replied, pushing him away and down. Roy hit the floor hard, ripping her panties down and shoving her short skirt up. She and Oliver both moaned as Roy pushed his tongue into Felicity. She was already so wet, but then he hadn’t expected anything else really, after a whole day in close proximity to John.

“Feeling a bit left out here,” Oliver remarked, but when Roy glanced at him, his pants were open and he was stroking himself.

“Wait your turn, lover,” Felicity replied, her fingers tangling painfully in Roy’s hair. She was practically fucking his face and he could feel her gorgeous strong legs tremble with a coming orgasm. She came with a moan that was more like a growl.

Roy wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked up at her.

“Condoms,” Felicity said.

“And lube,” Oliver threw in. “Because I feel like fucking you, while you’re inside Felicity.”


Roy laughed, but got up to get the supplies.

This was going to be an awesome and long night.

~+~

“You look like you didn’t sleep at all,” Jay said the next afternoon at Headquarters.

“Celebratory sex,” Roy explained, wolfing down a sandwich. “I’m sure you have those too.”

“Yeah, we do,” Jason grinned.

“So, you’re staying?” Roy asked, but it wasn’t really a question.

“Yeah, me and Dick are going after Draken, but Bruce will need to go back to Gotham. Damian can’t handle Gotham alone for so long and he’s also worried about Tim.”

“The boy you turned,” Roy nodded.

“Yeah, we should be with him, but – fuck, we’ve never been closer to Draken and I need this to be over and done with. I need-”

“Closure,” Roy finished for him.

“Yeah. I thought I moved on from it all, but seeing Draken, or Blackwell or whatever his name is, it brought all the rage back, you know? I wanted to kill him.”

Roy nodded. “Regretting you didn’t?”

“Nah…not really. Thing is when I first turned I killed people, I wasn’t in the right mind, Draken wasn’t a pack-leader who cared if we killed people. And then Bruce took me in and the first and
only rule I’m sure he will enforce was if I kill one more time, he’ll put me down for good.”

“Shit, Jay, how old were you?”

“Thirteen,” Jason said, sipping his coffee. “He meant it too. Bruce was always straight with me. I like that about him.”

Roy thought back to all the times Oliver had lied to him – fuck. But there were other qualities Roy liked in Oliver and Oliver made an effort not to lie to them as much anymore.

“What about John?”

“Actually, that’s why I’m here,” Jason said. “He’s with Dick right now, cause it seems Dick’s werewolf form calms him down, but Bruce would like for Diggle to escort John to Gotham and then the manor. It’s safer, ya know? And Bruce is meeting with Ray again to see if they can do something, but I doubt it. He’ll fly home later tonight.”

Roy nodded. “I’m sure Diggle will be fine to do it, he’s never been to Gotham before either.”

“With all the rumors about the Batman killing werewolves in his city, no wonder,” Jason snorted. “But it’s safe for wolves now. I mean as safe as Gotham can be anyway.”

“A bit better with you Robins running around, I imagine.”

“We do what we can,” Jason said, finishing his coffee.

“Need a place to crash?”

“Oliver offered his home, and we accepted. Dick needs to run, and I admit that I would go crazy too, if I couldn’t turn now and then as well. But thanks for the offer.”

“Any time,” Roy said and meant it. “Any idea what will happen to John now?”

“No, guess with him being human again, but also having the gene in full bloom, as Dick likes to call it, it’s just a shitty situation all around. If he were just human…” Jay shrugged, “But he isn’t and he will attract people and especially werewolves, purebloods. Bruce is freaking out about it. Blames himself for even considering unsafe nanobots as a cure.”

“To be fair, Ray healed himself with them, so…the chances were good.”

“Yeah, still. Fucking with nature – not a fan. And you can see why. John will go crazy at the manor, Bruce won’t touch him, they fought about it last night. Really loud, cause John is needy and in love with Bruce and Bruce won’t fuck him. They aren’t talking right now. John’s a cop, so he won’t stop being a cop just because he isn’t superhuman anymore.”

“Shit,” Roy said and then because it just occurred to him, “You really need to explain it all to your teenage werewolf and soon, cause that boy won’t know what hit him.”

“Yeah, fuck. Damian was unaffected back then, but then he hadn’t been a teenage boy.”

“It’s worse with teenagers, cause all they think about is sex,” Roy grinned. “Not like us adults.”

Jason grinned back.

The thing was, even if all the messed up things and the Draken guy in his city, Roy was glad that Jason and Dick were staying. Even if only so long until they finished the case or the lead on
Draken got cold.

Team Arrow would help them as much as they could, but Roy knew his city, it was always demanding something from them and then there was what Felicity called ‘The Index Conspiracy’. Something was fishy about the Index, she was right and maybe this Draken guy showing up here when the city was in danger wasn’t a lucky coincidence at all. He should run those thoughts by Oliver later.

Right now he was going to enjoy coffee and a sandwich with Jay.
Part Two: Chapter Twenty One

Twenty One

John’s eyes snapped open, startled when Diggle called out his name. John should have been able to smell him a mile away, John should have been able to hear him walk up to him. His senses felt dull… he never really appreciated his enhanced senses until they were gone.

“John?”

John shook his head, trying to clear his thoughts. “Yeah?”

“It’s time to go.” Diggle offered him a small smile, but it felt false to John… everything did.

“Right.” John snipped, hating that he was being cast away so easily and being sent back home to Gotham. It was safer, the manor more secluded…. Blah, blah, blah.

He had argued with Bruce for hours the night before. All under the guise of John’s safety, but John knew the truth. Bruce blamed himself and then fucking refused to touch John, which resulted in another heated argument.

“John.” Diggle stressed, trying to urge him on.

“Fuck,” John cursed as he grabbed his bag and followed Diggle out of the place.

~*~

John was angry, frustrated, and to top it all off, he was fucking horny. And Diggle was just sitting there like he didn’t have a fucking care in the world. “Why did you have to say yes?” John questioned a bit too sharply. “If you’d refused, then Bruce would have been forced to go home with me instead and deal with our shit.”

Diggle shrugged. “I was asked.”

John huffed, dragging his fingers through his hair before he had to get up and walk. He felt so trapped in this damn plane… and to think he was so excited on the way to Starling City. He was to see his mate, his lover… and now, now he felt like he’d lost everything he had worked so hard to get.

John slumped back down into his seat, glancing over at Diggle and realized he knew nothing about the man. “What’s your first name?”

“Same as yours, John.” He smiled. “But most people call me Digs or Diggle.”

John nodded, “My first name isn’t John.”

Diggle raised a brow.

“It’s Robin.”

“Ironic,” Diggle smiled and John snorted. “Considering Bruce is the Batman.”

“Or it was,” John sighed. “This is just so fucked up. It took us years to finally get together and now? Fuck. It’s practically all gone.”
“He loves you,” Diggle stated confidently. “Almost too much.”

John frowned. “What do you mean?”

Diggle raised a brow. “He used a nanobot serum on you, with very little testing. The Batman would have never done something so careless. But he was blinded by his love for you and the need to make you happy.”

John sighed, he hadn’t really thought about it like that. “I don’t blame him for this, I’ve wanted to turn so damn much. I’ve ached every day since I was bitten to be able to be a wolf. I regret the fact that I went feral and attacked Dick. There were kinks to fix, but I never imagined that the second shot would turn me fully human… that just seems impossible to me.”

Diggle nodded. “You were a rare case to begin with.”

“I know.” John sighed, glancing out the window. “But not anymore.”

~*~

“Welcome home, Master John.” Alfred smiled as he greeted them at the front door. “And you must be Mister Diggle. It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

John forced a smile and sighed. It was good to be home, but he wondered how much longer he’d be calling the manor his home… he was no longer pack. “Thanks, Alfred.” He stated as he glanced at Diggle, “Thanks for babysitting, but I’m good now.”

John didn’t wait for Diggle to respond, he made a beeline for his room. Their room. He crawled onto the bed and pulled the comforter around him. It smelled like Bruce and their bond before everything was ripped apart.

John groaned when there was a knock at the door. He wanted to scream at whoever it was and tell them to go fuck themselves. He wanted to be alone, to immerse himself in the scent of his mate-fuck. “What?”

“John?”

Tim.

John growled under his breath as a spike of jealousy washed over him. He was jealous of a teenage boy. But Tim had everything that John wanted. He was turned out of love and acceptance, he was bonded to the one he loved, his mate. “Yeah?”

Tim opened the door, peeking in on him. “You okay?”

“Fucking, loaded question there.” John sighed as he waved Tim in and sat up. “I’ll live, I guess.”

Tim gave him a weak smile and crossed over to the bed. “You do smell good,” Tim gasped surprised as he neared him. “I didn’t think I’d be able to smell you.”

John sighed. “Well I can’t smell you.”

Tim frowned, he crawled on the bed and wrapped his arms around John’s waist. It was far more comforting than John thought it would be and John melted against him. Tim buried his face into John’s chest and they just sat there for a moment. “Want to talk about it?”

“What do you know?” John wondered, not really sure… he felt so out of the loop.
“Damian updated me last night,” Tim began, biting his lip. “How did it feel to shift?”

Ah, so that’s what Tim really wanted to talk about. “It hurt, but I think it was more because of the nanobots in my system. It burned like a bitch for a bit, but the shifting itself didn’t. It’s the most amazing thing, Tim. I ran and played with Dick and Jay all night long.” John sighed. “I was looking forward to running with you and Damian as well. With Bruce.”

“Can’t that still happen?” Tim questioned and John’s heart ached.

“I don’t know… In time perhaps, if Bruce is willing to bite me.” John whispered, knowing deep down that Bruce may never consent to turning John like that. If it was even possible for John to be turned, but John was convinced that if he was sending out the willing sex partner scent to attract a mate, that it had to be possible. His gene had been reactivated by the nanobots. John could be turned.

“Get away from him!” Damian growled, suddenly appearing at John’s door.

“Damian.” Tim gasped as he pulled away from John.

John could feel a slight tug towards Damian, it wasn’t as strong as the pull he felt from the pureblood wolves. The need to mate wasn’t as palpable, but it was still there… but closer to the full moon it would be undeniable. “It’s okay.”


Tim hugged John once more and then darted off the bed to Damian. “It’s fine.”

Damian grabbed Tim’s hand and yanked him out of the room and down the hall… Damian reminded John so much of Bruce that it hurt. And even now he was jealous of their relationship and he ached for Bruce to be here with him. To take his hand and be possessive and jealous over him.

Damian had nothing to worry about, John would never… no matter how much he craved the physical contact, he would never harm Tim or Damian. He was caught off guard and slipped when he returned Felicity’s kiss. But now he understood what’s going on and he could control his urges. John groaned, collapsing back in the bed and pulling the comforter once more over him and cocooning himself in Bruce’s sent.

~*~

“Alfred said you haven’t had anything to eat or drink since you’ve returned.”

John closed his eyes when Bruce’s voice washed over him and he was instantly hard. He groaned, “Oh, so you do care about me?”

“John.”

John huffed as the bed dipped with Bruce’s weight and John forced himself not to turn into the welcoming heat that he craved. “Go away, you made it abundantly clear that you want nothing to do with me.”

Bruce sighed. “This is my room.”

“Your room?” John hissed with anger. “This is our fucking room.”

“Language.”
John tensed, “Not the fucking point!” He got up, pushing the blankets away from him. “So, this is it? You’re just going to fucking kick me out of our room? The manor? Diggle was fucking wrong, you don’t love me at all.”

“John.”

“No, you want to end this? Fine. Be the fucking coward.” John growled and stormed out of the room. He couldn’t be here, not with Bruce being a stubborn ass.

~*~

Selina rose a brow, but let John into the apartment that he once called home. He knew this was a fucking mistake, but he was desperate and hurting and he had nowhere else to go. “You and lover boy have a fight?” She questioned as she grabbed a beer and handed one over to him.

He took it and downed half of it, loving the heat of the alcohol in his system. “Something like that.”

“You know I’m not going to be your booty call, when the shit hits the fan.”

John groaned. “That’s not why I’m here.”

“Bullshit,” she smirked, glancing down at his pants. “You reek of sex and you’re hard.”

John sighed.

“And you look like shit.” She commented as she took a sip of her beer.

John dragged his fingers through his hair. “I feel like shit too.”

She sighed heavily and put down her beer. “Fine.” She took his hand and tugged him toward the bathroom. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

John stripped out of his clothes and stepped into the shower. It wasn’t as sexual as it was therapeutic. He needed her kind and loving hands, helping him through this… transition, phase-god he didn’t want to think that it was really over with Bruce. But at the moment all the signs were pointing to a big fat yes.

“Wow,” she gasped as she traced the bruises on his hips. “I’ve never seen you bruise before.”

“Yeah.” He grunted, still loving the ugly bruises that marked his skin… it was all that he had left to prove that Bruce was his and he was Bruce’s.

She kissed his shoulder. “Now shower. I’ll make you something to eat.”

John nodded and stepped under the spray of water. He let the water wash over him, it was cleansing in more ways than one. He felt good and not as horny…maybe it was because he was no longer around any wolves too.

“Hey.” She smiled as he stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around his waist. “You wanna tell me what’s really going on?”

John shook his head, he couldn’t really.

Selina nodded and handed him a glass. “It’ll help.”
John raised a brow, wondering what it was. But he knew that she’d never hurt him. He took the glass, it smelled kinda fruity and tasted like shit. “That’s fucking nasty.”

“But you’ll be just peachy.” She smiled as she pushed him towards the bed and then everything was a comforting haze of darkness.

~*~

He woke up with Selina curled up in his arms. It was nice, comforting. John trailed his fingers down her arm and for a moment everything was as it had been.

“You’re thinking too hard.” She sighed as she looked up at him.

He snorted. “Thanks,” he smiled. “You could have kicked me out.”

“Please, you would have been eaten by the wolves.” She snorted, turning to him and kissing him softly on the lips. “I’ll always be here for you.”

John knew that too. He kissed her brow and they spent the rest of the morning just being lazy in the early morning sunlight. He knew he’d have to go back and face Bruce. But right now he was just going to take this morning for himself and deal with reality later.
Tim rubbed the sleep out of his eyes as he stumbled downstairs to the kitchen. The Wayne manor was becoming more familiar than his own home.

But then he spent so much time here. With Damian. He smiled as he thought about his boyfriend, and that soon they would be able to turn and run.

He was a bit nervous about the turning, he had spoken to Damian, Dick, Jay, and John, even Mister Diggle, about it, but it was different for all of them.

John, Tim thought, John was still not back from Miss Kyle’s place where he was currently staying. Tim missed John, he had gotten used to having John there, or next door when he had to show up at home once in a while.

Tim wondered when John and Bruce would talk it all out. He hoped soon.

Bruce had taken Tim aside three days after he had come home from Starling City. Tim had been nervous about it back then too.

Damian had assured him it wouldn’t be bad, but – Bruce Wayne was an imposing figure on any day and when he looked down at Tim in his office that day, talked about the consequences of his actions, Tim had felt small and stupid.

He had been thinking about becoming a wolf before he knew it was a real possibility, but all of the implications never really registered, until Starling City. Werewolves were an endangered species and now he was part of it. Tim still had no idea how to even begin to explain it all to his parents.

“Thinking big thoughts?” Damian asked from the bottom of the stairs, his head cocked.

Tim hadn’t even realized that he was just standing there in the middle of the staircase, looking ahead, into space.

He shook his head. “Spaced out.”

“No kidding,” Damian said. “Shouldn’t you have been able to tell I was there?”

Tim frowned, he should have been able to. The closer to the full moon they were, the better his sense of smell and his hearing was. It had been patchy at first, but the last few days he had seen an improvement of all his senses.

“Yeah, weird,” Tim said. “You think it means something?”

Damian shrugged. “Besides Father, the only turned wolves I know are Jason and John and neither of them could be called a normal case.”

Tim bit his lip. “Maybe we can ask Dick about it later? Or one of the wolves from Team Arrow.”

Tim wished Mister Diggle didn’t have to go back to Starling so soon. He had been a wealth of information.

Damian smiled. “It’s going to be alright. Maybe your human nature took over because you were
thinking so hard. Nothing to worry about.”

Tim nodded. Damian was probably right. “Breakfast?”

“Sure, Alfred already left for the market, but I'm sure we can handle it ourselves and not burn the house down.”

Tim smiled. “Cereal should be manageable.”

“Yeah, come down already,” Damian said.

“Stop giving me orders,” Tim replied playfully. He wasn't mad right now at Damian, but he had been mad that day Mister Diggle brought John back. Damian behaved like a caveman and Tim so wasn't down with such behavior.

Damian rolled his eyes. “That wasn't a command.”

“No? What then?”

“A suggestion,” Damian said.

Tim made his way downstairs and stood before his boyfriend. He wondered what would freak out his parents more, that he was gay and had a boyfriend he liked to indulge in carnal activities with, or that he was a werewolf. He stood on his tiptoes and kissed Damian on the mouth. It was kinda hot how big Damian had become in the last few years.

Damian kissed back just as gently and then they went to the kitchen.

~+~

“When are you going to tell your parents?” Damian asked, later that day when they were half watching a movie half making out on the couch.

“What about? You and me or about the werewolf thing?”

Damian sighed “You and me for a start.”

“You think they will take that better than me being a werewolf?”

“Sometimes, I have the feeling you have no faith at all in your parents,” Damian replied.

“You know them. They aren't like your dad.”

“They aren't bad people,” Damian said.

“They paid off the guy who abused me so bad that I had to see a fucking shrink,” Tim replied hotly.

Sometimes, he was still very angry at his parents for this. Talbot should have been in prison for this and not somewhere having a good life and probably abusing other kids. He sighed.

“I'm sorry. Just – fuck, it hurts that the best way they knew how to deal with it, was to make this man disappear and keep their distance. I needed them – I mean, I didn't trust adults after what Talbot did, but I still needed them. And they weren't there.”

“They felt guilty,” Damian said, stroking his arm gently. Damian was always gentle with Tim. Tim
was usually the aggressive one. The one to initiate things.

“I know. I know that now. Maybe I knew back then too, I am still sometimes angry at them.”

“And that's a good thing. Suppressing these feelings wouldn’t help anyone,” Damian said.

Tim turned in his arms so he was straddling Damian. “Are you watching that movie?”

“Not really,” Damian answered.

“Good, because I have other feelings now that I would like to share,” he replied, grinding down against Damian.

“Of the carnal kind?” Damian guessed.

“Yeah,” Tim said, leaning up so they could kiss. The kiss wasn't gentle at all. Tim suddenly felt needy. There was no stopping or turning back. He knew that neither Bruce nor Alfred would bother them and there was no one else at the manor right now.

“Want to take this to the bedroom?”

“Do we have to?” Tim asked, biting Damian's neck gently.

Damian moaned. It was definitely a hot spot.

“Not really,” Damian said.

Tim bit him again as a reward. “Do you ever think about doing it while in wolf-form?”

“Tim-”

“Come on, it's not a weird question. I know Dick and Jay are doing it when they are both wolves.”

“Let's stop talking now and do some more of this,” Damian said, kissing Tim hard until they were both breathless. And then Damian's hand was sliding down Tim's stomach and cupping his cock. Tim was instantly hard.

“Good idea,” he gasped as Damian started to stoke him teasingly through his pants.

“I have my moments,” Damian said and Tim kissed him again.

~+~

They never really got to that talk, but Tim wouldn’t forget about it any time soon. The thing was that it was getting closer and closer to the full moon and he wanted to run with his pack, but right now only Damian and Bruce were there.

“Father doesn't run with us very often, he just watches over us,” Damian said, stroking Tim's hair. The closer they got to the full moon, the more affectionate Damian became. Tim couldn’t wait until he could curl up with Damian in front of the fireplace as a wolf.

“Do you think he will run with us tomorrow night?”

“Maybe,” Damian answered. Tim thought it sounded more like a 'no'.

“You know I used to think you were like your father, but I know now you’re not,” Tim said,
quietly.

Damian looked at him. “What?”

“I mean that in the best way possible, Damian. Look at all the mistakes Bruce has made with John. You didn't. You didn't lie to me, you went against your father because we both felt it was right for me to be pack.” Tim replied. “You would never refuse to touch me,” he said in nearly a whisper.

“Tim,” Damian said, Tim's name sounded impossibly tender and precious said like that.

“I want your fingers inside me, after I turn and run and turn back, I want you to,” he looked at Damian then, and Damian's eyes were so fucking blue. “Will you do that?”

“Yes,” Damian said, and didn't ask if Tim was sure, because he knew Tim, like Tim knew him. “Been thinking about this long?”

“Only for the last seven months or so,” Tim admitted.

“Did you watch porn for research purposes?” Damian asked in a teasing tone.

“If you want to call it that, sure,” Tim said.

Damian kissed him then.

~+~

Tim could feel it under his skin. Like a current. Like electricity, like a rush of hot water or something. Living and hot and a bit scary, but mostly good and right.

He wondered what the Arrow did when his pack turned, he wondered why the Arrow didn't want to be a wolf too. Staring at the autographed picture of Oliver Queen half naked, he wondered. He could see the scars and near misses plainly on Oliver's body. Damian was always all healed up after a full moon.

“Stop staring at the half naked vigilante,” Damian said. It was a bit growly.

“You don’t have any reason to be jealous,” Tim replied, smiling at him.

“Human pack leader,” Damian said, shaking his head. “Makes you wonder.”

“About what?”

“About his character. How strong he has to be, that wolves are willing to follow him. To not only make him pack, but their leader. Especially wolves like Mister Diggle.”

“Because he is a pureblood wolf,” Tim said. “Are pureblood wolves often leaders?”

“Used to be that way,” Damian said, sitting down on Tim's bed. His parents were downstairs, but Tim knew they would be out tonight. They had asked if Tim wanted to come to this event too, but Tim had declined.

He knew he had to talk to his parents about his relationship with Damian soon. Tim thought that his parents at least suspected what was going on. They weren't blind, nor stupid.

“Things are changing,” Tim replied. “In the old days no one would have made me a wolf.”
“Fools, every single one of them. You are strong and smart and handsome.”

“Charmer,” Tim accused, playfully.

“All in the genes,” Damian said.

~+~

Tim could feel the pull of the moon in every single one of his cells.

Damian kissed his cheek and then started to strip and Tim followed. Usually seeing Damian naked made him want to touch him, but tonight he wasn't even tempted.

He had no idea how it would feel. How it was supposed to feel, what he should do. He was terrified for the first time ever of the turning now that he could feel it in his blood. Working, changing him.

Damian touched his arm and Tim growled.

“Hey, it's fine. You are fine,” Damian said.

Tim took a deep breath. “Are we going to turn in the house?”

“Doors are always open on a full moon,” Damian said shrugging and then he shuddered. “See you on the other side,” he said and then Tim watched Damian change, it looked painful, but Damian didn't sound like he was in pain. Soon he was the beautiful wolf Tim knew.

He nudged Tim's legs and Tim buried his fingers in his soft fur. Damian barked as if to ask what Tim was waiting for. The thing was Tim had no idea how to turn.

Mister Diggle said he has just to imagine turning, so he closed his eyes and imagined himself turning into a wolf and as he did that he could feel a burning inside himself. It wasn't pleasant, but it wasn't terrifying either. And then suddenly, like a cramp or blow, he could feel his body remodel itself around that idea of a wolf.

Suddenly he was on all fours and the world looked different, smelled different, sounded different too.

Damian nudged his side, but he wasn’t Damian, he was his mate and lover, family.

Tim nudged him back and then he ran.

The smells were confusing once he was outside. There was grass, and it smelled so good and there was tree and game (rabbit, birds, mice), there was wolf. Tim stopped and sniffed the air. Damian was close on his heels, but there was also another smell – familiar and not. He looked in the direction of the manor.

Bruce was standing in the doorframe. He was a massive black wolf. He could be scary, Tim thought, but he smelled like Damian, like family, and leader, and home. Tim howled and Bruce answered. Tim's heart was beating so fast that he had to run. He looked to Damian who nodded and they sprinted into the underbrush.

This, Tim thought, was what he had always wanted. This: running through the underbrush with his mate at his side. The night wasn't scary, nothing here was scary. He was fast, his teeth were sharp, his body strong and beautiful.
When Damian caught up with him, he pounced and buried Tim under his weight and soft fur. This, this Tim had been dreaming about. He bit Damian's snout gently and Damian rolled them around so Tim was pinning him down, he licked Damian's face and was about to lick him all over when he heard Dick's voice. His attention snapped in the direction of the manor again.

“Started without us,” Dick was saying and now the wind was caring his and Jay's scent too. Wolf, both of them. Familiar and not.

He looked at Damian, but of course Damian couldn't answer him if he had known that Dick and Jay would be back tonight. If they came back for Tim's first turning, Tim suspected they did. His pack was giving him a proper welcome. His heart was nearly bursting with love.

He howled again to let his pack know where he was and they came crashing through the underbrush and Bruce was howling too.

They fell upon Tim in a gentle way. Soft fur and strong bodies and he was pushed down and buried under their weight. But it felt good, they were warm and here and they loved him. Tim could feel that love in every lick and gentle bite, and from the howl from the manor.
Part Two: Chapter Twenty Three

Twenty three

Dick and Jason updated Bruce on what they had found or rather what they hadn’t found. Fucking Draken, Blackwell, or whatever the fuck he was going by now was nowhere to be found. They had stayed in Starling City for a few weeks and they had exhausted all their leads. Roy stated that they’d keep a watch out for anything, but Jason figured that they wouldn’t find shit… it was like when Draken disappeared the first time.

“Fuck.” It was just so frustrating to be so close and then to have him slip through their grasp again.

“Language,” Bruce stated, a small smile curving on his lips.

Jason snorted, shaking his head.

“Where’s John?” Dick asked, finally voicing the question that they’ve been wondering about since they got home. They had noticed that he wasn’t around the night before, but then they were distracted with Tim’s first turning.

Tim. He was an adorable little wolf… and even though he was turned, he had chestnut brown fur.

Bruce’s mirth seemed to fade as he clenched his jaw, his lips thinning. “He’s not here,” Bruce snarled in a way that Jason knew not to push it, but this was John. He was pack and family, even if Jason no longer felt their blood bond.

“No, shit,” Jason sneered. “What did you do?”

Bruce squared his shoulders and stood up. “It’s not up for discussion.” He turned his back on them and left the library where they had been talking.

Jason and Dick shared a look, something was up and if Bruce wasn’t going to talk about it, Damian and Tim probably would. John hadn’t said anything when Jason had called him earlier in the week.

~*~

“So, what’s the scoop on John?” Jason asked as they sat down across from Damian and Tim. Their bond was even stronger now, Jason could smell it.

“Depends on who you ask,” Damian explained as he took a sip of his tea. “Father claims that John left, and John claims Father kicked him out.”

“Figures,” Jason grumbled as Dick squeezed his thigh lightly, offering his support. “Where is he?”

“Miss Kyle’s,” Tim provided.

“Well, shit.” Jason gasped. “Since when?”

“Pretty much since he came back from Starling City,” Tim frowned. “He came back a few days ago, but they had a huge argument and then John stormed out. I was hoping he’d stay, for my turning… it feels wrong that he’s not here with us.”

“Father’s miserable,” Damian added. “He’s been brutal on the streets as well, but you know Father… he won’t talk to anyone.”
“Typical,” Jason groaned, rubbing his neck. “Are Selina and John back together?”

“No, he wouldn’t…” Dick gasped. “He loves Bruce.”

Damian shrugged. “Don’t think so, he doesn’t smell like her like he used too. And I really doubt it, he looks even worse than Father.”

Jason sighed with relief; he didn’t want to think that John would give up so easily on Bruce. Fuck, he needed to go see John. “Wait, what? How so?” Jason questioned, slightly confused.

“He’s human,” Damian stated as if that explained everything and in a way it did.

“So, he’s over doing it?” Dick clarified. “He doesn’t have the same enhanced senses as he used to. The strength and healing.”

Jason got up, needing to do something. He needed to go check up on John now that John couldn’t really brush him off. Phone calls were only so good. “Think it’s time we made a visit.”

Dick nodded, following his lead. “I’m sure you two can entertain yourselves.” Dick winked at them and then ruffled Tim’s hair.

Tim slapped his hand away, smiling brightly. “I’m sure we will.”

Jason smiled, he still wanted to talk to Tim about his first turning and everything else, but this was John. Jason needed to make sure that John was okay, that he was safe. He was still pack and Bruce’s mate. And every bone in Jason’s body ached to protect John.

~*~

“Why, hello, boys,” Selina practically purred as she answered the door. Jason had to admit that she looked damn good, and she knew it. But he couldn’t get past the fact that he knew that she was the Catwoman as well. And if it wasn’t for John, they’d have taken her in long ago.

“Is John in?” Jason asked, not really in the mood for pleasantries.

She raised a brow, “Oh, now you’re concerned about him?” She huffed, shaking her head. “He’s in the hospital. I don’t know what changed, but he’s so damn accident prone these days.”

“What happened?” Dick practically shrieked, sounding as panicked as Jason felt. “What the fuck are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be there for him?”

“Don’t you dare,” she hissed. “I didn’t see fucking Wayne at his bedside. John’s a fucking mess and does Wayne do anything for him? No.”

Jason grabbed Dick’s hand, needing the physical and calming touch of his mate just as much as Dick needed it. “What hospital?” Jason bit out as he threaded their fingers together.

“Gotham Mercy.”

“I don’t understand why Bruce wasn’t notified, I’m sure he’s still on John’s emergency contact list.” Dick questioned.

Selina shrugged.

Jason growled, tugging on Dick’s hand back to the car and heading straight for the hospital. He called Damian on the way and he wasn’t surprised in the least when Tim picked up instead. “I need
“What?” Tim was slightly breathless and Jason could imagine what they were up to, not that he blamed them at all.

“John’s in the hospital, I need a room and-”

Tim exhaled sharply, “On it.” He hung up and Jason groaned, rubbing his brow.

Jason pulled into the parking lot and they climbed out of the car, waiting for Tim to call back.

“I’m sure John is fine, Selina’s not that much of a bitch. She loves John too.” Dick tried to reassure him and wrapped his arms around Jason, kissing him softly.

Jason sighed, soaking in Dick’s love and scent. “I know. I’m just pissed that Bruce didn’t know or didn’t tell us…fuck, I dunno.”

“Bruce didn’t know,” Dick stated with such confidence that it was easy to believe him. “Bruce loves John.”

Jason snorted, “Right.”

“They’re going through a rough patch, but there’s no way that Bruce wouldn’t be here if he knew. And you know Bruce, he denied himself John’s love for years because he thought he was protecting John.” Dick whispered and Jason knew that too.

“It fucking sucks.” Jason grumbled as he buried his face into the crook of Dick’s neck.

“I know.”

Jason pulled away as his phone rang. “Yeah?”

“He’s on the third floor, east wing, room 12.” Tim began, “It says he rescued some kids from a faulty balcony, only to plummet to the ground when it collapsed.”

“Shit.”

“He was cut up pretty bad, broken bones, and he has a lac on his spleen.” Tim continued, “And, um, oh.”

“What do you mean, oh?” Jason questioned, his heart racing. This was bad.

“They’re sending his blood out for special testing…” Tim’s voice trailed off. “Can they tell he has the gene?”

“Shit.” Jason exhaled once more. “I don’t know, but Bruce did tell me once that our blood is different if you’re looking for it. But John would only have a precursor, right?” He looked to Dick who shrugged his shoulders.

“I’ll continue to look through his files,” Tim sighed. “Keep us updated. Oh, and Damian just went upstairs to tell Bruce.”

Jason groaned, just great. “Okay,” he replied as he hung up his phone.

“We should go check on John, before Bruce gets here,” Dick urged as he tugged on Jason’s hand. “It was the third floor, east wing, room 12, right?”
“Right,” Jason nodded as he squeezed Dick’s hand and they snuck up to the third floor, ducking into John’s room before anyone spotted them.

“John,” Dick began as they crossed over to his bed.

John smiled at them. “Selina ratted me out didn’t she,” he shook his head. “It looks worse than it is, I’m fine.”

“Bullshit,” Jason snorted. John looked horrible. He was pale, bruises and cuts marring his skin in different stages of healing, and he had a broken arm. And he smelled off, broken.

“You look like shit and Tim said that you have a spleen lac too, that’s some major internal damage.” Dick growled. “You’re over doing it.”

“I’m still adjusting.” John shrugged, wincing slightly at the movement.

“It’s been almost a month now,” Jason huffed. “What the fuck were you thinking?”

“I wasn’t,” John sighed. “I was off duty and the kids were in danger. I called it in, but it was going to take the fire department too long to get there.”

Jason snorted, “Figures. Trying to be the fucking hero when you’re so fucking weak.”

“I’m not weak.” John protested hotly.

“No, but you’re only human.” Dick countered.

John’s face flushed with anger. “That’s not my fault.”

Jason was about to comment when he caught Bruce’s scent and he paused, glancing at the door. Bruce’s very presence was fucking intimidating. He smelled like home and pack leader… but the authority that he demanded was intense.

“John,” Bruce’s voice was deep and gravelly and that was their fucking clue to get out of there.

Jason tugged on Dick’s hand and they left Bruce and John together. Maybe this was what they needed to work their shit out.

~*~

Dick kissed Jason’s shoulder as they came down from their orgasm and Dick pressed all of his weight against Jason’s back. Jason loved this feeling more than he could ever describe. It felt like he was home, protected… his lover and mate encompassing all of him.

Dick smiled against his skin. “Love you.”

Jason’s heart skipped a beat, it was still rare for them to express their feelings in words like this. “Guess this happily ever after thing isn’t so bad after all.” He grinned as he flipped them over and Dick pulled him into a breathtaking kiss.

“Yeah,” Dick smirked as he curled into his arms. “Not so bad.”

“Yeah,” Jason repeated, running his fingers down Dick’s arm as his thoughts turned back to John. “What would happen if I turned John, would we lose this?”

Dick raised a brow, “No.” He pulled away and sat up, studying Jason. “Since you’re not mates…
you’ll still be connected, your bond will be stronger than the blood bond you had before.”

“I can deal with that,” Jason nodded. “I kinda miss being bonded with him. He needs to come home and you know Bruce won’t turn him or you could, but won’t that fuck with you more?”

Dick shrugged, “It might since I am a pureblood. But it feels right for you to do it, since you were his blood bond before.”

“So you approve of this idea?” Jason questioned, needing Dick to approve of this and give his blessing.

“Of course,” he grinned as he leaned in and kissed Jason softly. “What about Bruce?”

Jason sighed, “I think he’ll agree; it’s the best plan, Bruce won’t fucking do it. It goes against everything he stands for, even though he’s warmed up more to being a wolf and pack leader. And John’s a fucking mess, he needs this.”

“We all do.” Dick agreed and Jason had to kiss him again, he loved him so fucking much.

~*~

“Jason.”

“Bruce,” Jason began as he entered Bruce’s office and sat down. “I’m not going to beat around the bush. I’m just going to fucking say it.”

Bruce raised a brow and simply nodded in reply.

“I want to bring John home, I want to turn him.” Jason stated. “I’ve thought a lot about this, we were bonded before and I know turning him goes against your moral fiber, but this, we need to bring him home.”

Bruce sighed. “Jason-”

“Don’t even try to pretend that you don’t want John to be a wolf, that’s the whole reason you won’t fucking touch him!”

“Language.”

“Fuck, you know this is the right thing to do. You can finally fix what you fucked up in the first place, the right way.” Jason argued.

Bruce reluctantly nodded. “I can’t condone-”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me. Do you love John?”

“Yes,” Bruce replied softly.

“Then that’s the only reason,” Jason sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair. “Tell me to bring him home.”

“Bring him home.”

~*~

They didn’t have to do the ritual, in fact Dick was pretty sure that they could forgo the whole
thing. John had the gene and he still smelled so fucking good, even if it wasn’t as strong as when he first turned back.

They also didn’t have to wait for a full moon, in fact they planned for it to land on the third day of John’s fever… so they all could turn together.

Jason was still worried that something could go wrong, but Dick was positive that John would be fine.

John still wasn’t fully healed, but he was safe back at the manor. And his turning should heal him…or so they hoped.

“Ready?” Jason asked and John nodded.

“With everything that I am,” John smiled as he laid back onto the bed.

Dick and Jason disrobed and shifted into their wolf forms. They both jumped up on the bed and John smiled, running his hand over their fur. Dick barked and then licked at John’s face and then he licked Jason’s face before he jumped off the bed.

Jason glanced over at Bruce who was standing close by.

Bruce nodded and then leaned over the bed and pulled John into a kiss. John moaned as they parted and exposed his neck to Jason.

Jason’s heart raced as he leaned in and licked a stripe down John’s neck, feeling John’s steady pulse. That was how sure he was and it calmed Jason. He bit John, the taste of his blood in his mouth brought back so many horrid images and he pulled away as soon as he knew it was safe to do so.

Alfred immediately tended to John's wound.

After he was sure John was attended to, Jason darted to the bathroom and shifted. He washed out his mouth, hating the metallic taste of John’s blood that lingered on his tongue.

Dick joined him a moment later. “You okay?”

“Yeah,” Jason grumbled as he gargled and spit the mouthwash into the sink.

“You’re fucking amazing,” Dick grinned, kissing him as he wrapped his arms around Jason.

Jason returned the kiss and just let himself soak in Dick’s embrace before they returned to the room to see that John had drifted off into his feverish slumber.

Bruce paced the length of the room. “Leave us.”

So they did. Now they just had to wait.

~*~

It was the day of the full moon and the third day of John’s fever. It had been a long three days and Bruce rarely left John’s side.

Jason was feeling anxious, Bruce would kill him if John didn’t turn….

“He’ll be fine,” Dick reassured him, kissing him lightly.
“I know, I know.” Jason sighed. “He’ll turn when he wakes up, right?”

Dick nodded, “That’s how you turned, yes?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t—” Jason cut himself off when he felt a tug inside his gut and he just knew that John was up.

“What is it?” Dick asked, studying him.

Before Jason could answer they heard a howl echo through the manor. They shared a glance and then raced down the hallway, to see a white wolf licking Bruce’s face.

“He’s not the same color,” Jason gasped and John barked at him, jumping off the bed and rubbing against Jason’s legs. He wasn’t a pure snowy white like Dick, but he was white and not the dark gray he once was.

“It wasn’t a traumatic turning,” Dick grinned as he dropped to his knees. “Aren’t you a beautiful wolf?”

John barked, wagging his tail.

“Guess the big question is can you turn back?” Jason asked and John snorted, shifting back to his human form.

“Fuck,” he inhaled, his whole body trembling. “Yeah, so much easier now… wow, so amazing.”

Bruce placed a blanket around John’s shoulder. “Thank you,” Bruce smiled, looking to Jason. There was pride and love in his voice and it touched Jason’s heart like nothing else before.

“No problem, everything is right with the world.”

~*~

Jason howled at the moon and then he pounced on Dick as they waited for the others to emerge from the manor. Tim and Damian raced over to them and soon, Jason was the bottom of the wolf pile. He felt loved and happy.

Jason looked to the manor when Bruce howled and it was amazing to see Bruce and John standing there together. John licked Bruce’s face and then darted towards them, this time Bruce followed and they ran as a true pack for the first time.

It was the best fucking feeling.

Jason never felt so complete. He had his mate, his pack, and family. And he’d do fucking anything to keep them safe and happy.
They’ve done this a few times already, but Damian didn’t think that he would ever get enough of it. Seeing Tim spread out for him, shamelessly moving his hips and seeking Damian’s touch, pulling Damian’s fingers inside himself and moaning at the feeling of it. It might just be Damian’s new favorite thing to do and look at.

Damian had been hesitant the first time, but Tim had pressed on, gently. Like he always did. Tim was a driving force, Damian thought fondly. For now they were only playing around with two fingers, massaging and thrusting, but Damian was pretty sure Tim had an endgame in mind and it just might be Damian’s cock inside him.

Tim moaned loudly and shamelessly and Damian bent down to kiss him. He was so hard, like Tim, in this position their cocks brushed against each other so fucking good.

Damian’s fingers slipped out of Tim as Tim surged up and rubbed against him, kissing every bit of Damian’s face he could.

“So good, so close,” Tim said harshly.

Damian took them both in hand and stroked hard and fast, watching Tim’s face, his eyes shut tightly, his teeth buried in his lip. Tim clutched Damian hard as he came, it was nearly impossible to move his hand on their cocks with Tim pressed to him so tightly. Tim bit his neck gently and Damian came with a strangled moan. He could feel Tim’s smile against his skin.

He collapsed beside Tim, catching his breath.

Tim rolled around so he was on his side looking at Damian. “That was amazing. We should do some stretching next.”

Damian’s cock twitched at that. “You’re going to kill me.”

Tim smiled and kissed him. “You’re going to die a happy man.”

Yes, Damian thought, he was.

~++~

It was better all-around with John being a wolf. John grounded Father. He was more playful, more of a leader, and he wasn’t as brutal and driven on the streets.

He was making friends with Team Arrow too.

Damian couldn’t believe that his father took calls from Starling in the Batcave, like it had always been that way. Like he had always been a team-player.

Things sure were changing for the better.

And with Dick and Jay back in Gotham, Damian had more time for his own side-project that no one was going to know about.

He had made a silent promise to Tim and himself that day Tim had told him about all the fucked
up things Talbot had done to him. To make Tim feel small and useless, unworthy of any kind of love or human affection. It was a testimony to Tim’s strength that he was able to trust people, to love them and be sure that they loved him back.

Damian had been relentlessly searching for Talbot in secret. He didn’t want his father to know, because he wasn’t sure what he would do once he found Talbot.

He had hoped (on some days) that with time the hate he was feeling for Talbot would diminish, but it hadn’t happened. The thought that he was somewhere out there, spending Drake money (Tim’s money) and torturing other children made his anger burn hot in his veins.

It had been years and he knew that the longer you look for someone the less likely it is to find them, and Damian had thought before that he had finally found the man, just to go home empty handed and more frustrated for it.

But maybe this time, he thought as he looked at the grainy photo. Maybe this time it would be him.

~+~

“This is fascinating,” Tim said, and Damian looked up from the police report he was studying to look at whatever Tim had found on the Index again. Tim was a little bit obsessed with the Index. He and Roy were e-mailing about it back and forth on the secure Bat-line. They had looked into the Grayson line, even Dick was overwhelmed by it all. Graysons had been purebloods for generations.

“You find every second word from this thing fascinating.”

“Because it is. See how many bloodlines there were only 400 years ago? And then suddenly there weren’t.”

“They were hunted pretty much everywhere,” Damian said, putting the police file aside, and leaning over to be able to look at the screen better. The Index was fascinating, a real piece of Were-History now in digital form.

“But now we’re making new ones,” Tim said smiling brightly. “John’s line has been regenerated and mine is new.”

“Yeah, but as you and John are both gay…” Damian shrugged.

“And you aren’t?” Tim asked, frowning a bit.

“Don’t know,” Damian admitted. He didn’t want to have this conversation, but it was true that girls also caught his eye.

“Damian.”

“Do you never wonder about girls?” Damian asked.

“No.”

“Okay.”

Tim took a breath. “I mean, there was Jay back when I was a kid and pretty much emotionally crippled, and then there was you, so…I never wondered about anyone else. It’s not only girls. I mean – it’s normal boys too.”
And it clicked for Damian then. “You think you are only interested in werewolves?”

“There was Jay, and then there was you,” Tim answered with a stubborn tilt to his head. “Evidence speaks for itself.”

“You’re only seventeen,” Damian pointed out.

“I think my sexual and romantic preferences are pretty set, but I’ll never say never.”

Damian was saved from answering by another call from Roy. “I’ll leave you two to it.”

Tim nodded.

~+~

Damian knew he couldn’t just disappear for a few days without telling anyone. It had been easier in the past when his leads were closer to home.

“Father,” Damian said, after knocking on the door to the study.

“Damian, what can I do for you?”

“I’m sure you’re aware that grandfather is in our part of the world right now,” Damian began.

“Yes,” Father replied.

“I would like to visit him.”

Father looked stricken. Damian hadn’t visited or talked to Ra’s in years. “Why all of a sudden?”

“It’s the Index. I think he can help us with the missing parts and maybe even to find the organization who created it.”

“I don’t like this idea,” Father said.

“He is still my grandfather. He won’t harm me.”

“I assume, you want to go alone?”

“I think it’s best,” Damian replied. “Maybe he can even help with finding Draken. Grandfather’s family has had experience with hunting werewolves.”

Father nodded. “I want you to check in every day. How long do you think you will be gone?”

“A few days, a week at most,” Damian said.

“Very well.”

“Thank you, Father.”

“He is your family too,” Father said.

Damian nodded and left the study.

He would pay his grandfather a visit or two, but mostly this was a cover. He needed to see and talk to the man that used to be Talbot. He needed to finally put an end to this hunt.
“I heard you’re visiting your grandfather,” Jason said, flopping down next to Damian on the couch.

“Yes.”

“You’ve never really wanted to talk about him much.”

“We have a difficult relationship, but I’m sure he can help with the Index and the group behind it. You know as well as I, that the attack on Starling City was only the beginning. We need to get ahead of the game. We need to protect ourselves.”

“And the people we love,” Jason said.

“Yes,” Damian replied.

“If something smells fishy to you, you get on the plane and come back, or we’re going to get you.”

“He’s not going to kidnap me,” Damian said. “And I’m not staying with him. I booked a hotel.” It would be easier to leave undetected that way. He was pretty sure by now that this man was Talbot.

“Smart of you. How is Tim taking it?”

“He doesn’t like it. No one seems to like it, but I’m doing it for Tim, too.” It wasn’t even a lie.

“I get it,” Jason said.

Damian nodded.

The meeting with his grandfather was set for the next day. Dinner. In a fancy restaurant. It was a good thing he packed for that too. He didn’t much like wearing Armani, but Tim liked to see him in it, so it was worth the sacrifice. He would snap a picture tomorrow before he met his grandfather and send it to Tim.

Tonight he had other concerns.

Breaking and entering Mister Schneider’s house was a piece of cake. The man felt secure. Looking through his things Damian found what he was searching for. Eventually it paid off to follow the money.

Schneider was working as a private tutor again, he had built a good reputation for himself.

Men like him would never lose the taste for domination and humiliation.

Damian had to stop him, because it seemed like no one else would.

First he transferred every penny Talbot had to organizations in need. That benefited children. Then he watched Talbot run around and try to get his money back.

And then he paid Talbot a visit.

Damian knew how to make people tell him everything. He only had to use a little bit of that
knowledge to make Talbot admit to his crimes. He didn’t feel good doing it, mostly he felt cold listening to Talbot. It was nearly as if the man was gloating, reliving these moments of power with relish. It made Damian sick to the stomach.

“You aren’t one of mine, are you?” Talbot finished, looking up at Damian. He wasn’t wearing the Robin costume, but he had a mask firmly in place. “No, you’re not, but you know one of mine. One I molded.”

“Shut up,” Damian hissed.

“Are you here to kill me?” He did sound afraid now.

Damian wasn’t sure. He was tempted, but he was also Robin, not now, but generally and Father wouldn’t allow it, Tim, Damian was sure, wouldn’t want it.

“No.” He allowed Talbot a few moments of relief. “I’m here to warn you and I’m here to hurt you.”

Damian started with the small finger and worked his way up from there, breaking bones and leaving bruises. The leg, he knew wouldn’t heal properly. Talbot would always have a reminder of his visit.

Once he was done – and no blood was spilled – he knocked Talbot out and implanted a tracker. He would keep tabs on this man and he would let him know that he did.

Damian felt emotionally drained, but also accomplished and free when he left Talbot’s house.

He was looking forward to the meeting with his grandfather.
John straddled Bruce, running his fingers down Bruce’s chest. “I want a baby.”

Bruce raised a brow, a smirk playing at his lips. “I’m sorry to point this out, but you are male.”

“Bruce,” John snorted as he smacked his arm. “I’m serious… it’s one of the reasons Selina and I broke up. I wanted the white picket fence, two kids, and a dog. And she didn’t.” He smiled at the thought of having all that with Bruce. “We might not have that fence, but the manor will do nicely and we might not have a dog, but we’re something more. So that just leaves one thing. I want a child and I need to know what you want. I know you have your boys, but-”

“But they couldn’t really be considered children anymore.”

“Yeah,” John smiled, rocking his hips against Bruce’s. “I love you, I love our pack, but that need has never gone away. I want a family with you, Bruce.”

Bruce smiled, cupping his face. “I never considered having more kids. I didn’t want-”

“I know,” John sighed, still remembering that conversation. Bruce didn’t want to curse a child to this life, but John didn’t see it as one. “We could adopt or look into a surrogate or something.”

“John-” Bruce began and John pressed his finger against his lips.

“Just think about it, okay? Now that we’re good and our pack is safe.” John pleaded, his heart suddenly racing at the thought that Bruce would deny him this. He’s been wondering about this for the last few months.

“Okay,” Bruce smiled and then kissed him.

John sighed into the kiss, it was a start. He just hoped that he’d be able to convince Bruce that a child would be a good thing. They had plenty of room to spare and John would finally have the love and family of his own that he’s always craved.

~*~

John glanced at the time, it was surprisingly slow at the station. He logged onto his computer and did a quick search… he wanted to know all about the options he had. Adoption was pretty straightforward and he knew Bruce’s money would cut some of the corners. What really fascinated him was the thought of a surrogate and he secretly liked the idea of extending his bloodline and passing on the were gene.

He knew women would line up around the block at the chance to birth a Wayne heir, but that would get so fucking complicated considering who they were. He needed someone they could trust.

“Interesting.”

John startled, closing down his browser and turning to see a beautiful redhead, smirking at him. It had been awhile since he’d seen her at the station. He breathed in her scent, it was familiar and as Dick had once said, like the gardens after it rains. “Barbara.” It was refreshing and he should have
noticed her earlier, but he was too caught up in his research.

“You know I hate that name,” she puffed out her lips in a slight pout.

“Babs,” he smiled instead. “I didn’t realize you were in town.”

“Spring break, just a few more weeks to go and I’m done.” She grinned. “Daddy’s taking me out to lunch.”

“And you stopped by to see me?” He questioned, it was really good to see her. She had grown up so much over the years.

“You’re my favorite detective,” she winked and John couldn’t help but laugh.

“You better not let your father hear that,” he teased as he leaned back in his chair.

“Oh, he says the same thing!” Babs smiled and John felt his cheeks flush at the compliment.

“Is that so?”

“Yep,” she glanced at the picture on his desk. “So how are the boys?”

“You mean, how is Dick?” John countered and she raised a brow in question.

“Can’t sneak anything by you, that’s why you’re a great detective.” She smiled, but it wasn’t as perky as the first. “What can I say, I still love the guy. He and Jay doing okay? I knew our relationship wouldn’t last very long if Jason wanted him back, ya know?”

John nodded. “They’re good. Happy.”

“And running around like two crazy wolfhounds.” She winked and John’s eyes widened slightly.

“Yes.” He began carefully, not realizing she knew.

“Oh, like Dick can keep that a secret from his first and only girlfriend?” Babs chuckled, sounding almost proud that she was Dick’s only girlfriend and Jay has been Dick’s only boyfriend too.

“I see.”

“Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me. I find it all fascinating.” She smiled as she waved at her father across the room. “And if you’re serious, I’ll totally do it.”

John raised a brow, slightly confused. “Do what?”

“Be your surrogate,” She winked. “It would be an honor.”

John’s heart skipped a beat, “I’ll keep that in mind.”

She nodded, “Keep in touch.”

He smiled and watched as she crossed over to her father and gave him a hug... he wanted that bond with a child. One day.

~*~

Before he had even entered the crime scene, he could smell the stench of blood and rotting bodies. John schooled his features, knowing he was the only one that could smell it so intensely.
“Detective,” one of the rookies began as he went on to describe what they had found. It looked like some sort of gang hit. And John noted that they were killed by gunshot wounds…and not by an apparent animal attack.

“Any IDs?” John cut in.

“Some known street thugs,” he continued. “But the one in the suit?” He pointed to the man shot in the chest, sitting in a booth. “David Cane a known hitman. Came up on the FBI most wanted list.”

John raised a brow. “So what was he doing here in Gotham?”

“No clue. Maybe they were after the Batman,” the officer was joking, but it sent a chill down John's spine.

“That's pretty farfetched,” John countered as he studied the scene before him and that's when he caught another scent. Wolf. This hitman was a wolf.

“Is it?” He shrugged, but John was focusing all his attention on the third plate at the table. He glanced around and noticed that there was a plate by every body present.

Someone was missing, “Was there any witnesses?”

“No, only the guy that called it in. Said a car drove up, two men got out, and then there was nothing but gunshots echoing in the air.”

John pursed his lips, closing his eyes and concentrating on everything he smelled and heard… looking for anything.

“Why?”

John ignored him when he heard the racing heartbeat… he glanced wildly around the room as he tried to pinpoint where it was coming from and then he looked up. The air vents. John grabbed a chair and climbed up on it, smiling when he spied a pair of eyes staring back at him. “Hey, it's okay.” He reached out and touched the grate, his eyes widening slightly when the child sniffed at his hand and then fled the hiding space, practically flying into his arms.

John gasped with surprise and if it wasn’t for his enhanced abilities he’d have fallen from his spot. He looked at the small child burrowing into his chest and held her close. Her fresh young wolf scent was overwhelming and everything inside him screamed to protect her.

“Whoa, who’s this?”

“Our witness,” John stated crisply and immediately took her out.

She clung to his shirt, not making a sound as he brought her to his squad car. She wouldn’t let go and John sighed.

“It’s okay, what’s your name?”

The girl blinked at him, tilting her head slightly as she studied him.

“John.” He stated as he pointed to himself and she smiled and curled back against him.

“Looks like you’ve made a friend.” Gordon remarked as he joined them on the curb. “I’ll call child services to come pick her up.”
The girl briefly looked over at Gordon, before burying her head against John’s chest again.

John knew he couldn’t turn her over to them, she was a wolf and needed his protection. She couldn’t help who her father was. He could give her a safe place to stay. “If it’s okay with you, I’ll take her to the manor. She seems to like me.”

Gordon chuckled. “Yes, she does.” He nodded. “Very well, keep me updated. If I find anything out, I’ll contact you.”

“Thank you, Commissioner.”

~*~

The girl barely let him go to drive to the manor, she was skittish and scared and as long as she could grip onto his shirt she was good. It made driving a little more challenging, but they made it back in no time.

John wasn’t sure that the girl could even speak, she seemed to watch what he did carefully, studying every move he made. “John,” he tried again, touching his chest and she quirked her head.

“Cass,” she whispered as she touched her chest. She had such a petite frame, she couldn’t be more than seven or eight. She had long black hair and haunted eyes.

“It’s nice to meet you, Cass.” John smiled, that was a start. “Let’s go meet everyone.” He got out of the car and she rushed to follow him, tugging on his pants and holding on tight.

They made their way in, Alfred greeting them at the door. “And who is this?” Alfred smiled and Cass looked him up and down, sniffing him and clutching tighter to John’s leg.

“A Alfred this is Cass,” John began, but Cass didn’t seem interested.

A bark echoed down the hallway and the girl perked up, her eyes lighting up as Dick and Jay rushed to them, brushing against John’s legs. Cass squealed with delight, throwing her arms around Dick and then Jay. She looked up at John as if looking for approval and John nodded.

She shifted, her clothing burying the tiny wolf pup. She barked up at him and John unburied her and she licked at his face, before darting down the hallway in pure excitement. She was pure white, her fur the same as Dick’s.

Dick and Jay studied him briefly. “Take care of her,” John stated and they barked, racing after her. John knew she was safe and this was what she needed.

“Will she be staying for long, Master John?” Alfred asked and John nodded. “Very well, I’ll set up a guest room.”

“Thank you,” he smiled and then made his way to Bruce’s office, but Bruce wasn’t there. John frowned and followed his scent down the hall to see him greeting Cass. It was adorable, seeing the little wolf pup sniffing out Bruce and then letting him pet her.

Bruce turned to John, “Are you going to join them?”

John shrugged as he watched them race down the hall and out to the gardens, he wanted to, but he needed to talk to Bruce first. “I will.”

“Her name?” Bruce questioned, wrapping his arms around John and kissing him.
John melted against him and told him everything that had happened. “I hope I made the right call in bringing her here… I couldn’t let her go with child services.”

“You did well.” Bruce smiled and John couldn’t love him any more than he did in that moment. “It’s the same reason I took Dick in so many years ago.”

“Can you look into her father and see if there’s any family out there?” John asked, knowing that the Batman’s resources would be greater than the police department’s.

“Yes.” He nodded and then rubbed John’s arm. “Go, run with them.”

John grinned, pulling him into a heated kiss before he let go and undressed. He shifted into his wolf form and raced down the hall. It didn’t take him long to find them playing in the garden.

Cass charged over to him, pouncing onto him and licking his face. She was so tiny and her bark was more of a chirp. And John knew he’d do anything to protect her and shield her from harm.
“Aww,” Tim said, knowing that Damian was rolling his eyes at him on the inside. “You got a little sister.”

“We can't say that she will stay with us.”

“Right,” Tim said. Bruce Wayne's manor was a home for misfit wolves and everyone living here knew it. Not that Tim was living here, officially, that was.

Damian gave him a look and then sighed. “I know. Father is going to try and adopt her.”

“You don't think it's a good idea? I mean, she's wolf and she's a pureblood too. Can change at will.”

“Yeah, it's like Father is a magnet for that kind of wolf,” Damian cut in.

Tim knew that he still sometimes got jealous of Jay, John, and Dick and now he had another possible sibling that could do what he would never be able to do.

“You know he loves you,” Tim said, gently.

“I'm not feeling threatened or anything, it's just that she's the daughter of a known criminal. What will the press say when they find out? It will be a fucking shitstorm, to borrow one of Jay's favorite phrases.”

“Her family is on the Index,” Tim said, because he had looked it up, passed it on to Team Arrow too.

“Of course she is. Her father was most likely a pureblood-wolf too. There used to be a...convent of werewolf assassins. Grandfather says they are independent contractors now.”

“And you believe him?” Tim asked, running a finger down Damian's arm. God he loved Damian's arms, his hands and fingers and his mouth. How big Damian was, how strong, how gentle.

“No, he is my grandfather but he is also the Head of the Demon and he can't help who he is. He's been the Head of the Demon for so long, it's clouded his mind.”

“Is that why he sent you away?” Tim asked.

Damian's lips thinned. “I think so, he was afraid that he would kill me one day, because he hates wolves. I'm sure if he had known that Father was a wolf he would have killed him on sight, instead of introducing him to my mother. It must have stung that he had only daughters,” Damian added, a smile playing on his lips.

“Right, Nyssa,” Tim said, he had only heard about the daughter who went rouge because she fell in love with a woman. It was really fascinating and Tim hoped that he would be able to meet the infamous Nyssa. Soon.

“Yes, Aunt Nyssa. I’ve never met her either,” Damian said, reading Tim's thoughts so easily. “I would have liked to.”

“Roy says she was trained by the League, wanted to be Ra's' heir,” Tim replied.
“As if Grandfather would ever allow a woman to be his heir. She never stood a chance. Mother neither.”

“That is why he wanted Bruce,” Tim said, catching on. They never really talked about that side of Damian's family and how it had been to grow up amongst the League of Shadows.

But Damian was different since he came back from the visit with his grandfather. Tim couldn’t quite put his fingers on it, but it was there. A certain mix of relief, accomplishment, and worry. In that combination it didn't make much sense to Tim.

“Yes, that is why he wanted Father and that is why he kept me after Mother died, but I guess the wolf part made it impossible for him to accept me,” Damian said. What he meant was 'love me', Tim knew. “He will look for someone else. Someone strong, male, and human. And god be with that person.”

“Did you want to be his heir?”

“I'm glad I'm not. I like it here,” Damian answered and Tim tackled him down and kissed the breath out of him. Just kissing Damian got Tim going, soon he was rubbing against Damian and Damian's hands were on his ass and squeezing just right. He moaned into Damian's mouth.

“Fuck, but I do love you,” Tim gasped when they pulled apart to breathe.

“Same,” Damian said, rocking against Tim.

“We need to be naked, right now.”

“Did you lock the door?” Damian asked.

Tim was thrown for a second. “We never lock the door.”

“Yes, but now I have a baby sister who doesn't need to see my cock.”

Tim made a face at that, he couldn't help it, and pulled away. “I hope you're planning on making it up to me,” he said, getting up to lock the door.

“Yes, with my tongue, inside you.”

Tim turned around so fast it nearly threw him off balance. “What?”

“You heard me, I wanna rim you.”

“Damian...”

“Lock the door, Tim,” Damian said.

Tim did.

~++~

“Roy said she was kinda miffed that she missed the Batman and Robin adventure in Starling City when she was doing whatever she was doing with the Canary,” Jay said, because Jay knew Tim's obsessions well too, and because he and Roy were really good friends. And they talked, about everything. Tim felt like he had another family in Starling too, since he and Roy started to bond over the Index.
“You know, sometimes I wonder if I just went crazy and made this whole world of wolves and heroes up. The Canary, Jay,” Tim said, grinning.

Jay kissed his temple and pulled him in, so they leaned against each other on the sofa. This was pack bonding and Tim loved it. With everyone from the pack, but with Jay the most.

“I know. She is fucking hot. Her sister was too. I've seen footage of her.”

Thinking about the first Canary made Tim worry. This hero business was dangerous as hell. Sarah had been trained by the League too, or at least by Nyssa, and she still had died.

“Hey, I'm sorry. I used to worry about it all the time too, when I first came here. I mean, the fucking Batman, right? But his parents were killed and Dick's and my mom too, but we're still here and we're strong and we're going to be fine.”

“I know,” Tim said. He did know that. They would be fine. “Damian has never met Nyssa.”

“Roy says, she thought Ra's had actually killed the boy once it was clear Damian was wolf,” Jay replied. “How fucked up is that?”

“He was kept a secret then?” Tim asked.

Jason shrugged “Hell if I know what went down in that house. I'm just glad that Damian is ours now.”

“Yeah,” Tim said.

“Also, if this is a hallucination, I don't want it to end and we're both having it. How is that called again?”

“Folie à deux,” Tim said.

“Yes, my little genius wolf, that,” Jason replied, kissed his temple again and pulled him closer still.

“I'm gonna smell like you,” Tim said with a small smile.

“Does Damian mind?” Jason asked, but they both knew the answer.

“Nah,” Tim said. He didn’t say that sometimes Damian got a bit jealous, not caveman jealous like before, but just enough to make things in bed interesting.

But then again: maybe Jason knew all about that.

~++~

“You've seen Cass?” John asked and Tim looked up from the book he was reading.

“No, need help finding her?”

“I thought we were playing hide and seek, but, it's hard to tell sometimes if she even knows what I'm saying. She talks a little with Bruce, because he can understand her mother-tongue, of course he does, but I feel really fucking lost.”

“Maybe she's really good at hide and seek?”

“Maybe she is,” John said, smiling.
Tim closed his book. “I haven’t played hide and seek in a while.”

“I think we’re bending the rules here,” John replied. “Usually, it’s only one person who seeks and everyone else hides.”

“We’ll, there is nothing wrong with bending the rules a bit.”

“That should be on our family crest,” John said.

Tim’s heart skipped a beat. Our family, he thought. And how casually John had said it. “What is our family crest? A bat or a wolf?”

“It could be a Robin too, you know?” John said, looking behind the couch.

“She's not in this room, I would have heard her.” He wasn't sure he would have smelled her, because everyone was wearing everyone else's scent in the house.

“Would you? She is really quite,” John said. “Unnaturally so.”

It was something Damian had commented on as well, Tim thought. He guessed that Cass liked them all because they were all wolves, but she did hang out with John and Dick the most. Jay too, if Tim was honest. It was probably because they were more like her. Could turn at will, were more wolf than he, Damian, and Bruce.

“She doesn’t speak much either, and I don’t think it’s because she doesn’t understand English,” Tim replied.

“Something was really messed up about the way she was raised up until now,” John said, with a bitter and angry note in his voice.

“She’ll fit right in then,” Tim replied.

John gave him a look. Tim had forgotten that John knew, had known all along about the things that happened to him.

“Yes, she will, once we find her,” John said, smiling.

Tim smiled back. “We better split up,” Tim replied.

“Maybe we should just call the Batman,” John grinned.

The thing was, Tim thought, that Bruce would even answer their call. “Let’s try and see if we can make it on our own first.”

John nodded.

~+~

It was a bit strange having Cass lurking around, watching them, because that was what she was doing. Tim knew all about that, knew about the loneliness that came with that certain look. Curiosity too of course and knowledge, but…it was better to have someone to talk to sometimes.

“It’s eerie,” Damian said, watching her watching them. “No kid should be so calm and still.”

“I was that quite,” Tim said, looking at Cass, she seemed to be absorbed in some kind of puzzle, but they knew that she was keeping an eye out for her surroundings. It wasn’t only wolf-instinct, it
was something trained.

“Yes, I know. After.”

“I’m not sure if I should be creeped out that you investigated my whole family and past,” Tim said.

“Son of Batman,” Damian replied.

“That you are and handsome to, quite a catch,” Tim said, with a little bit of a purr in his voice.
Cass’ eyes snapped in their direction.

“Not in front of my baby sister,” Damian said sternly. It did all kinds of things to Tim.

“Fine,” Tim replied. “If you don’t want to.”

Damian groaned, throwing his head back against the sofa.

Cass got up and turned and then jumped on the sofa between them. She looked at Tim and then at
Damian and then at Tim again. Tim reached out slowly and when she didn’t pull away he petted
her head, her ears and then she inched closer so she was sitting pressed against him. “You do like
to cuddle, don’t you?” He whispered. She pressed a bit closer. She was so tiny, Tim thought.

“I feel like I have no idea what I should be doing with her,” Damian admitted.

“I think all of us feel that way. She’s wolf, but she’s a she, so…” Tim shrugged. “This was a
strictly male household before.” He looked at Damian and smiled. “But I think she can run with the
best of us just fine.”

“Yeah,” Damian said, “That she can.”

Tim thought Damian didn’t sound too happy about it. But he would worry about that statement
later, now he had a tiny wolf to cuddle with.
Part Three: Chapter Three

Three

Bruce studied everything that Cassandra did. After a week, she was starting to come out of her shell a bit more… going against her training. Bruce was convinced that she was more than trained and he needed to test her.

“Engage her,” he stated to his son, Damian, as they undressed from their patrol. He cut their evening short, needing to stay close to home. He trusted Dick and Jason to take care of their city. They were more than capable.

Damian raised a brow. “The League?”

Bruce nodded. “You’ve suspected.”

“Of course.” Damian sighed. “Grandfather mentioned a new training, it was even colder than how he raised me.”

And that’s what Bruce was worried about. “I need to know her strength and weaknesses.”

Damian frowned, but squared his shoulders. “When?”

“Tonight.”

Damian’s frown deepened, his brow creasing in concentration. “While the others are out.”

Bruce knew it was a dirty move to strike when those that Cassandra felt safest with were gone. John’s shift wouldn’t end for a few more hours and he knew that Dick and Jason would be out for the rest of the night if he let them. But he’d call them home in a few hours. He needed the time.

“Yes.”

Damian nodded. “Okay.”

~*~

Bruce called out to Cassandra in the language she was most familiar with and ordered her to action. She appeared within seconds, crouching down in an attack position, mirroring Damian’s stance. She looked to Bruce, her eyes alert and ready.

Bruce nodded his head and she narrowed her gaze on Damian. Bruce watched on as they began a familiar exercise, but he could tell that Damian wasn’t really trying his best. Damian thought that he didn’t need to really try or maybe he didn’t want to hurt her, but that changed as she proved to be a formidable opponent and he stepped up his game.

She was fast, lethal. And if Bruce hadn’t stepped in, she would have killed Damian even though he was easily three times bigger than she was. She smiled, looking to Bruce for approval and Bruce knew that she didn’t understand how close she came to killing Damian. She was too young to really grasp the concept of life and death, to her it was a game that she had learned.

Damian stared at her in a mixture of awe and shock.

“What’s going on in here?” John demanded as he entered the gym. Cassandra’s face simply lit up and she rushed over to him. John swung her up into his arms and kissed her cheek.
“You’re home early.” Bruce stated in way of explanation.

John sighed in exasperation. “Bruce.”

Bruce smirked at him then. “John.”

John huffed, shaking his head as he put Cassandra down. “Go play.”

She studied the two of them briefly and Bruce repeated the command. She nodded and then she darted off without a second glance.

“I’m going over to Tim’s,” Damian stated as he got up from the mat and Bruce understood his son’s need to see his boyfriend after the match he lost.

Bruce reached out and squeezed his shoulder. “You did well, thank you.”

Damian nodded.

John just raised a brow. “Damian,” he began. “Care to tell me what’s going on?”

“Training.” He simply stated as he turned and left them alone.

“Training?” John questioned, crossing his arms over his chest. “What the fuck, Bruce… she’s just a child.”

“A deadly child,” Bruce replied. John’s eyes widened slightly. “My suspicions have been confirmed, she was trained by The League. I had to test her.”

John closed his eyes and Bruce could smell the distress of his mate and Bruce immediately wrapped his arms around him. “You could have told me you were doing this, you didn’t have to go behind my back.”

“She wouldn’t have performed as she needed to, if you were near.” Bruce explained as he kissed John’s throat, nipping lightly at his skin. “You’re her crutch.”

John sighed, turning into Bruce. “What the fuck did those bastards do to her?”

“They taught her to be an assassin, but in her mind it’s all a game… she’s talented, agile. She’s the perfect killer.”

John’s breath caught in his throat, but Bruce already knew what he was trying to ask.

“I don’t know,” he whispered. “She may have taken a life, but she probably didn’t realize she had.”

“Fuck.” John cursed, pulled away from Bruce and punched the punching bag in the corner of the gym.

Bruce waited, letting him take out his frustrations. “John.”

“Will she ever be a normal girl?” John asked, his whole demeanor looking defeated and Bruce wrapped his arms around him.

“We assimilate Cassandra into our family and pack. We get her the best therapists and we help her. We love her.” Bruce stated and John finally smiled.

“Yeah, we love her.” John leaned up and kissed him, just needing that connection. “And one day
she’ll be one of your Robins.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head. “We’ll see.”

John nodded, his smile fading as another question formed. “Will she attempt to hurt any of us?”

“No, I ordered her to attack Damian. She saw it as a game, but she won’t strike unless commanded to.”

John let out a sigh of relief.

“Go tuck her into bed, it’s late.”

John smiled, “God, I love you.”

“I know.”

~*~

Bruce was just finishing a few files when Dick and Jason returned to the cave. He stood to greet them, eyes narrowing when another bike roared in after them. Bruce tensed, studying the woman as she got off her bike.

“Bruce,” Dick began as he crossed over to him. “This is Nyssa, she helped us out tonight.”

“Nyssa.” Bruce repeated as he immediately recalled all the facts about her. This was Talia’s half-sister and Damian’s aunt… Daughter of Ra’s al Ghul. He could see the family resemblance and for a moment he was gazing at Talia, his first love.

“Bruce,” her voice was clipped as she glanced around the Cave.

“You weren’t invited.”

“Bruce,” Jason scoffed. “Team Arrow, remember. It’s all good.”

Bruce still didn’t like it. “What brings you to Gotham?”

“Damian,” Nyssa stated, not expanding on anything else. The League training was dripping from her, this would have been Cassandra in a few years.

“He’s not here.” Bruce countered, unable to warm up to her presence and he wasn’t sure if he ever would. She was a threat, no matter what Queen had said. He didn’t trust her. “Next time use the front door.”

Jason rolled his eyes, “This protective leader thing is pretty hot, but she’s family and you know it.”

Bruce growled deep in his throat.

Dick brushed against him, “I’ll call Damian. I know he wanted a chance to meet her.”

“It’s late.” Bruce stated. “He’s with Tim.”

“Then we’ll have Alfred set up a room for her.” Jason countered. “It’ll be good to rest up first.”

She forced a smile, nodding her head in thanks. Bruce didn’t like it, but he had no choice but to agree with the plan.
Bruce frowned when he found Cassandra curled up in their bed. He needed John… and he hated that the last few nights she’s crawled into bed with them. John was a sucker for her dark haunted eyes and let her stay.

Bruce growled in frustration and John stirred slightly. Bruce huffed and went to the bathroom to shower.

He sighed as he stepped under the spray of hot water and just stood under it, letting the heat soak into his tense muscles. He wasn’t sure how long he stood there when he felt John’s presence and smiled with relief when John joined him in the shower.

John pressed a kiss to Bruce’s back, running his hand down Bruce’s sides.

“Where’s Cassandra?”

“I tucked her back into her bed.” John replied. “Your scent was overwhelming, even as I slept I could feel your distress.”

Bruce was going to huff in protest when John’s hand wrapped around his cock and he let out a low moan instead. Bruce let everything slip away as John continued to pump his length; bringing him closer to his orgasm. Bruce growled as he pushed John’s hands away and turned to him, kissing him deeply as he pressed John against the tiles and claiming him once more as his lover and mate.

John curled into him once they retired to bed. John trailed his fingers down his chest, kissing right above his heart. “What is it?”

Bruce sighed. “We have an unscheduled guest.”

John raised a brow. “Who?”

“Nyssa.”

“Oh,” John hummed. “This is good, Damian can meet his family.”

“She’s still League.”

“And she’s blood.” John reasoned as he leaned up and kissed him.

Bruce huffed, he knew John was right… he just had to let this go.

Bruce watched from afar as Damian and Nyssa talked.

“She’s totally hot,” John commented as he offered him a cup of coffee.

Bruce refrained from rolling his eyes, taking a sip of the coffee. “That’s not the point.”

John chuckled. “Cass has taken a liking to her.”

Bruce growled under his breath, “Perhaps she came to take her away.”
“I doubt that.” John mused. “She’d just have snuck in and taken her. She’s trained, she could have easily taken her if that was her plan.”

Bruce sighed, of course John would be the most logical at this moment. He let his emotions get the best of him. But he couldn’t help being weary, to him she still posed as a threat.

John kissed him softly and then left him to his thoughts.

~*~

There was a knock on the door, before Damian peeked in. “Father,” Damian smiled at him.

Bruce smiled back at him, looking behind him, half expecting to see Nyssa. “Where’s your Aunt?”

Damian chuckled, crossing over to him and taking a seat. “No need to worry, she’s on her way back to Starling City. Arrow business.”

Bruce nodded.

“Next time she said she’d use the door.” Damian grinned. “And she said that we needed to hide Cass. They’re looking for her.”

Bruce closed his eyes, rubbing his brow. “I was afraid of that.”

“But she’s pack now.”

“Yes, her bond with John is faint but it’s growing every day. He’s been more of a father than hers ever was.” Bruce explained softly.

“So are you officially adopting her?” He wondered and Bruce nodded once more. “Good.”

Bruce raised a brow, surprised at his conviction. “What would you think about having another sibling?”

Damian blinked. “Another?”

“John and I have been talking about having a baby via surrogacy, which would make him or her, your sibling as well.”

“Does this mean you’re going to get married?” Damian asked.

Bruce frowned, he already felt like they were… but in the eyes of the law they weren’t. “We’ll cross that path soon enough.”

Damian tilted his head in thought. “It would be good for Cass.”

Bruce smiled, realizing not for the first time that Dick and Jason were good for Damian growing up. Tim. “It would.”

“And it will give John a true heir.” Damian stated as he stood up. “Maybe a brother?”

Bruce chuckled. “We’ll see.”

Damian grinned and darted out the door.

Bruce was pleased to see how much his son had grown over the years. He was proud of their
growing family. He’d do anything to protect them.
“Father doesn’t like her,” Damian said.

Roy gave him a look. “Felicity didn’t like her either. But she came around.”

“You don’t know Father like I do,” Damian said.

“You don’t know Felicity like I do,” Roy replied, there was a hint of a leer in his voice.

Damian wanted to snap a ‘gross’ at him, but he was intrigued. Tim would be coming in later, because his parents wanted to talk to him about something or other and Damian had no problem entertaining Roy for those few minutes over the secure line.

“So…you and Oliver and you and Felicity?” Damian asked.

Roy smirked. “Do you have deep dark desires?”

“You’re worse than Jason,” Damian huffed.

Roy laughed. “That’s why he likes me, that’s why Dick loves me.”

Damian rolled his eyes. “Fine.”

“No, hey, I am totally going to answer your questions, totally-”

“Questions’ about what?” Tim asked, looking from Roy to Damian. Damian had heard him on the stairs to the cave, but knew that you couldn’t overhear any conversations from that point because of the poor acoustics.


“Right,” Tim replied. “Listen, can I call you back later?”

“Sure,” Roy said and ended the connection.

Damian was instantly worried. “What is it? What did you parents want to talk about?”

“You and me,” Tim said. “I know they aren’t stupid. I mean, I knew they must know that ours is a special friendship,” Tim made a face at his own phrasing.

“What did they say?” Damian asked, urgently. He was imaging the worst case scenario already. “You know you can come live with us.”

“Damian, they didn’t throw me out. They want you to come for dinner. Soon.”

For a second, Damian thought he would have preferred that they had thrown Tim out, but that was selfish and he was glad that Tim's parents knew now.

“So, they are okay with you being gay?” Damian asked.

“Okay, may be a bit too strong of a word,” Tim shrugged. “I guess they're glad it's someone respectable. You are a Wayne after all.”
“Shouldn't matter if I'm rich or not,” Damian said.

“I know, but it does. And right now, I'm grateful for whatever is paving the way for them, you know?”

“Yes,” Damian replied, because he did know how it felt when the person who raised you couldn’t love you for who you were. No matter, if it wasn't something you could control because you were born that way.

Tim kissed him, it wasn't a leading kiss, just a soft one to let Damian know that he loved him. Damian kissed Tim back and hugged him for good measure.

“So, are you going to come to dinner?”

“Of course,” Damian answered. “I'm sure it will be a delightful evening.”

Tim grinned. “Well, at least the after dinner entertainment should be to your liking.”

Damian was pretty sure what was implied here and he approved with all his teenage heart and libido.

~+~

“So, the League?” Dick asked, plopping down next to Damian on the couch.

“Are we talking about Cass?” Damian wanted to know.

“Yes, we are. I heard she handed your ass to you.”

“Tt,” Damian said, “She is good, I’ll give her that.”

“Were you even really trying?”

“Not at the beginning,” Damian admitted. “Didn't want to hurt her. She's so tiny.”

“Yeah,” Dick said. “But she is very good?”

“She is deadly, Dick.”

Dick looked at him and then nodded. “But Bruce still wants to adopt her.”

“We can't say for sure if she’s ever killed anyone,” Damian replied. “And it will be good for her to be here. I wasn't so sure about it at first, but it turned out alright for me.”

“Yes, it did. We are all very proud of you,” Dick said and ruffled his hair.

Damian decided to let him live. “Don't do that.”

Dick grinned. “You know I live for the thrill of danger.”

“It's a good thing you're everyone's favorite,” Damian replied.

Dick smiled and then looked out of the window. “You know I don't get why The League trained Cassandra.”

“Because it's good to get them when they're young.”
“That part I get,” Dick said. “What I don't get is why they trained a werewolf, given who their Master is.”

“He trained me too.”

“Yes, but you are his blood and even you were sent away. Why train a werewolf? I don't get it. It just...it just doesn't make sense.”

The thing was that it didn't make sense to Damian either, but - “Sometimes he doesn’t make sense at all.”

“Your grandfather?”

“Yes, he has been the Head of the Demon for so long, that he isn't always rational.”

“Makes him even more dangerous,” Dick said.

“Yes, it does.”

“Meeting Nyssa, I'm really glad you came to live with us. In a few years that could have been you.”

Damian smiled wryly. “If John hadn't found her, Cass would have been even more dangerous. Aunt Nyssa isn't a werewolf who can change at will. If you look at it that way, she is the perfect killing machine. It's kinda genius.” But Dick was right, Grandfather hated wolves. If he was training a werewolf assassin it was for something specific. Cassandra was still very young...what kind of missions could she be sent on?

“You have this look on your face, like Bruce when he's about to figure something out.”

“Just, something about this whole thing doesn't sit right with me. Why was Cain here with his daughter?” How did a world class assassin get himself killed in a random shooting? It didn't make sense. Something was fishy here.

“Maybe it was her initiation?”

“Maybe,” Damian said.

“But you don't believe it,” Dick replied.

“No.” It was frustrating, he could feel it like a wisp of smoke or cold, damp fog on his skin. Just couldn’t grab a hold of it.

“We'll figure it all out,” Dick said.

Damian nodded, he just wondered if it would be in time.

~+~

“I think you should look into that shooting again that killed Cassandra’s father,” Damian said at breakfast the next day.

“It's pretty much a cut and dry thing. The case is closed,” John said, handing Cassandra an orange.

“Because these people killed each other in a random act of violence?” Jason cut in.

John looked at him like Jason had just betrayed him. “Yes. These things sometimes happen.”
“Did you find out why Cain was here in the first place?”

John frowned. “No. We couldn’t find anything on that matter.”

“And no one has died, since we got Cass, a horrible death that just smelled hitman,” Jason said. “I do think you are onto something here, Damian. This smells fishy, because if I were someone who would like to assassinate someone and would hire The Assassin, and that assassin got himself killed? I would hire someone else, because the job was important.”

“Yes, I know we should be glad that no one got killed, but it sets my teeth on edge,” Damian said, piling more Veggie bacon on his plate. The stuff was to die for. So good.

“Besides, this case was solved rather fast,” Jason said. “Makes you wonder if there is someone who has an interest in that.”

“I'll look into it,” John said.

“Good,” Damian replied. He knew that John would rather be with Cass and take care of her, but they really needed to get to the bottom of this whole business.

Aunt Nyssa's cryptic warning that the League wants her back, wasn't helping either. Because the League must be aware where the girl was. “It's not the League,” Damian said looking at them all.

“What?” Dick asked, he had been uncharacteristically silent the whole time.

“Aunt Nyssa said that they were looking for her, but the League would know that she is with us. I'm sure of that. Grandfather keeps tabs on me and Father and he knows that John and Father are lovers, so he knows about John, what he does, that he is with the police—”

“That he is wolf?” Jason cut in.

“Most likely, Grandfather makes it his business to know things. Because it might be that one day that knowledge would be useful.”

“Okay, that's just creepy,” Jason replied.

Damian rolled his eyes. “Father implanted us all with a tracker, Jason.”

“Yes, but he's not like spying on us,” Dick said.

Damian gave him a look that he hoped conveyed what he thought of that statement.

Dick bit into his roll and glared. He swallowed. “It's still different. Bruce cares.”

“The messed up thing is,” Damian said, “That Grandfather cares too.”

“We should run all this by Bruce, once he's back from the office,” John said, taking a sip of coffee.

“You'll have to do this, I have an important date this afternoon.”

John raised an eyebrow in question.

“He's meeting Tim's parents,” Jason said.

“He knows Tim's parents- oh, they know about you. You’re meeting them as Tim's boyfriend,” John said catching on. “Good luck.”
“Thank you,” Damian replied dryly.

“You said that to me the first time I came here,” Jason threw in.

“And it turned out alright,” Dick said, grabbing Jason's hand and squeezing it on the table.

Damian didn't even give them shit for this cheesy display of affection. It did turn out alright. He didn't think that Tim's parents would make a big deal out of it all.

The werewolf matter was a whole other business. It was really a wonder that they didn't find out about it. But then Tim spent his full moons, like every night he could with Damian at the manor. It wasn't a pattern. They were too good for that.

~+~

“They allowed me to stay over, officially,” Damian said, a bit bewildered.

Tim pressed him against the dresser and kissed him hard. “I know, we should really take advantage of that and the fact that my room is so far away from the media room and their bedroom,” Tim replied.

“Tim-”

“Just let me,” Tim interrupted, sinking to his knees.

Damian had planned on talking about the dinner and Tim's parents and all that, but – this was good too.

“You have any idea how hot you are?” Tim asked, just before he took Damian's cock into his mouth.

Which was so unfair, he had an answer to that question, instead he was biting his lip to keep the moans in. No matter what Tim said, Damian knew his parents were downstairs and he didn't want them to hear him. Damian tangled his fingers in Tim's hair and Tim moaned, it sent shivers down Damian's spine. He wanted to hold out a bit longer, but Tim had been such a perfect tease the whole evening that Damian was sure it was only his Robin training that prevented him from getting a boner at the dinner table.

Damian's fingers tightened in warning, but Tim ignored him and just sucked harder.

Damian came with a muffled groan, his eyes closed tightly shut. When he opened them, Tim was still on his knees, jerking himself off.

“Would have taken care of you,” Damian said, sinking to his knees, so he could kiss Tim while Tim got himself off.

“I know, but I couldn't wait. You can make it up to me another time. I know you can't actually stay over, because you have patrol tonight.”

Damian was old enough now that he was allowed alone on patrol once a week. Tonight was that one night, and he loved Tim and loved fucking Tim, but being Robin unsupervised by Batman....that was something else. And Tim understood that Damian took that night and made the best of it. “I love you,” he said, against Tim's lips and felt Tim shudder and come.

“How can you not?” Tim grinned. “I'm quite the catch.”
“Yes, you are.”

~++~

Patrol was quite tonight, so Damian enjoyed just exploring the city. Visiting his favorite spots and rooftops. Checking on the secret places they stashed emergency food, water, and first-aid kits. He was just pushing one of the kits back into its hiding place when he heard a commotion on the street underneath him.

His instincts took over and he ran, shooting the grapple gun and landing in the street ready to take on whatever it was.

“I got this,” the girl said.

Damian blinked, watching her. He wasn't sure she 'got this'. Her style was sloppy, her costume hideous. Was she being sarcastic? Was her secret vigilante name 'Eggplant'? 

He shook the thoughts off. She was fighting dirty. But she still had three thugs to take care off. Damian got up from his crouch and crossed his arms over his chest. “Hey, Eggplant, you sure you 'got this'?”

“I could hear the finger-quotes in that. And it's Spoiler,” she replied. Her breath was coming faster now, she was getting tired. Her breasts were really something, Damian noted. Her costume was way too thin.

“I think I like Eggplant better,” Damian replied.

“Birdy, don't even start,” she threw over her shoulder, bending down, picking something up lightning fast and two thugs were down.

“Did you just knock them out with a brick?”

“Gotta use what's on hand.” Spoiler replied.

The third thug looked at her warily.

“Just fuck off,” Damian said in his best Jay-Robin imitation. He and Jason were roughly the same height and build, so people often confused them when they were wearing the costume. No one ever confused Dick. Especially not with the new suit. Without the cape his ass was constantly on display.

The third thug nodded once and ran.

“Great,” Spoiler said. “I wanted to talk to him!”

“You shouldn’t even be here, wearing that!”

“Who died and made you king of Gotham? I can do whatever the fuck I like,” she huffed and then, “Catch!” as she threw the brick hard and fast at Damian’s face.

Damian had to duck and jump sideways to avoid getting hit with it. Would have hurt as hell. When he was up again she was gone. Just great, he thought. Father would love that. Just what they needed to make their lives a little bit more interesting.

He grinned despite himself. She had been kinda fun.
Part Three: Chapter Five

Five

Jason couldn’t keep his eyes off Dick’s ass. His new suit was so fucking distracting and all Jason wanted to do was slam Dick against the rooftop and fuck him senseless.

“Hey!” Jason gasped as Dick smacked his arm, hard. “What the fuck was that for?”

“Language,” Dick teased and then flew off the building, showing off his beautiful flexible body.

Jason growled and gave chase. It was a quite night, too quite almost, but it gave them time to have a little fun too.

Dick made a huge show of bending over and then Dick shook his ass at him and Jason groaned.

“Bastard.”

Dick laughed and Jason wished he could see his eyes sparkling with mischief, but the lenses of his mask were down. “Am I?”

Jason huffed and pulled Dick to him, kissing him hard and needy. His gloved fingers running over Dick’s ass.

Dick moaned into his mouth, returning the kiss as he playfully smacked Jason’s hands away from his ass, “You’ve been a bad boy.”

“Don’t you know it,” Jason smirked and pinched Dick’s ass. “Love your suit.”

“I do make it look good.” Dick grinned as he pulled back. “And this is just the prototype, but I love it. I didn’t realize how much a hindrance the cape was.”

“It makes you more of a target though,” Jason grumbled. He knew how much Dick wanted the new suit, for more flexibility… but the cape was also a shield and now Dick was so much more vulnerable.

Dick shrugged, “It is what it is…” Dick’s voice trailed off when gunshots echoed in the air and their discussion was tabled for now. Dick smiled at him and then flew off the building.

Jason shook his head and followed after him, seemed like their night was shaping up nicely.

~*~

Dick continued to tease him all night long and Jason fucking loved every moment of it. Jason stole a kiss once they were back in the safety of the cave and they would have proceeded much further if Bruce hadn’t been working on whatever the fuck he was working on.

Bruce simply rose a brow as they entered, seemingly amused as they rushed to discard their suits. He could probably smell their arousal. “Anything to report?”

“No, all good.” Dick managed as he pushed Jason toward the stairs.

Bruce chuckled, turning back to the computer and they raced up to the manor.
Jason slammed Dick against the nearest door, claiming him in a brutal kiss only making it partly down the hallway. “Fucking need you so bad,” Jason growled as they parted to breathe.

“Yeah,” Dick inhaled, nipping at his lips and wrapping his legs around Jason’s waist and bringing them closer together.

Jason hissed as their erections rubbed against each other and he pushed his hands down Dick’s pants, cupping that gorgeous ass of his.

“Fuck, Jay,” Dick gasped when he suddenly pushed Jason away. “Shit.”

Jason growled in annoyance, about to demand what the fuck was going on, when he caught a certain scent and realized the reason why. Cass. “Fuck.”

“Language,” Dick reprimanded and Jason snorted.

“She doesn’t even understand us.” Jason dragged his fingers through his hair, this was the last thing he wanted to deal with. Dick knelt down to the tiny girl staring up at them with big bright eyes.

“Hey, babygirl… shouldn’t you be in bed?”

She blinked, grabbing Dick’s hand and tugging on him to follow her, join her?

“Fuck.”

“Jay,” Dick warned. “I’ll just go tuck her into bed and join you in a bit.”

Jason growled.

Cass just smiled at him, tugging on Dick’s hand insistently. Dick shrugged his shoulders and leaned up, giving Jason a peck on the check before he swept Cassandra up into his arms and she squealed with delight.

Jason sighed and reluctantly made his way to their bedroom, talk about being cockblocked. He stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed to wait impatiently for Dick to return. This was ridiculous.

He closed his eyes, sighing as his thoughts drifted to Roy and their pack. They had a city pack, they all had their own places. Jason had been thinking about the possibility of Dick and him moving out on their own… and now that they were graduating soon. It made sense.

They needed their own space. He’s loved living in the manor, but now with Cass in the household and Bruce and John have been talking about having a baby… they were making a little family of their own now. The dynamics were shifting and Jason thought they needed their own space to grow that family.

“Hey.”

Jason glanced over as Dick entered their room and locked the door. “About fuckin’ time.”

“Sorry.” Dick stated sheepishly as he yanked the shirt over his head and rushed to take off the rest of his clothes. “I tucked Cass into bed and then I read her a story.”

Jason huffed, rolling his eyes. Of course he did.
Dick grinned, “Don’t you want me to read you a story and tuck you into bed?” He teased as he joined him on the bed, straddling him.

“Maybe,” Jason smirked as Dick rocked his hips against Jason’s. “But I think fucking would be better than you tucking me into bed.”

“Think that could be arranged,” Dick smiled, leaning in and kissing Jason. It was a soft tender kiss that turned into something more heated in seconds. Dick pulled back and Jason groaned. “But first a story.”

Jason chuckled. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Dick pressed the palms of his hand against Jason’s chest as he rocked against him. “Once upon a time—”

“And they lived happily ever after.” Jason cut him off and flipped them so that every gorgeous inch of Dick was underneath him. “The end,” he added as he sealed it with a searing kiss.

“My fave,” Dick uttered as they parted to breathe and Jason reached over for the lube.

“I know,” Jason smiled. “Kinda like them now too.”

“Yeah,” Dick grinned and wrapped his hand around Jason’s neck and pulled him into a kiss. “I want you.” Dick spread his legs in invitation and Jason just moaned in response. “Yeah?”

“Yeah.” Jason repeated and then chuckled to himself. “Fuck, Dick. You’re so beautiful.”

Dick’s skin flushed at the compliment and Jason kissed his chest, licking a nipple before he coated his fingers and slipped one into Dick and then another, they had been teasing each other all night long and he couldn’t wait any longer. “Jay!”

Jason nodded and then coated his cock before he aligned himself and thrust into Dick’s welcoming heat. Dick moaned, wrapping his legs around Jason’s waist. Dick and forcing him deeper.

“Finally,” Jason moaned, kissing Dick before he started to move.

Jason knew he wouldn’t last long, he had been hard all night, just waiting for this moment. Dick felt so damn good, it always felt like he was coming home. Jason was safe, loved, it felt so fucking good. Jason shifted his angle, hitting Dick’s sweet spot on every thrust.

He loved all the noises Dick was making and the way Dick moaned his name over and over again. Jason wrapped his hand around Dick’s cock and only had to stroke him once before he was crying out his orgasm, triggering Jason’s.

So fucking good.

~*~

Dick curled into him as he did every night… well it was practically morning. But at least they had a few hours to sleep before they had to go to class. “Can you believe that we’ll be graduating soon?” Jason hummed as he rubbed his hand down Dick’s back.

“Not really, then we’ll have to get real jobs or something.” Dick chuckled. “Have you decided what you’re going to do?”

“Work at the station with the forensics team? Not sure I want to be a beat cop, still too much
“baggage there, ya know?”

Dick nodded. “But Officer Grayson does have a nice ring to it.”

“Yeah, it does.” Jason smiled.

Dick leaned in and kissed him softly. “Think Officer Todd is kinda hot too.”

Jason snorted, it did sound good. Maybe. But that was still months away, and there was something else on his mind… he just needed to talk to Dick about it. “Dick, there’s something I need to talk to you about…”

“Finally,” Dick sighed, trailing his fingers down his side. “I knew there was something going on in that head of yours.”

Jason groaned. “You know me too well.”

“Naturally,” Dick smiled, kissing his nose. “So, spill.”

“I want to move out.”

Dick startled slightly at that and pulled away from him. “Wait, what?”

“I want to get a place of our own,” Jason rushed to explain. “Don’t you want a place we can call home?”

“Our own?” Dick sighed with relief. “Fuck, Jay. For a second there, I thought you wanted your own place. To move out without me.”

Jason frowned, shaking his head. “I’m not going anywhere without you.”

Dick took Jason’s hand, threading their fingers together. “Good. But the manor has been our home. Our pack is here.”

“I know, but look at Team Arrow, they’re a strong pack and they live in different houses… Roy said, most city packs are like that. We’re different… you kept your pack rules and we adapted them and until recently, I agreed.” Jason explained as best he could. “But now with Cass, and John really wants a baby of his own… they’re making a family and that kinda changes the dynamics, ya know?”

Dick nodded. “Is this because Cass interrupted us earlier?”

“Yes, no… kinda. Don’t you want a place of our own? Bruce has safe houses in the city we could use.” Jason smiled as he squeezed Dick’s hand. “Just think about it.”

Dick looked away, worrying his lip and Jason knew it wasn’t a good sign.

“Dick?”

“But the city?” Dick sighed. “There’s no place to run, Jay… I need to be able to run. Don’t you?”

Shit. Jason groaned. “I didn’t think about that… there’s the park and-”

“It’s not safe, Jason. The manor is safe.”

“There has to be something,” Jason insisted, not wanting to stick around here. He didn’t realize
how much he really wanted to move out until now.

“I hear what you’re saying and I kinda agree, but not in the city.” Dick smiled, trying to reassure him.

“Okay, but where? There’s not much left.” Jason mused thinking aloud.

“Hey, what about the caretaker’s cottage?” Dick questioned and Jason raised a brow, intrigued.

“Isn’t that the empty place on the east side of the estate?” Jason wondered. “It’s kinda run down. How long has it been empty?”

Dick shrugged, “It’s been empty since I’ve come to live here, but at one time the man that took care of the estate lived there… he was let go after the Wayne’s were murdered.”

“For obvious reasons,” Jason snorted. “But, yeah. We should check it out later, then talk to Bruce. It’s doable.”

Dick smiled. “And we’d be close to home if anything happens, but have something to call our own.”

Jason nodded, tugging Dick to him and kissing him. “This means a lot to me.”

“I know,” Dick smiled against his lips. “Love ya.”

“Love you too.”

~*~

Before patrol they borrowed the key from Alfred and made their way to the cottage. It was stuffy and needed to be aired out. It looked like it hadn’t been cleaned in months, but Alfred said it gets a good cleaning once a year.

“Needs some work,” Jason stated as he looked around. “But hell, it’s still so much better than some of the places I lived at as a kid.”

Dick frowned, “Jay.”

Jason shrugged, it was in the past and this, this was their future. It gave Jason a warm tingling feeling in his gut. This would be their home. “Some paint will freshen it up.”

“The furniture is still good.” He patted the couch in the living room…. it was quaint. Jason chuckled at himself for even referring to anything as quaint.

“Let’s look around more.” Jason stated as he ducked into the kitchen with a small eat in dining nook. There was another sitting room, where they’d have to put a TV and game console… it had huge potential.

“And here’s a bathroom.” Dick pointed out. “Guessing the bedroom is upstairs?”

“Must be,” Jason had to duck, the ceiling a tad short going up the stairs.

“You’ll have to be careful,” Dick chuckled as he went up the stairs with ease.

“Brat,” Jason snorted as they entered the bedroom. It wasn’t nearly as big as the bedrooms in the manor, but it would do. They had a big closet and dresser and master bath too. It was perfect. Jason
grabbed Dick and tugged him to the bed. “Maybe we should test it out first.” He grinned as he
kissed Dick and pushed him back onto the bed and straddled him for an impromptu make out
session.

The bed groaned, wobbled, and then collapsed under their weight.

Dick burst out in laughter. “We’ll definitely have to move our bed into here, but this place has
everything else.”

“You think it’ll do?” Jason smiled, feeling amazing. “This is perfect. Our place.”

“Our place,” Dick agreed, sealing it with a kiss.

~*~

“Are you really moving out?” Tim asked as he sat down at the table.

“Yep,” Jason nodded, sitting down as well. “But we’re not moving far, just to the cottage.”

“Alfred is going to get a cleaning crew in, a handy man to fix up anything that needs to be done,
and then the painters to give everything a fresh coat of paint. The only thing we’ll need to move is
a bed, TV and other electronics, plus all our personal belongings.” Dick explained, joining them at
the table.

“You can visit anytime… but call first.” Jason added with a wink.

Tim chuckled. “Of course. Heard Cass almost saw your cock.”

Dick groaned. “Almost, she’s sneaky.”

“Anything on the Cain case?” Tim asked, taking a sip of his drink.

Jason shrugged. “John says there’s nothing new, but it’s still fucking suspicious.” Jason paused,
glancing around them. “Where’s your boyfriend?”

Tim’s cheeks flushed. “Said he had to check something real quick downstairs.”

“I’m guessing meeting the parents went well?” Dick grinned. “Damian seemed obnoxiously happy
on patrol.”

“Well it was his solo night,” Jason pointed out.

“And there’s another vigilante wannabe.” Damian stated as he suddenly appeared. “That’s why I
was checking the news, seeing if there was anything.”

“A wannabe?” Jason’s eyes widened. “Another Bat?”

“Or cat?” Dick added.

“More like an eggplant.” Damian snorted. “She called herself, ‘Spoiler’. So, if you see anything let
me know.”

“You mean, let Bruce know?” Jason corrected, but there was a slight flush on Damian’s cheeks.
Interesting.

“Of course.” Damian replied quickly. “Where are John and Cassandra?”
“Master John took Lady Cassandra to the doctors. Social services insisted.” Alfred filled them in and they all instantly winced.

“That’s not going to turn out well.” Jason snorted, shaking his head. “But it’s not like we can say we’re wolf and we don’t get sick like that.”

“Poor girl, I bet John is miserable.” Dick remarked. “But it’s a good thing John is with her.”

Damian nodded. “Or there would be a dead doctor on our hands.”

Jason’s eyes widened slightly and he was almost expecting Damian to say he was joking, but he knew Damian wasn’t. Shit. It’s still so hard to think that she was league trained. “Yeah. We need to find out more on her, get to the bottom of this… it’s just too coincidental. Things just didn’t add up right.”

They nodded in agreement. They’d figure it out, they were Team Bat.
Chapter Notes

Warning: This chapter does include graphic sex between a man and wolf... which shouldn't be all that surprising due to the nature of this fic. But just in case that's a bit too much for you, you've been warned.

Enjoy!

Six

John was exhausted, everything wasn't as black and white as the department wanted it to be and the more questions he asked about the Cain case the more raised eyebrows he got. If he wasn't careful with it, soon they would be slamming doors in his face.

“Detective Blake,” one of the rookies said, “The Commissioner wants to see you.”


“Now,” the rookie said.

John put his coffee on the desk and knocked on Gordon's door.

“Blake, take a seat,” Gordon said.

John did and waited. “You wanted to see me?”

“What are you doing, boy?” Gordon asked.

“I guess we're talking about the Cain case?”

“Cut and dry,” Gordon nodded, playing with a cigar. John knew he was trying to smoke less.

“Yes, I know, but it was just a bit too cut and dry and the Batman thinks-”

“The Batman,” Gordon cut in. “You talked about this to the Batman?”

“He could have been a target, Commissioner. Don't you think it's a tad suspicious that no one has been assassinated since we’ve found Cain dead?”

Gordon sighed. “Son, this is dangerous ground you're walking on.”

“I understand,” John bit his lip. “Can you have my back on this?”

“Always, but there is only so much I can do. Just be careful. Maybe you should let the Batman handle this.”

“Maybe,” John said, making to get up.

“John,” the Commissioner said, “Is it true that you want to adopt the Cain girl?”
“Bruce Wayne wants to adopt her,” John said.

“Of course, but since you and he are involved...” Gordon let the sentence go unfinished.

“I guess, yeah, I want her to be part of our pa-family,” John said.

“It's different raising a girl,” Gordon said, “And I bet social services are a nightmare. The kid needs a good shrink. Does she even understand you?”

“No, but Bruce speaks her native tongue,” John replied. Which was only a half lie. They communicated just fine when they were wolves after all.

“Mister Wayne has many hidden talents, it seems.”

“He did spend a lot of years aboard,” John said. He wondered not for the first time if Gordon knew who the Batman really was.

“Yes, he did. Just be careful John. You’re responsible for another life now.”

“I will. Thank you, Commissioner.”

Gordon made a noise and John took that as his cue to get lost.

~+~

“He warned you away from the case?” Dick asked later that evening.

“Pretty much. Powerful people want this case nicely wrapped and put away.”

“Something is definitely fishy about the whole thing. Damian was right,” Jay cut in, helping himself to more vegetables.

“Where is he anyway? I hardly see him anymore.” John asked.

“Dividing his time, between being Robin, Tim, and Spoiler.”

“Spoiler? That girl vigilante? Hasn't Batman put a stop to that by now?”

Jason shrugged. “Apparently not. Maybe because Damian has asked him not to.”

“What?” John really wasn't following. A girl, with no training, had no business being out on the streets fighting crime. What was Bruce thinking?

“John, what right do we have to tell her not to do what she is doing, when we're doing the same?” Dick asked gently.

“She has no training, she is just a kid, and she’s not a wolf, right?”

“She is not a wolf,” Jason confirmed.

“She could get herself killed easily.”

“Robin is keeping an eye on her,” Jason said.

“Damian?” John asked.

“All of us,” Dick replied, taking a sip of his juice.
John sighed. “I really don't have time to worry about a girl in a spandex outfit, maybe a night in a cell will cure her from this.”

Jason and Dick exchanged a look over the table.

“Are you okay?” Dick asked.

John shook his head. No, he didn't think he was okay. “Don't worry about it.”

“You smell like distress and anger,” Jason pointed out. “You look like shit. Of course we worry.”

Maybe he just needed a good fuck to get out of his head for a bit. Things between him and Bruce were good, but Cassandra put a damper on their sex-life and Bruce wasn't home as much as he used to be. He was out on patrol or at the office, or meeting with lawyers to finalize the adoption. Or visiting the doctors with Cass, because he spoke her language and social services insisted. Cass was usually very tired and stressed out after and went to bed. Today was one of these days. Bruce had driven her home and went back to the office.

Was another kid a good idea right now? Fuck, John didn't know anymore. It was like they were constantly in some kind of danger. Had his life been like this before he knocked on Wayne's door?

“There’s just-” John began, almost wanting to deny it, but they could probably smell his primal need to fuck.

“See,” Jason said. “That's why I wanted to move out.”

John looked at him. “What?”

“I love her, don't get me wrong. I love all of you, but that is also the reason why Damian is staying over at Tim's more than Tim is staying over here, since Tim's parents know. We are used to being able to fuck whenever and wherever.” He speared a red bell pepper and looked at John meaningfully.

“It's not only sexual frustration.”

“Yeah, but it's part of it. So, when was the last time you and Bruce did it? And I don't mean hurried hand or blowjobs. I mean the slow, hard, drenched in sweat kind of sex.”

“Jay!” Dick said a bit scandalized.

“A while,” John admitted. “There is no time. And there is the adoption, the case, and that something sinister is lurking around just waiting-”

“Stop,” Dick said. “Just stop, if you start thinking like that you'll never stop. We are fine now. Cass is fine and we can take her out for the evening and night once she wakes up. She can help us put away shit in the cottage, right Jay?”

Jason frowned. “Right, okay.” He looked John directly in the eye, pointing his fork at him. “You better make the best of that night, because I was planning on fucking Dick on every surface in our new home.”

“Jay!”

Jason grinned. “What? You know it was my plan.”

“Thank you,” John said. Cass has been clingy the last few days and he and Bruce really haven’t had
any time to get down and dirty.

“You are welcome,” Dick said.

~+~

“You can't just arrest Spoiler,” Damian said, looming over John's desk.

“What?”

“Dick said you wanted to arrest Spoiler so she’d get off the streets. Don't think it'll work and besides we got this. It's a Robin matter.”

“A Robin matter?” John asked.

Damian nodded. “Yes, just stay away from it.”

“Damian, she is constantly putting herself in danger.”

“You are putting yourself constantly in danger. Father is, I am, police women all over the world are doing it. We got this.”

John never felt so excluded from the Batman and Robin show like he was feeling right now. He rubbed the bridge of his nose. “I'm a part of this team.”

“Are you?” Damian asked, it wasn't mean or calculating. It was a simple question. “Because as I see it, you are on the side of the law, while we operate outside of it. We aren't called vigilantes for nothing.”

“And Spoiler is one of you?”

Damian nodded. “Yes, she is one of us. If you want to arrest her, you'll have to arrest us too. And we know that won't happen. No double standards, that is just unfair. Or would you have reacted like that if she wasn't a girl?”

John honestly couldn’t say, but he was aware he was being unfair. He was protecting Selina too and he knew she was the Catwoman. Bruce probably only left her alone because John had asked him to and because she also kept the girls on the streets safe. Which, John knew, Jason also approved of. Given the way he grew up before he came to live with Bruce, it was no wonder.

“I'll leave her alone, but you'll have to keep her out of trouble.”

Damian gave him a look. “We got this.”

“Okay,” John said.

“Give my best to Father. I will be staying over at Tim's tonight, his parents are staying in the city.”

“Will do,” John said and couldn't help himself adding, “Have fun.”

Damian smirked. “Right back at you.”

Ah, John thought, Damian was aware that Cass was sleeping at the cottage tonight.

~+~
Bruce came home earlier than usual and John was glad for it, for the last hour he had been indulging in fantasies of the carnal kind. Staring him and Bruce in various situations and positions. The desire was singing in his veins and he was sure that Bruce could smell it on him.

“John,” Bruce said, it was halfway to a growl.

“Dick and Jay took Cassandra and Damian is at Tim's. Alfred said he was going to catch a movie. Some double Sherlock Holmes feature. He left us food to heat up, if you’re hungry.”

“I ate at the office,” Bruce said, throwing his bag and jacket over the closest armchair.

“Perfect,” John replied. “I was sitting here for the last hour imagining all kinds of porn scenarios staring you and me.”

“Is that so?”

“It all boils down to slow, hard, and drenched in sweat,” John answered, grabbing Bruce by the tie and pulling him into a hungry and heated kiss. There was a freedom in knowing that there was no one home and that no one would interrupt them until the morning.

“John,” Bruce growled, sliding his arms around John and pressing him against Bruce's body. John had been hard for some time already and the contact made him moan.

“We can start with hard and fast now,” John panted. “To take the edge off.”

“I'm thinking maybe, I’d like to see you on the edge for a while,” Bruce whispered into his ear and then bit his earlobe gently.

John's cock jerked at that. “We have all night.”

Bruce kissed him again, letting his teeth drag over John's lips and neck. John fucking loved this. Love to feel Bruce's teeth on him. Bruce started to peel John out of his clothes, but John didn't even try to help him. He was just holding on, letting Bruce be in charge for this. He needed to be taken care off, he needed to be taken out of his head, and Bruce had a knack of knowing this. He would be begging shamelessly in no time for Bruce to fuck him. Suddenly, he wished it was a full moon so he could be the animal he felt like being right now and Bruce would fuck him for hours on end and bite his neck just the right way. He moaned at the memory.

“Filthy thoughts?” Bruce asked, pulling away just enough so John could step out of his pants and underwear.

“Yes, no, fuck, I was thinking about you fucking me when we're both wolves,” John answered.

Bruce growled. “You're feeling feral.”

“Yes,” John said, rubbing against Bruce's clothed body. It was such a turn on for him, to feel naked and exposed while Bruce was in his suit. John loved the texture against his skin too and Bruce knew it. He hugged John, so even more of his soft shirt was sliding over John's naked flesh.

“Next full moon,” Bruce promised. Bruce had been hesitant at first, but it was just so fucking good to let their passion run wild after a hunt. It was completely unashamed, pure instinct to mate. There was freedom in that too.

John kissed Bruce and grabbed his ass, rubbed his hard cock against Bruce's pants, moaned into Bruce's mouth. “Fuck me, please, fuck me.”
“I love when you're so wanton,” Bruce said, nipping his collarbone. It sent waves of desire through John’s body. Made him shiver with need and anticipation.

“Bruce, fuck, now. Please.”

Bruce nodded, manhandled him to the sofa and bent him over. “Stay, no rubbing off on the sofa, John.”

John groaned. He knew that Bruce would be back in a moment, he was just going to grab the lube, but John was feeling impatient and needy and it was so hard not to rub against the soft, but a bit scratchy material of the sofa. It would feel oh so good against his stomach and cock.

He waited for Bruce to come back instead. The anticipation was good too, kept him on the edge. Bruce was back in a matter of moments, his big broad hand sliding down John's body: from the base of his neck, over his spine, to the small of his back and over the curve of his ass, then inwards. John spread his legs and pushed his ass out in invitation. Bruce slicked up two fingers and pushed into him. He was taking it slow, because he hadn't been kidding about keeping John on the edge for a while. The heat in John's stomach was nearly unbearable. Bruce's thumb was massaging the tailbone lightly and it was just so fucking good that John howled. It made Bruce groan in return. He pushed another finger into John and John met him this time. “Please, oh fuck, Bruce, please. I need your cock.” He was leaking, but Bruce was still just playing with his hole. John leaned forward to rest his head on the back of the sofa, his fingers curled around it tightly. “You love to hear me beg, don't you?” He panted.

Bruce kissed his nape and then bit it none too gently. “Yes, I do.”

“Fuck me, please Bruce, please,” John said. Not even playing it up, he was desperate by now.

Bruce spread his cheeks and pushed his cock inside without a warning. John nearly choked on how good it felt to be finally filled, to be complete, to feel Bruce move inside him. He moaned loudly and unashamed. “Yes, fuck, yes,” John said. “Do it hard.”

“But slow, John, we're going to take it, oh, so slow,” Bruce whispered into his ear. “Drenched in sweat, yes?”

John laughed and then bit his lip as Bruce hit his sweet spot. Again and again and again. Bruce's cock dragging over John's prostate in a torturous tease. He was giving John exactly what John had been asking for, what he had been needing. After a sheer eternity of this slow torture Bruce finally sped up his thrusts. John was sobbing by then, so hard and ready to come. “Touch me,” he begged and Bruce did, curled his fingers around John's cock and let John fuck his hand until he spilled over Bruce's fingers, clenching down hard on Bruce's cock and shuddering as he felt Bruce come inside him.

Afterward Bruce had to help him up the stairs, because his legs felt shaky and he felt used all over. It was fantastic. There wasn't a single thought in his head that wasn't sleep, closeness, mate.

He fell into their bed and curled up on his side, listening to Bruce in the bathroom. Running water and the smell of soap.

Bruce cleaned him up and threw a blanket over him before he curled up against John.

“I needed this,” John mumbled.

“Yes,” Bruce replied. “Sleep now.”

“Just for a bit,” John said, already drifting off.
John woke up a few hours later, it was still dark in the room, Bruce was a solid warm mass beside him and John really fucking wanted him. His hands ran over Bruce's body and squeezed his balls gently until Bruce groaned. “Want to fuck you,” John whispered. It would be John’s first time being in charge and fucking Bruce. They had talked about this before and John knew that there might not be a better time for them to be together like this. Just the thought alone made him so fucking hard, he wanted Bruce so fucking much. He needed this.

Bruce made a vague affirmative noise, turning into John and kissing John in approval.

John pulled away long enough to reach into the nightstand drawer and grab the lube. John slicked his fingers up as he nudged Bruce so he’d roll over onto his stomach. John still felt a bit feral around the edges, like the animal wanted to come out and play, it was always a bit stronger at night.

He pushed one finger into Bruce, opening him up thoroughly, but not slowly, a second soon followed and then a third. By then Bruce was pushing against him, his head pressed into the pillow, his hands underneath it. John slicked his cock up and slid into Bruce. God, but it felt so fucking good, he threw his head back, and then leaned in again, licking Bruce's shoulder and neck, his hands firmly planted on both sides of Bruce's broad body. He took it slow, felt the delicious drag of his cock inside Bruce's hole.

Bruce groan was animalistic too and John bit his neck, marking and claiming Bruce as his, it made Bruce thrust back into John and John's cock slipped even deeper and then he was thrusting in again, fast and faster still, his fingers clawing at the sheets.

John suddenly felt the change coming over him, but he was unable to stop it. His primal side taking over. He growled and Bruce stilled. They had talked about this too, but not since he turned into a wolf. John hadn’t planned this. Fuck. John panted. There wasn’t much reasoning in the one moment of feeling Bruce, human Bruce, under him, under the wolf, the instinct was to claim and fuck and mate. Against everything that John was feeling, he manage to pause and wait for Bruce to tell him to stop and get off or something-

Instead Bruce reached back and ran his fingers through John’s fur. And then Bruce thrust back again and John licked his broad back and started fucking him again. He could feel his cock swell even more, filling Bruce out in all the right ways.

It felt like he was fucking Bruce for hours. His stamina was always better when they were in wolf-form. At some point Bruce reached under himself and stroked himself to completion, but John wasn't done yet, and after a while he could feel Bruce tighten around him again in another orgasm, this time it sent John over the edge too.

He stayed inside Bruce until his cock was completely soft and then rolled over, cuddled into Bruce, still in his wolf-form.

Bruce reached out and stroked his fur. “We will talk about this tomorrow morning,” he said gently, but he didn't sound or smell angry. He smelled sated.

John wasn't worried.

~+~

John woke up to pale sunlight filtering through the curtains because they forgot to draw the
curtains shut the night before. And to Bruce’s gaze on him.

“Morning.” John said lazily. Sometime during the night, he must have turned back to his human form.

“Morning,” Bruce replied, putting a hand on John's hip.

John bit his lip. “So...”

“So,” Bruce said. “You turned in the middle of it.”

“Yeah...” John felt a bit embarrassed about it now. “I just – I guess, because it was the first time you let me-” he cut himself off. “Are you okay?”

Bruce kissed him gently. “Yes, I am okay.”

“Do you want to do it again?” John asked. Bruce hadn't pushed him off last night, but he hadn't been fully awake either. It had been all a bit hazy, but it had felt so damn good to be inside Bruce, to have him submit, to be able to claim him.

Bruce was quite for a while and John didn't think that was a good sign. “Yes, but not – like last night.”

“What exactly do you mean?” John wanted to know.

Bruce looked at him for a long intense moment. “I want you inside me, but not when you're a wolf and I am not. Not – just-”

“I thought it was good?” John asked.

“Yes, but I don't think I...fuck,” he said, took a breath. Bruce rarely swore, was hardly at a loss for words. “It’s too much.”

John nodded in sudden understanding. Bruce couldn’t get over the interspecies thing, even though it wasn't that exactly because they were both werewolves, both the same. But John wasn't going to demand anything Bruce wasn't able to give. “Okay.”

Bruce kissed him. “I did like it. You felt really good inside me and I want to do it again,” he reassured John. “Just one or the other. Okay?”

“Yes,” John said. He bit his lip, but he had to ask. “I didn't cross a line, did I?”

“Yes,” John said. He bit his lip, but he had to ask. “I didn't cross a line, did I?”

“John, I could have pushed you off. If I told you to stop, you would have stopped.” It wasn't even a question. Bruce knew.

“Yes,” John said.

“Chucking it up to doing something crazy in bed because we were in the mood.”

“Okay,” John said and kissed Bruce again. He cuddled close to Bruce, let Bruce wrap his arms around him and closed his eyes. He wasn't going to sleep, and neither was Bruce, but there was no need to get up yet and have to face the day.

That would come soon enough.

Right now, John was going to enjoy that he was okay and that Bruce was okay, and that they were
safe and in love.
Part Three: Chapter Seven

Seven

Dick yawned as they relaxed, curled up on the couch together. He was exhausted, but it had been a good night. He glanced over to where Cassandra was sleeping on the overstuffed chair in the corner of the room. They had run together in the gardens until she was ready to pass out with exhaustion… it was the easiest trick in the book.

“Do you want kids?” Dick suddenly asked, breaking up the monotonous buzz from the TV that neither of them was really watching.

Jason snorted, shaking his head. “Are you kidding me?”

Dick frowned and pulled away from Jay. “No, seriously… not now, obviously. But do you see us having kids?”

“Seriously?” Jason sighed, shrugging his shoulders. “Yeah, I guess. Where is this coming from?”

“Bruce and John are planning additions to the family, a child and a baby… and I never really thought about it, but we’re getting older now. And while you’ve been thinking about us moving out, I was thinking about one day starting a family,” Dick explained, his heart aching as he thought about his own parents. “And hell, my parents had me when they were younger than we are now.”


Dick worried his lip, they had never discussed family or the future like this before. But with everything going on and them moving into the cottage together, it seemed appropriate. “I want a child, Jay. I want to pass the gene on. I want a son or daughter to carry the Grayson line on. It’s important to me.”

Jason nodded, “Okay.”

Dick let out a breath he didn’t even realize he was holding in, a sense of relief washing over him. “Yeah?”

“Not now, but a few years down the line? Yeah, I don’t see why not.” Jason smiled and then pulled him close and kissed him softly. “But if you want Babs to carry our child, forget it. I don’t think I could handle it.”

Dick’s heart skipped a beat when Jason said ‘our child’, that he didn’t even realize what he said until a moment later. “Wait, Babs?”

“Well she did offer to have John’s baby, so I know she’d jump at the chance to have yours as well.” Jason pointed out. Dick had forgotten all about that.

“Oh.”

“And it’s great for John, but no.” Jason’s voice dripped with jealousy and Dick couldn’t help but find it hot.

“No, we have time to figure out the details.” Dick assured him and then pulled Jay into a heated kiss, loving that spark of jealousy and letting it flame his arousal even more. He suddenly wished
that they didn’t have Cassandra in their mist to really give into their carnal pleasure.

“Fuck,” Jason moaned as they parted.


“One, she’s sleeping. Two, she doesn’t even understand us—”

“That we know of,” Dick pointed out, kissing him once more.

Jason groaned. “Whatever.”

“Remember the first time we fooled around and we just rubbed against each other?” Dick whispered against his lips as he straddled Jason’s lap and rocked their hips together. “We were, oh, so innocent.”

“Are you trying to kill me?” Jason gasped as he braced his hands on Dick’s hips and forced their bodies even closer together. It was such a fucking tease and it felt so damn good.

“Never,” Dick growled, kissing Jason as they continued to move together. He bit Jay’s lip and then spared a glance over to see that Cassandra was still sleeping soundly.

Their movements became more frantic as they continued to rub against each other, rocking and grinding together. Jason nibbled on his lip and then Dick pulled back slightly and bared his neck to him.

Dick bit back a moan when Jason marked him and claimed him once more as his mate. Dick clashed their mouths together in a breathtaking kiss and it only took a few more teasing movements before they both came messily between them as their orgasm washed over them. Dick couldn’t help but chuckle breathlessly.

He slumped against Jason. “Fuck.”

“Language,” Jason teased and Dick slapped his arm playfully.

“We should clean up,” Dick grinned, his skin still feeling flushed and hot.

Jason nodded towards Cassandra who was thankfully still tucked in a little ball fast asleep.

“She’ll be fine for a second.” Dick smiled and then raced Jason upstairs to the bathroom. They cleaned up quickly and dressed for bed. “Get the bed ready, I’ll go get Cass.”

Dick ran back down the stairs and scooped up Cass into his arms. She sighed and curled into him as he carried her up and then plopped her down on the bed. They’d all have to share since they only had the one bed. Dick joined her and she curled into his chest.

Dick pulled up the blankets and smiled when the bed dipped behind him and Jason spooned up against him, wrapping his arms around Dick’s waist. Dick leaned back and kissed Jay’s chin… this was actually really nice. Dick closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

~*~

“You’re awfully grumpy looking for someone who had a night of hard fucking,” Jason commented as they joined John at the kitchen table. And Jason’s assessment was right on, something was going on with John.
John snorted in response, shaking his head. He smiled as Cassandra raced over to him and climbed onto his lap. He kissed her brow and she beamed up at him. “I gather your night went well, she appears to be in one piece.”

Dick rolled his eyes. “We have a few tricks up our sleeves.”

“Of course,” John chuckled. “Let me guess, you ran and played as wolves until she passed out on you.” John teased and Dick shared a guilty look with Jason.

“We do what we can,” Jason shrugged, sitting across from John and Cass.

“It’s fine. I’m sure she loved it.” John sighed. “Thank you, Bruce and I really appreciated the night to ourselves.”

“Then why aren’t you glowing with sex and that goofy look you get?” Dick questioned as he took his seat besides Jay.

John cheeks flushed slightly and he glanced down at Cass.

Dick’s eyes widened fraction and then he changed tactics. “But it happened, yes?”

“Yes, but it’s what happened during that has me worried.” John explained and Dick couldn’t think of anything that would have happened during that would cause John so much distress.

“What? We’ve heard you plenty of times and you two seem to have it all worked out.” Jason pointed out and Dick couldn’t help but agree.

“This has never happened before,” John worried his lip. “Have you ever changed forms during?” John questioned and Dick’s eyes widened when he realized what John was saying.

“Oh! Oh.” Dick gasped. “And no, never… but Jay turned once after. But we were both wolves during and he turned back during his orgasm. But that was before he learned how to turn back on his own, without sleeping it off.” Dick explained, thinking fondly of that moment they shared.

“Damn, I totally forgot about that.” Jason shrugged. “But yeah, I chalked that up to a learning curve. It’s not happened again.”

John nodded, worrying his lip. He put Cassandra on the chair beside him and helped her with her breakfast as Alfred served them.

Alfred as usual was a silent force, ever supporting. They ate in comfortable silence and once they were done, Cassandra looked up at John.

John nodded and she smiled, darting away from the table to do whatever she pleased. Which gave them the freedom to really talk about the situation. Dick glanced over to see that Alfred had also left them to talk in privacy.

“So you changed into a wolf during sex?” Jason questioned, getting back to the topic they were talking about. “Damn.”

“Yeah, I. Fuck.”

“But why this time?” Dick just didn’t understand why, it didn’t make any sense. “What was different?”

John flushed, “I topped.”
“Shit, you fucked Bruce as a wolf?” Jason gasped. “That’s strangely really hot.”

Dick smacked Jason’s arm and sighed, rubbing his face. “It was your alpha wolf coming out.”

“What do you mean?” John asked, focusing on him.

“You have the gene, John. By nature you are an alpha wolf.” Dick began, “And deep down your wolf has hungered for that. When you topped, you were in essence dominating Bruce and your wolf broke free, relishing in that.”

“Will it happen again?” John questioned, his voice full of worry.

Dick worried his lip in thought. “You need to dominate Bruce in your wolf forms this full moon, you need to switch it up… or it might happen again. Or you can never top again, that should solve the problem as well.”

John took a deep breath and nodded his head. “Okay.”

“So, was it hot?” Jay asked and Dick smacked his arm.

“Yeah, it was really good.” John flushed slightly. “But Bruce wasn’t a big fan of it.”

Dick nodded, he knew that… they all did. John had told him of his fantasies before, but this was different.

“And um, don’t mention it to Bruce. You know him.” John added as he got up from the table. “Thanks,” he smiled. “I better go see what Cass is up to.”

Dick smiled. “No problem.”

~*~

“How was babysitting?” Tim teased as Dick joined him down in the cave. Tim was installing some new software that he claimed would make the system run even faster.

“It was good,” Dick smiled. “She’s a good girl.”

“Who could kill you in your sleep,” Tim pointed out and Dick groaned. “She was brought here to Gotham to kill someone.”

“I know, but she’s pack now, I don’t think she’d hurt anyone of us.” Dick was positive of this… but it still made him wonder who her target was. Was it Bruce? It was a chilling thought. They hadn’t found anything else on the Cain case.

Dick leaned back against the desk as Tim typed away.

“Have you met her?” Tim suddenly asked and Dick raised a brow in question. “The ‘Eggplant’.”

“Oh, we watched her rendezvous with Damian one night. She seemed pretty harmless… she has little to no training. We could easily take her down.” Dick shrugged.

“You think she’s pretty?”

“Don’t know, she has a killer body though.” Dick grinned and frowned when he saw Tim’s blank face.
“Damian’s in love with her.” Tim whispered.

“Nah, he’s just curious about her.” Dick countered, not really sure. He’s talked with Jay about Damian’s attraction to her, but they weren’t sure if there was anything else.

Tim sighed and tapped on a few keys. “Her name is Stephanie Brown.”

Dick gaped in shock, surprised that Tim had figured it all out, but then again. He had all of the Batman’s gadgets at his hand and Tim was crafty. “Yeah?”

“Her father is a known criminal, out on bond… but something’s going on.” Tim clicked on another button. “And she’s gorgeous.”

Dick gazed at her picture. Blonde, blue eyes, she was definitely pretty. “Not really my type.”

“But maybe Damian’s?” Tim questioned and Dick shrugged.

“You’ll have to talk to Damian about this. He’s your mate. Talk to him.” Dick encouraged him, squeezing Tim’s shoulder.

Tim sighed, nodding his head. “Thanks, Dick.” Tim got up and Dick hugged him close.

Dick sat down on the chair Tim vacated and looked through the files on Stephanie Brown, aka Spoiler. He was curious about her, but more because Damian did seem into her. They’ll have to watch them closely.

Dick rubbed his head, there was still so much going on and nothing to really go on. They were in a state of flux and Dick couldn’t help but wonder what would happen next.
From the start, Tim had been watching this whole thing unfold with a sinking feeling. Damian hardly ever took interest in people outside his pack and family. He was the one who had the loosest ties with the Arrow pack out of all of them. Including Bruce.

But he was into Spoiler. He had given her a nickname. Tim didn't think that Damian was aware that he was falling for Stephanie Brown. After all, he hadn't been aware that he had been in love with Tim either. Tim had no idea what to do. He couldn't make Damian love him. That was not how this worked. Mated or not. People grew apart, they broke up – shit, he thought. Damian was still the same to him, when they were together. Nothing had changed, except that he was dividing his time now, between Tim and Spoiler. He probably justified it in his head as being on patrol, as helping her, looking out for her. He had done the same for Tim.

Dick had told him to talk to Damian, but – Tim wasn't a coward, not anymore, but he was afraid. If he said anything, it would make it real. Not for Tim. For Tim it was already real, but for Damian. He would be aware of his feelings and he would have to face them. Act accordingly.

Maybe even question his feelings for Tim.

Tim sighed, closing his eyes, to block out the big smiling, pretty as hell face of Stephanie Brown, on the screen.

“That her?” Jay asked, leaning on the chair Tim was sitting in.

“Yeah.”

“She’s really hot. I mean, we’ve seen how freaking great her tits looked in that flimsy suit she calls an armor already, but never saw her face. How did you find out?”

“I have means and ways,” Tim replied, opening his eyes. “So hot, hmm?”

“Tim?”

“Didn't Dick already tell you that I was angstying because my boyfriend is in love with that Eggplant vigilante?”

“Shit, Tim,” Jason replied.

“Ah, you see it too then,” Tim said. “Good.”

“Good?” Jason asked.

Tim switched the screen off and turned to face Jason. “Yeah, it means it's not only in my head. I am not a jealous crazy person. He is falling for her. Might even have fallen for her already.”

“He loves you,” Jason said.

“Yeah, I know,” Tim sighed. “The kicker is that he doesn’t know it yet.”

“What?” Jason asked. “He is spending so much time with her. First they were just snapping at each
other and then he offered to train her and now—” Jason's eyes widened.

“Yeah, pretty much the lovestory I lived,” Tim said. “Been there, done that. All it takes now is for her to make a move and she will, well, you know how that tale goes.” He bit his lip. “She doesn't know that he has someone.” Of that Tim was absolutely sure. Damian didn't make it a habit to tell people, anyone really, anything about his personal life when he was in the suit. It was well known by now that Tim Drake and Damian Wayne were an item, but Spoiler didn't know that Robin was Damian Wayne.

“No, she doesn't. She's aware that there are three of us, how can she not? Knows that me and Dick are a thing, but she's never seen Damian with anyone...so yeah.” Jay lifted Tim's chin with one finger, so Tim was looking him in the eyes. “I can warn her away from him.”

Tim smiled. “You were always my favorite, Mucha,” he whispered.

“Haven't heard that name in a long, long time,” Jason replied.

“I was in love with you,” Tim said. He was pretty sure that Jason had known, but he had also known that Tim was damaged and too young.

“I know,” Jason said and leaned in to kiss him gently.

It was really just a press of lips on lips. Back when he was younger, Tim would have given pretty much anything to have Jason's lips on his, but now he could only think about how different Damian smelled and tasted, and kissed. Fuck.

“You don't need to warn her off, what good would that do? She knows something. Why else would she be on a crusade? Something is about to happen. Something that has nothing to do with wolf-business. Shouldn't scare her away. And besides I can handle this.”

“Yeah,” Jason said, looking at Tim. “I know you can. But you don't have to do this alone. You know that you can come to me with anything.”

“I know,” Tim said and he knew that. “She is one of you. Should keep her close.”

“Tim, you are one of us more than she could ever be, and if you're referring to this vigilante thing, well, you are one too. You are managing all this shit for us, it doesn’t matter that you never wanted to be out there on the streets. You are one of us.” He grinned. “You know Bruce never gave up hope you would put a suit on one day? He has one in your size.”

“What?”

“Yeah, slightly different. Prototype too. Fancy mask. It's all on file. But you say the word and he'll order the thing.”

“How do you even know that? I didn't know about that and I know these files in and out, Jay!”

“You aren't the only one with means and ways, Tim.” Jason replied, looking smug.

“Wow, that’s I mean...Bruce, really?”

“Yeah, swear it on my mom's grave,” Jason said. “You are one of us. You’ve always been one of us. You will always be one of us, no matter what.”

“Thank you, Jason,” Tim said.
“Any time. So what are you gonna do?”

“Fuck my boyfriend senseless, once he’s back, and then talk about feelings, like a grown up.”

Jason laughed. “You know you're probably the only emotionally healthy person around here.”

“Liar, you and Dick are doing great.”

Jason's eyes went soft. “Yeah, I guess we are. But we did have some bumps on the road too. You know the summer we broke up? He dated Babs and I was pretty much fucking anyone who offered...but it all turned out alright in the end.”

“Did you always know it would?” Tim asked.

“Nah, I was pretty sure Dick would give up on me. Babs seemed so much healthier for him, you know? The picket fence, the kids one day and all that. Me? I was having stray thoughts about fucking Bruce back then.”

“Fuck? Really?” Tim asked, because he didn't quite believe it. Bruce was hot, anyone with eyes could see that but...

Jason shrugged. “Yeah, would have done it, if he had let me. Would have broken Dick's heart too. So, it's better Bruce never even considered.” Jay stretched and then smiled. “You and Damian are solid. So what if he has a thing for Eggplant? Maybe it's just a phase.”

Tim frowned. “You mean I should just let it go?”

Jason shrugged. “Nah, I like your plan of fucking and talking about feelings. Stick with that. But you know, be open minded. It worked for Roy.”

“Oh,” Tim said. Roy was in a relationship with Oliver and Felicity Smoak. But he had started out sharing Oliver with her.

“There are all kinds of relationships out there that work for people. There isn't only one right way to do it, you know?”

“Yeah,” Tim said, nodding. “Thank you, Jay.”

“As I said before, anytime.” He brushed his fingers through Tim's hair gently. “You gonna come up and eat something or do you want to wait for Damian to finish patrol?”

“I'll come up in a sec,” Tim said.

“Okay,” Jason replied, leaving him alone and going upstairs.

~+~

It took Tim another three weeks to finally – not snap, Tim didn't do that – to confront Damian with his crush on Eggplant.

Tim had planned it because he planned pretty much everything.

Damian was freshly showered and only in his boxers and a worn t-shirt and Tim bit his lip as Damian's eyes lit up seeing him in his room.

“Didn't think you would be here, tonight,” Damian said, stalking, (Fuck, Tim, thought, freaking
stalking), to where Tim was sitting on the bed. “But I'm glad you're here,” he added, once he was standing in front of Tim. He grabbed for Tim's chin, tilled it up and kissed him hungrily. He was definitely in the mood, Tim thought. And hell, Damian knew just how to make him lose it too. He pulled away, panting. Damian grinned. “Staying over?”

“We need to talk,” Tim said.

“What?” Damian asked. “It's ass o'clock, Tim. I thought we would – you know, and then you would stay for breakfast.”

“Yeah, no. We need to talk.”

Damian sighed, crossing his arms over his chest. “About what?”

“Eggplant.”

“Her name is Spoiler,” Damian said.

“You call her Eggplant,” Tim pointed out.

“That's different-”

“Why?” Tim cut in.

“Just is. She's – we banter.”

“Okay, so you and Spoiler banter and have secret rendezvous while I am here.”

Damian frowned. “It's my job, you know? To be out there and fighting crime. You didn't have a problem with that before.”

Tim sighed. It seemed he was going about this all wrong. “Damian, you're falling in love with her or are already in love with her.”

“That's stupid! I'm in love with you,” Damian said.

“Yes, I know, but you're also in love with her. Don't you see? All the things you're doing with her is what you did with me, what you did for me. It doesn't change the fact, just because I wasn't running around in a flimsy spandex costume. You taught me how to fight, like Jay and Dick, you sat on me until I told you about my problems. You did that for her too, right?”

“Yeah, but-”

“And you didn't know you were heads over heels for me and I for you, until we kissed. Until I made you fool around with me. And I am not going to wait for that to happen.” Tim finished.

Damian was silent for a long while. Mulling over everything Tim had said. Tim just waited, there was nothing else to do after all.

“Fuck,” Damian said. “Fuck.”

“Well, yeah,” Tim replied.

“How long have you known?” Damian demanded.

“A while,” Tim admitted.
“And you didn’t say anything – please fill in the blanks,” Damian said. He was angry and Tim really didn’t get why. It wasn’t Tim who was falling for someone else.

“Because I am selfish, because you knowing means that we have to deal with it. Because there is the possibility that she is – that you will break up with me.”

“You’re my mate,” Damian said.

“You know as well as I, that it doesn’t mean we will be together forever and ever. Amen. Especially because we were so young when we started this.”

“Are you breaking up with me?” Damian asked sharply.

“No. I love you, but you,” he shrugged. “It seems that I am not enough to hold your attention.”

“That is not true.”

“Isn’t it? I am not the one who is having secret midnight rendezvous.”

“It’s strictly business,” Damian said, stepping away from Tim. “I mean, I never and she never. You know.”

“I know. As I said before, that is why I had to tell you. So your decision will be an informed one.”

“Oh, great, just fucking great. So when I cheat on you, you mean, I will have all the facts and it doesn’t come as a surprise!” Damian was yelling by the end of the sentence. And the manor walls were thick but only werewolves lived here.

“Damian-”

“Fuck this! I’m sure everyone else knows already,” Damian cut in, pacing the room like a caged animal.

“It doesn’t mean you have to wake your father, John, and Cassandra,” Tim pointed out.

“Should have done it after breakfast then,” Damian said. “But no, you waited here, in the middle of the night to break up with me.”

“I’m not breaking up with you,” Tim replied.

“What are we doing then?” Damian asked, the fight draining out of him.

“I – I was thinking about it.”

“What exactly?”

“About you and Spoiler-”

“There is no me and Spoiler.”

“But you said that you liked girls too and I was thinking, Roy used to share Oliver with Miss Smoak.”

“You want to share? Me? You want to share me with Spoiler?”

“Yes,” Tim said. There was still a rock the size of a mountain in his stomach when he thought
about it, but it would probably get easier with time.

“Fuck you!” Damian hissed.

He was really pissed off now, Tim could tell. “Damian-”

“Just leave,” Damian cut in.

“You're throwing me out?” Tim asked, disbelieving.

“I can't deal with this right now.”

“You mean me, you can't deal with me right now,” Tim said.

“Stop telling me what I mean and what I'm feeling!” Damian exploded.

“Okay,” Tim said and got up from the bed. He didn't know what else to say, so he just left Damian's room and went downstairs. The manor was still silent. His house was silent too and he didn't think that he could be alone right now.

He bit his lip until it bled and then took a deep breath.

He needed someone right now, he would make it up to Dick and Jay somehow.

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It took a few knocks before a sleepy looking Dick opened the door of the cottage. “Tim? What happened?”

“I – Damian threw me out, I didn't want to be alone. Can I sleep on your couch?” Tim asked. It all came out in a rush. He could feel the anger and fear choking him.

Dick pulled him into a tight hug and then inside.

“This better be a life or death thing,” Jason grumbled coming downstairs, where Dick was already making hot chocolate.

“I'm sorry,” Tim said. “I didn’t know, I mean, there is no other place I can go.” It was the fucking truth. He had no other friends. His parents were, more often than not, away. Even though he and his parents were getting along just fine now, Tim still wasn't going to call them up in the middle of the night and what could he have said anyway? He was keeping so many fucking secrets from them.

“It's fine,” Jason replied. “We were just sleeping, since Damian had patrol tonight.”

“Yeah,” Tim said.

“Damian threw Tim out,” Dick supplied as he handed out mugs.

“He did what? Why?”

Tim took a sip from his mug and then told them everything. “So...I fucked up.”

“Jesus,” Jason said.

“Yeah, I know. It had made so much sense in my head, you know and then... everything just went
so horribly wrong,” Tim admitted quietly.

“Is Damian really in love with Spoiler?” Dick asked.

Jason nodded. “Yeah, I think so. There is attraction for sure, not only on his part.”

“She is gorgeous and funny and smart too,” Tim said.

Jason gave him a look. “How do you know?”

“I might have bumped into her once or twice,” Tim admitted. He had stalked her from afar at first, with the Batman's gadgets it was easy to access the traffic and other more or less public cameras. But then it hadn't painted a full picture, so he had bumped into her and talked to her.

“Or more?” Dick asked.

“No, I really talked to her only a handful of times over the last few weeks. I wanted to see what Damian was seeing, but I got Stephanie Brown, he got Spoiler.” The fucked up thing was, he liked Stephanie Brown.

“Tim.” Dick said and hugged him again.

“And now I fucked up and Damian is really pissed off and I don't know if he's gonna break up with me,” He looked at Jason over Dick's shoulder. “I don't want him to break up with me.”

“It's gonna be fine. This was your first real fight. It happens. I told you, me and Dick weren't solid until we got together again,” Jason reassured.

“Jason is right. Damian will calm down and once he has thought about it all he will come and talk to you,” Dick said. “Just give him time, you kinda sprang a lot on him tonight.”

“My timing sucks?” Tim asked, only half joking. Dick let go of him and pushed the mug over, so Tim would finish his hot chocolate.

“A bit, genius wolf,” Jason said. “But I don't know if he would have reacted differently if you told him after breakfast that he is in love with someone else too. Things like that, they're always uncomfortable.”

“Understatement of the century,” Tim replied. He felt tired and yawned.

“We can talk about this more tomorrow,” Dick said. “Come on, brush your teeth and Jay will lend you a t-shirt to sleep in.”

“Thank you,” Tim said. “Just tell me where the spare pillows and blankets are and I'll make up the couch-”

“Don't even,” Jason said, pushing him in the direction of the bathroom. “You're sleeping with us, upstairs.”

“Thank you,” Tim repeated, because he didn't have it in him tonight to fight Jason on this. He needed someone and Dick and Jason were offering him pack-warmth. He wasn't going to say no to that.

“Good boy, now hurry up,” Jason said. “I'm asleep on my feet.”

Tim did hurry up and joined them in bed within minutes. Jason and Dick pulled him between them
and he felt secure and loved, he was asleep in moments.
Nine

Damian was livid... no, strike that. He was beyond livid. He’s never felt this angry or conflicted in his life.

He paced the length of the room, but it wasn’t enough and once more he wished he had the gene and he could change into his wolf form and just run.

“Fuck.” Damian hissed as he punched the wall and he felt a tad better at just letting it all go. And suddenly he knew what to do.

He ran down to the gymnasium. Damian cursed under his breath as he first started with a punching bag. He wasn’t sure how long he was there when he heard a noise and then he caught John’s scent in the air.

“Damian?” John called out to him and Damian grumbled in response.

“Go away.”

John shook his head, rolling his shoulders as he took a look at him. “Wanna talk about it?”

“Tt.”

“Wanna spar?”

Damian raised a brow and nodded. Now that sounded like the best idea. He knew John was learning from his Father, but he had no idea if John would be a worthy opponent... but at the moment, Damian was too emotional and might not be able to do as well as he normally would. The detective would do.

John assumed the attack position and they started. Damian was impressed... John was faster and more agile than Damian had expected. And at the moment he really appreciated it and he just let go, fighting John until he was exhausted. Physically and mentally.

He slumped back onto the mat, starring up at the ceiling.

John was quiet beside him. It was like he was just waiting for Damian to give in and talk or something. It suddenly reminded him of himself. It was a tactic he liked to use.

“We were worried about you, we heard the argument and we could smell your distress.” John began softly. “Your father thought it would be easier to talk to me, since you know, I’m not your father.”

Damian snorted.

“Was Tim right?” John asked as he sat up, looking over at Damian with concern.

“Yes. No. I don’t know.” Damian snipped. “How dare he tell me what I should think and feel? It’s like he wanted me to break up with him or something.” Damian sighed as he rubbed his face. “He’s my mate. I love him so much and it’s like he was just willing to give me away. He didn’t even fight for me... he wants to share me.” He huffed in disgust.
“You know, Tim.” John smiled. “He’s a planner, he’d plan everything if he could. Tim loves you.”

“I know.” Damian sighed.

“The question really is, do you have feelings for Stephanie?”

Damian’s eyes widened slightly. “Who?”

“Spoiler, ‘Eggplant’, her name is Stephanie Brown.” He stated and Damian just stared at him, he couldn’t believe John knew her real name.

“What?” He gasped. “How long have you known?”

John shrugged. “A few weeks.”

“Weeks?” Damian growled. “How long have you known about my so called feelings for her?”

“Since the beginning really.” John smiled. “You’d flush when you talked about her… you were excited and I do recall when you warned me not to arrest her.”

“Tt.” Did that really mean he loved her though? He still couldn’t really wrap his mind around it.

“Do you still love that Kyle woman?”

“Of course,” John’s voice was softer, loving. “I’ll always love her. But we weren’t a good fit after all. We had moved apart and she’s the one that encouraged me to go after your father. We’re still good friends.”

Damian sighed. “Do you prefer being with a male?”

“It’s different, it’s hard to compare the two. Sex with-” he paused, raising a brow. “Do you really want to know?”

Damian groaned, not really wanting to hear the details of his father’s sex life… but he was curious. He had always meant to talk to Roy about it. But John had been with both as had his Father.

“Bruce is my mate, there’s a deeper connection there and I like that Bruce can fuck me hard and without restraint. I never had to hold back my passion or desire. I’ve loved him since I was twelve years old. On the other hand, Selina is gorgeous and sexy, and she liked it a little rough. But I couldn’t just let go, she is human and I had to be careful with her at all times.” John explained. It helped to hear about being with both sexes.

“Did you want to be with both, let them share you?” Damian asked, unable to help himself.

“Oh, I had a few fantasies about being in-between a Selina and Bruce sandwich. But realistically? That’s not who I am. And both Selina and Bruce are very jealous people, it wouldn’t have worked out in the long run.”

Damian frowned.

“But you need to decide if that’s what you want, look at Team Arrow. They’re very happy together, they make it work.”

Damian sighed then, even more confused.

“Don’t rush into anything, explore if your feelings for Stephanie are real and not just you being curious about the fairer sex. There’s so many different levels of love. She may end up being a
close friend or something more.”

Damian nodded as he got up. “Thanks.”

“No problem.” John smiled, following his lead. “You going to be okay?” He asked as he squeezed Damian’s shoulder. “You can always sleep with us, I left Cass snuggling with your father.”

Damian considered it a moment and then shook his head. “I’m fine. This helped.”

“If you change your mind, you can always join us.”

Damian nodded, almost wanting too. But he felt silly climbing into bed with his father at his age... but he was really craving the connection with his pack. He almost thought about going to Dick and Jason, but he knew that Tim probably already did. “Yeah, okay.”

John smiled, wrapping an arm around him and guiding Damian to their room.

Damian climbed into bed with his father and Cassandra. They were fast asleep. John joined them a moment later, their warmth and scent helped Damian drift off to sleep in no time. His pack would always keep him safe.

~*~

Damian skipped breakfast, not wanting to deal with all the questions he knew he’d get from Dick and Jason and he headed down to the cave instead. He needed to learn more about this Stephanie Brown... he never even thought to look her up. Could he even trust his feelings when he’s only known her as Spoiler? She was fun and snarky, he liked being around her, helping her. But did that mean he was in love with her?

He knew he was different when he was wearing his Robin attire. Would she be the same? Would she act differently around Damian Wayne?

Damian needed to know... he couldn’t trust anything he was feeling, until he knew more about her. He found the files Tim had gathered and he glanced through the footage and pulled up pictures of her.

“She’s very pretty.”

Damian startled, not even hearing his father approach. He growled, hating that he was so off his game. “Yes.” She was very pretty, but that was not why he liked her. He closed down the browser and got up from the seat and froze, not sure if he should leave or ask his father for more advice.

“Damian?” His father began, almost as if he sensed that Damian needed to talk to him, but Damian didn’t even know where to begin.

“Tell me about you and mother,” Damian questioned before he pushed his curiosity away. He’s only heard bits and pieces about their relationship. But he didn’t know what had really happened.

His father glanced away, a sad look on his face. “I loved your mother very much, Damian. Talia was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I found her when I was lost and searching the world for answers, for a purpose. She introduced me to her father and he took a great interest in me, and as you know he started to train me further. To make me his heir.”

“What happened?” Damian asked, intrigued. “Did you finish the trials of the League?”
“No, I was supposed to take the last test and prove my worth… but the night before was a full moon.”

“Oh,” Damian gasped.

“I locked myself away, but your mother was very persistent and found me.” He explained. “She begged me to leave, before her father found out. She wasn’t afraid of me in my wolf form, but she was scared for me. I could have easily taken down Ra’s, but for her love and faith in me, I left that night.” Bruce reached out and touched Damian’s face. “She never told me she was pregnant or I would have stayed. I’ve always regretted not being there for you.”

Damian nodded, his mother sounded like a very strong woman and he wished he had a chance to get to know her. “Stephanie isn’t a wolf, she’s like mother.” And that pained him more than he thought it would. Could he ever trust himself with her? John had mentioned that he had to be careful with Selina too.

His father nodded. “You’ll have to be careful with her if you-” his voice trailed off, but Damian understood what he was trying to say and Damian nodded his head. “Also, not everyone is accepting of wolves. John and Tim are rare. You’ve been surrounded by wolves since you came here. Just be careful as you explore.”

Damian frowned. “So you want me to cheat on Tim?”

“As I recall, Tim gave you a pass. You’re both still so young, I can understand your curiosity. Even Jason and Dick broke up to do just that.” His father pulled him into a hug and Damian stiffened slightly before he returned it. “Just make sure you’re honest to yourself and to Tim and Stephanie. Don’t stay with Tim because it’s easy and it’s what you know. You’ll always be bonded to each other. And don’t go off with Stephanie because you just want something new and fun.”

Damian groaned as he pulled away. “That doesn’t help.”

His father chuckled. “You’re my son and you’re a Robin… I think it’s time Damian Wayne met Stephanie Brown, before you make any decisions.”

Damian nodded, already planning to do just that. “Yes.”

~*~

Damian shuddered as he walked through the doors. This would be the first and most likely the last time Damian would venture to the Gotham Public library. It was grimy and dirty and he doubt the selection rivaled the library at the manor.

“Damian Wayne in the flesh, slumming it a bit. Don’t ya think?”

Damian recognized her voice immediately and he turned to see Stephanie sitting behind the main counter. “It’s none of your concern,” he snipped back, crossing over to her.

She smirked, raising a brow. “Come to check up on your boyfriend?”

Damian blinked, taken aback. “Excuse me?”

“She shook her head. “It’s in all the tabloids. He’s sweet, don’t know what he sees in you.” Her eyes were bright and teasing. She had balls, he had to give her that.

And it seemed that she picked up one of his favorite sayings and he had to make sure that he didn’t
mutter the same… it would be a dead giveaway. “I’m a Wayne.” He smirked, flashing the trademark smile.

Her cheeks flushed slightly and she took a step back from the desk. “Yes, you are. Damn. If you ever want to swing the other way, let me know.” She winked.

He shook his head but he felt warm and tingly.

A bell rang and Stephanie shook her head. “Gotta go, work calls.” She waved at him, giving him another flirtatious wink.

Damian just stood there, not sure what to think about their interaction. Was this what he wanted? That they still had the snarky banter without their suits. He drove back home.

~*~

Tim looked absolutely miserable and Damian felt guilty, knowing he was the reason for it. He pulled Tim to him, kissing him deeply, needing to taste and feel his mate close to him. “Hey,” he breathed against Tim’s lips as they parted.

“Hey,” Tim whispered as Damian tugged on Tim’s hand and led him upstairs to his room.

“Sorry for reacting the way I did.” Damian began as they settled onto the bed. In all honesty, he didn’t want to talk. He wanted to kiss and hold and make love to his boyfriend. He needed to feel their bond.

“I dumped a lot on you,” Tim offered. “It was our first fight.”

Damian nodded. “So that means hot make up sex is in order.”

Tim smiled, tugging on Damian’s tie. “Why are you dressed up?”

“I took a trip to the library.”

“Oh?” Tim gasped. “To see Steph?”

Damian nodded. “She’s hot and pretty… but, I just can’t go there Tim. Even with your permission to do so. She’s not a wolf.”

Tim nodded, seemingly understanding the conflicting feelings he’s having. “So, it just means you won’t rush into anything. But now you know and we can work with that.”

Damian smiled. How was he so lucky to have Tim in his life? “I love you so much.”

“Love you too,” Tim smiled and tugged him into a hungry kiss that lead into something more very quickly.

Damian push his thoughts of Stephanie away, now it was just him and Tim. Their bond felt even stronger, there was nothing hiding between them anymore. He wasn’t sure what the future would bring, but he knew that they’d get through it together.
Ten

Jason’s landing was hard on the street, it shook him a bit, but he pressed on. These little punks wouldn’t get away with trying to get away without paying. Jason knew that he had a soft spot for the ladies of the night, but every single one of them had a vice. Bruce was always harder on parents who neglected their children. Damian kicked the shit out of people who were cruel to animals. Dick…well. Was Dick, Jason grinned and sped up a bit. He grabbed one of the punks by their hoodie and slammed him into the nearest wall. The kid groaned. Any other crime he would have maybe gone easier on the guy, but – he shrugged it off mentally. “You stay, or I’ll break your leg to assure you do, you get me?” Jason growled.

“Yes…”

The other one was hiding in a nearby building. Jason could smell his fear. It was nice. So close to the full moon it was actually better than nice.

He dragged the other one out screaming and kicking before he punched the punk hard.

“You two will pay that nice lady every penny she earned and extra too, and then I don’t want to see you around a hooker every again, you understand me?” Jason asked, staring them down. The bigger one looked like he was about to piss himself.

“Yes,” he stammered.

“Hand over the fucking money,” Jason hissed. “All of your money.”

They did and Jason let them go.

“Language, and also: robbing kids now? What would the Bat say?” Spoiler teased from above him.

Jason looked up and grinned at her. “Not robbing anyone. Clarice earned every penny of this and then some.”

“Soft spot for hookers, hmm?” Spoiler asked. Jason was already calling her Steph in his head. She was kinda one of them. Damian was right.

“Maybe,” Jason replied.

“Wanna half a sandwich?” Steph asked.

Jason smiled. “Sure. Be up in a sec.” He was up and beside her on the roof in a matter of moments. She handed him half a sandwich and then they sat down, letting their legs swing over the edge.

“This is nice,” Steph said, once she finished. She was looking up at the night sky. It was nice.

“Yeah.”

“Where is your other half?”

“We’re not joined at the hip-”

“Doubt. That.” She grinned an absolutely filthy grin. Jason got why Damian liked her. She
challenged him. Like Tim did.

“I have you know that sometimes other parts than our hips are joined,” Jason said.

“Give me all the details,” Steph replied.

“You like watching gay-porn, don’t you?”

“I see you are a great detective,” she teased.

Jason finished his sandwich that he nearly forgot all about and got up. “Wanna make Clarice’s day?”

“Sure,” Spoiler answered and followed him.

She could keep up alright now, still wasn’t any good on the grapple, even though Damian had trained her and had even given her one of his old ones. But she was flexible. Not unlike Dick. Jason could admit that he liked watching her kick and spin.

Clarice was way too young to be on the streets, Jay thought and she had a cock too. Jay liked her. She was funny.

“Robin,” she said, her voice a bit raspy.

“Clarice,” he replied. “You look lovely.”

“Charmer,” she said. Cocked her head at him. “Did you kick those little punks’ asses?”

“Sure did. Always happy to help a girl in need,” he replied and handed her the money.

“It’s too much-”

“Keep it. It’s a tip. Because your service was excellent.”

She grinned. “I’d like to show you one day how good it really is.”

Jay grinned at her. “I’m a monogamous bird.”

“Shame, really.” She looked at Steph then. “Who is your curvy friend?”

“Spoiler, Clarice. Clarice, Spoiler,” Jason introduced.

“Nice to meet you,” Steph said, holding out her hand. Clarice took it with a grin.

“I like your tits,” she said.

Steph was silent for a moment. “I like your nail polish,” she replied.

Jason thought she would fit right in with them.

Later when they were coming down from another minor fight, in another dirty alley she looked at him. “So was that a test? With Clarice?”

“What makes you think that?”

She shrugged. “Felt like a test.”
“Maybe it was,” Jason replied. “Come on, I’ll buy you a milkshake.”

“I’m not five, you know?”

He looked pointedly at her breasts. “Trust me, I know.”

She slapped him lightly. “What’s with you birds? So sex crazed.”

“Don’t even,” Jason said. “We have eyes, we know you have the hots for Robin3.”

“He’s hot,” she admitted and Jason liked that about her. That she didn’t back down from the whole thing.

“And you’re wondering why he hasn’t made a move?”

“Figured he must have someone,” she shrugged.

“Why’s that?”

“Sometimes, when he’s listening to the comm…his body goes all – not soft, but relaxed, you know? Figured whoever you’re working with that isn’t the Batman, he likes her.”

“Observant,” Jason said.

“Duh, keeps you alive on the streets. I’ll take chocolate,” she added.

Jason got their orders and they sat down outside the small dinner. The owner knew the Robins and didn’t bat an eyelash anymore.

Jason wanted to tell her, that Damian liked her too, but – they should figure out their shit on their own.

“So, how did you get this gig?” Jason asked.

“Show me yours, I’ll show you mine?” She said, taking a sip of her milkshake.

“Come on. We know you’re after something. Shaking up trees and what not.”

“I’m doing good,” Steph said.

“Yeah, you do, but you could get yourself killed, so why?”

“Why are you doing it?”

“Because I couldn’t stand to see my boyfriend do it every night alone – with the Batman.”

“Aww, that’s cute.”

“And it used to fuck with the scum when we were all younger,” Jason grinned. “So?”

Steph rolled her glass between her hands. Jason nearly told her it was a tell, but then didn’t. “My dad is into something shady. I mean really fucking shady. Big and dangerous and people will probably die.” She looked at him. “I want to stop him, but no one believed me when I told the police.”

“You called the police?”

She shrugged. “Sure did. My dad isn’t unknown to them, you know? Didn’t say my name or
anything, used a burner phone too. But…word got around to my dad. I think someone at the station told him or someone he knows.”

“And now you’re shaking up criminal scum? You think that won’t get back to him?”

“Sure hope so, maybe he’ll let it be, ya know?” The ‘he’s my dad’ went unsaid, but Jason heard it loud and clear.

“Okay, so let us help you,” Jason said.

“Batman would hand him over to the police,” Spoiler replied.

“Yeah, but he is a criminal, you know that. And he’s barely out and planning the next big thing.” Jason pointed out finishing his own strawberry milkshake. Dick would lick the taste out of his mouth soon. His cock gave a twitch at that thought.

“I know…”

“We want to help you. Sometimes you gotta let go of your past and focus on your future,” Jason said. “You don’t want people to get hurt, so help us prevent that.”

“Can you keep the Batman out of this?” Steph asked.

“Are you kidding? He knows everything.”

“So…why am I still running around?”

“Robin3 put a word in for you. Said we’d look out for you.”

“Cute,” she replied, but Jason knew she was touched.

“Think about it,” he said, getting up. “Break’s over girl, let’s catch us some bad guys and then go home.”

“Missing Robin's hot ass?”

“You bet I do,” Jason replied.

She laughed. Jason thought it suited her.

~+~

“So, you were working on Eggplant, Spoiler, Stephanie,” Damian said and then just huffed frustrated. It was cute. Would be cuter if Damian weren't so obviously messed up about it. Jason knew that he and Tim made up. Could smell the sex on them the next morning. But, Damian still had feelings for Stephanie.

“I was working with Spoiler,” Jason answered, peeling himself out of the suit. Dick was still sitting on that drug-deal thing that was supposed to go down tonight at the docks. He was with the Batman and Jason knew that it would be late, or early, before Dick came home. Jason had an early class tomorrow, so patrol was cut a bit short.

“And?”

“Are you avoiding her?” Jason asked.
“No, yes, I don't know. We didn't cross paths the last few nights. It's not unheard of,” Damian said.

“Yeah, but are your paths not going to cross in the future as well?”

“I like her. I like her as Steph too, but I am with Tim and I love Tim and I don't want to do things with her...” Damian replied.

“Ah, okay,” Jason said. “Doesn't answer my question.”

“I don't know. I’m trying to keep temptation at bay.”

“Well, Tim isn’t,” Jason said.

“What?”

“He's still 'bumping' into her.” Jason made the finger-quotes and everything too, just to make his point clear.

“I know. It isn't the same with Tim, because Tim isn't interested in her like that,” Damian said.

Well, Jason wasn't so sure about that, but he would be damned to say a goddamned thing. “Maybe you guys should do something with her.”

“Like what? A date?”

“Coffee? She might turn out to be a friend,” Jason shrugged.

Damian frowned. “We do not have many friends outside the pack.”

Jason snorted. “You don't say.”

“Shut up, Todd.”

“I need a shower,” Jason said with a grin. “See you upstairs.”

Damian nodded.

~+~

Jason was in bed and already asleep when Dick finally made it back home. Jason felt the dip in the mattress and then Dick's warm mouth against his neck.

Jason was too tired to do anything fancy, but Dick was apparently in the mood.

“Tomorrow,” Jason mumbled. “Okay?”

Dick huffed out a laugh against his nape. “Sure, Jay.”

“Night,” Jason said.

“Night,” Dick replied in a whisper and slung his arms around Jason. Jason was out like a light within seconds.

~+~

The next day, at dinner, pretty much everyone was giving him the expectant stare.
“I wrote a report,” Jason said, piling more delicious vegetables on his plate. The sauce was to die for, how did Alfred make it so freaking delicious.

“Yeah, we read it,” Tim replied.

“Then you know everything,” Jason said. “This is dinner, guys. Where people eat and converse.”

“We are doing just that,” Damian said. He was piling more vegetables on his plate too, avoiding the broccoli.

Cass was looking from him to Damian and then to the broccoli on Damian’s plate. She bit her lip, which meant she was thinking and then grabbed the broccoli from Damian’s plate and put it on her own.

Damian grinned at her. She smiled back. “She is my favorite sister.”

“She is your only sister,” Bruce pointed out.

“Yet. I might get another one, or are you really aiming for a boy?” Damian shot back.

John choked a bit on his chicken.

Interrogation avoided, Jason thought. It wasn't that he left shit out of his report. He would never do that to Bruce, and with the tracker they all could check where he had been.

“Does she trust you?” Bruce asked.

Jason sighed. “Fine. Yeah, I think so. She was opening up a bit. I think with a bit more time she will tell us what the hell her father is planning. Why is everyone so quite about this thing anyway? Why haven't we heard a goddamn thing about it? Cluemaster isn't such a big player after all.”

“He really isn't. I’ve dealt with him a few times already. Cluemaster is small fish,” John said.

“Maybe he's gonna make a name for himself, aiming higher and all that,” Tim mused.

“Jason is right. It still doesn't explain why no one is talking about it. Why only Stephanie knows about it,” Bruce said frowning. He didn’t like it.

Well, Jason didn't like it either. Things that made Batman worry, made Jason worry. On principle.

“She's not making it up,” Damian said hotly.

“No one is saying that,” John cut in.

“Sounded like it,” Damian huffed.

“Once she tells you what you need to know to stop whatever horrible thing is going to happen, what will you do about Spoiler?” John asked, looking at Bruce.

Jason realized that John wanted her off the streets. But Jason really, really didn't. He liked to team up with her. She was really fun and the thing was, that he and Dick, like Damian and Tim, hardly had any friends outside of pack. Roy was a good friend, but he was living in Starling. They had a few people they hung out with in school, but – they didn't know the real shit about Jason and Dick. Dick had Babs, but Jason, even though he liked her, didn't want to hang out with her that much. She had been the only other person Dick had been in love with.
“Train her,” Jason said.

“What?” John asked.

“I'm with Jay on this one,” Damian said. “Everyone who is with us raise their hand.” Dick and Tim did too. Even Cass, which made Jason smile and John frown.

“Is this a democracy now?” Bruce asked, amused.

“I always had the inclination it was,” Dick answered, smiling at Bruce.

Bruce smiled back. He was like the rest of them: powerless in the face of Dick's smiles.

“She needs a better suit. Armor, protection,” Tim threw in.

“Bruce, she is a teenage girl thinking she's a vigilante. You really want her death on you?”

“She is not going to die,” Damian said sharply. Damian was really fucking fierce about Spoiler.

Jason grinned. This was going to get interesting.

“We don't know if she will want to continue once her father is behind bars again,” Bruce said.

“Oh, please,” Jason replied. “She is a full blooded vigilante. She loves it. She kicks ass too. It's a pleasure to watch her spin.”

“Stop thinking about her breasts,” Damian hissed.

Jason laughed. “Come on Bruce. Think about it.”

“She isn't wolf,” John threw in.

That put a damper on everything. They all knew that Bruce only let them out on the streets because they would heal up after the full moon.

“The Arrow isn't a wolf,” Tim said quietly.

“The Canary wasn't either, and she is dead,” John replied.

“All of you have made good points. I will think about it,” Bruce said, which was pretty much the end of the discussion for now.

John didn't look too happy about it, but didn't try to argue either. Jason didn't think that if Bruce should decide that Spoiler wasn't allowed on the streets that it would keep her away. She would probably get more reckless to prove a point.

Batman and Spoiler hadn't met yet. Jason knew that she wanted to, but Jason thought it was better for now if they didn't. Batman could be really overwhelming and they had to keep Steph focused on this thing with Cluemaster.

Cass made a noise that had John's attention focused on her again. She was making grabby hands at the broccoli on Dick's plate. Dick handed it over and she smiled at him.

It was hard to believe that she could kill a man with her bare hands and not feel guilty about it. Jason really wanted to kill whoever messed her up.
Dick nudged his knee with his own and Jason relaxed.

“What's for dessert anyway?”

“Dessert!” Cass said, clapping her hands. It was the first word she ever really spoke in English, without any prompting from them.

“Favorite sister,” Damian repeated.

“Banana ice cream with chocolate cookies on top,” Alfred answered, appearing out of nowhere.

Cass clapped her hands again.

“Can I have potato chips with mine?” Tim asked.

“Of course, Master Tim,” Alfred replied and disappeared in the kitchen.

~+~

After dinner they split up. Dick and Jason were outside and running and Jason really didn't care what the rest of the household was doing right now. So close to the full moon he was feeling a bit feral too.

They collapsed on the grass two hours later. Dick turned and looked at him.

“You promised me carnal pleasures, Jay,” he said, running his hand through Jason's fur.

Jason rolled onto his back and presented his belly to Dick. Dick laughed. “That isn't a carnal pleasure. Are you gonna turn back?” He stroked Jason's belly and then his hand stayed lower. “So we can fuck?”

Jason whined in his throat.

“Oh,” Dick said. “You feel like being fucked.” It wasn't a question at all.

His hand pushed through Jason's fur and then he rubbed against Jason's side. “Here? Outside? Like this?”

Jason growled. He was feeling hot and wanted nothing more than to feel Dick's cock deep inside him. Filling him up. Usually it was Dick who preferred to be fucked when they were in wolf-form and Jason liked to feel Dick inside him when they were human, but right now he really wanted to feel Dick inside him like this.

Teeth at his back, and the grass under him. He shuddered with the image. Anticipation running through his veins like fire.

“I love you so fucking much, Jay,” Dick said and turned back to wolf.

Jason rolled onto his stomach and spread his legs in invitation. Dick growled and then licked Jason's snout, before he started to lick Jason open. There was no way of using lube in this form, but the saliva helped a lot and Jason liked it a bit rougher especially close to the full moon. Dick wasn't one to deny Jason anything he was comfortable with giving. Jason had always liked sex and Dick loved how unashamed he was with his pleasure. It still felt so different when they were fucking like this, Jason thought. Mostly because as soon as Dick was filling him up with his pretty cock all the human bullshit was so unimportant and all that was left was how good he was feeling and how good he was making Dick feel.
Dick's tongue was so fucking deep inside him and it was rougher than his human tongue too. Jason whined as Dick pressed even deeper. Fuck, but he loved this. He could come from this, not when he was human, but as a wolf, right now he thought he could and Dick was trying his best to make him, too. He was licking and sometimes scarring his teeth against Jason's hind-legs. It was driving Jason crazy. He rubbed against the grass until he came. Dick licked him through it and then he was inside Jason and filling him up just so fucking good. Dick was a bit more feral in this form too. Just that little bit more animal need and Jason loved it. He was pushing into it, until Dick growled and pinned him down, bit his neck to keep him in place. Jason let him, because it was so fucking good. He was fucked and claimed and loved by Dick.

Dick was pushing into him harder and faster now. He was chasing his first orgasm and once he came he would keep on fucking Jason until they both came a second – and sometimes a third – time. Jason knew how Dick was feeling, he was feeling like this, so greedy for more, every time he fucked Dick as a wolf. Jason buried his snout and paws in the soft grass, dug his claws into the soft soil. Smelled earth and grass and Dick. Came a second time just as Dick did.

The second orgasm was always a little but more intense than the first. Dick let go of his neck and licked it. He was panting, but he was still hard inside Jason.

Jason turned his head so he could look at Dick. Dick pushed his nose against Jason's snout. Jason growled, pushing into Dick's touch. Dick took the hint and started moving inside him again.

When Jason came again, he was seeing fucking stars. No wonder Dick was always so fucking happy and glowing after.

Dick pulled out and rolled on the grass until he was ready to curl up against Jason. They didn't turn back until the next morning.
“Don’t scare her off,” Damian warned as they were suiting up and Bruce simply lifted a brow.

“I doubt my presence will do that.” Bruce remarked, amused at his son’s distress. If this girl was anything like the reports he’s read, he doubted that he could deter her or scare her off.

“You are a tad intimidating,” Tim added, glancing over to them from the desk. “Especially in your suit.”

Bruce smiled at that. “Good.”

“Father,” his son stressed.

“It’ll be fine, Damian.” Bruce smiled as he put on his cowl.

“Tt.”

Bruce spared one last glance at his son before he crossed over to the Batmobile and took off for the city.

~*~

It didn’t take long to track her down. She was still untrained and sloppy, letting the cameras and civilians catching sight of her.

He dropped down behind her, watching her as she surveyed the streets below them. “Spoiler.”

She startled, jumping up from her crouched position and spinning around. “Jesus,” she inhaled. “Damn, I knew, but I didn’t. And wow, it’s really you.”

Bruce raised a brow in amusement, but knew she couldn’t see it under the cowl. He stayed silent, wondering what she’d do next.

Spoiler, Stephanie, took a step forward and looked him over. “You’re the strong, silent type, huh?” She paused, waiting for him to respond. “Of course, you’re the fucking Batman.”

“Language.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “Just like Robin3, huh. That’s cool.” She crossed her arms over her chest. “So, is this a test or something?”

He gave her a quick nod and darted off the building, knowing she’d follow.

“Shit, it’s a test.” She breathed as she tried to keep up.

~*~

An hour later, he led her to Wayne Towers in the heart of the city. He had watched her take down an attempted robbery and foiled a drug deal. She had the heart of the vigilante, he could see what his boys saw in her.
Her skills were lacking, but he could see the traces of Damian’s teaching on her. She needed to be further trained or she would die on the streets like John feared.

The main thing that worried Bruce was that she was human and this job could kill her so much easier. He would have felt better if she was a wolf too, her senses weren’t as strong and it dampened her skills.

“So, did I pass?” She asked as she landed harshly on the roof. Her breathing was labored, and she was favoring her left leg… she definitely needed more stamina and training.

“Why are you doing this?” He demanded, turning to her.

She flinched slightly. “Damn, that’s fucking intimidating… no wonder the criminals run away in fear.”

“You’re deflecting.” He stated, his voice deadly and she tensed.

“Tt.”

Bruce was surprised by her response, Damian had really rubbed off on her. “Stephanie.”

She inhaled sharply, pulling her hood and mask off. “What?”

Bruce simply looked at her and she huffed in response.

“Of course you’d figured it out, you’re the fucking Batman. Do the birds know too?” She asked, crossing her arms over her chest.

He remained silent, knowing he didn’t have to reply.

“Fuck, this so isn’t fair. I don’t know who you are.”

“You’ve not earned that luxury,” Bruce stated sharply. “Answer the question or you’ll not be allowed back on the streets.”

Her eyes widened and she sighed heavily. “My father-”

“Cluemaster,” Bruce supplied and she nodded.

She told him everything that they already knew, but it was good to hear it in her words. She was convinced that she was doing right and in a way she was.

“And after?” He questioned, wanting to know her intentions. Would she put Spoiler away or had the life of the vigilante sunk deep into her bones?

She shrugged her shoulders, “I haven’t thought that far, but I really love this, more than I ever thought I would. And your Robins, I like them. They’re fun.”

Bruce nodded, “You need to be trained.”

“I’m learning.” She stated defensively.

“I know.” Bruce replied and knocked on the door on the roof, then typed in the access code to alert Fox to meet them as scheduled.

“I wasn’t aware that the Batman had to knock,” she snorted and he couldn’t help but smile at that.
Fox opened the door a moment later and Bruce greeted him with a nod. “Batman, as always a pleasure. And this must be our new vigilante.”

“Hi,” She smiled, waving at him. “Spoiler.”

“Lucius Fox.” He smiled. “I’ll just need your measurements to finalize your suit.”

She inhaled sharply, her eyes widening in surprise. “My suit?”

“Your current suit is lacking in protection,” Bruce added, readying his grappling gun. “Fox will help you out, anything you need, let him know.”

“Wow, thanks.”

“Don’t thank me,” he stated and flew off the building. She had the boys to thank… it was their word that had convinced him to let her continue to train and provide her with a new suit and gadgets to help her out.

His work was done here for the night. Bruce knew she was in good hands.

~*~

Bruce patrolled for another hour and then headed home. He filed his report and checked in on his boys. Jason and Dick were still in the Narrows, checking out another drug ring lead. Damian had come back an hour before and a quick look at the trackers showed that he was over at the Drakes. He was with Tim.

It gave him peace of mind that his son was safe, but he still wondered where Stephanie fit into their relationship. He wanted to step in and forbid it, but he knew better… he’d wait to see how it played out. In a way, Stephanie was a good addition to their pack. His son needed more friends he could count on.

~*~

Bruce peeked in on Cassandra sleeping in her own bed… which meant that John was waiting for him in their bed.

“Well?” John questioned as soon as he entered the room.

“It went well.” Bruce stated, leaning in and kissing him before he turned and headed to the bathroom.

“You know how I feel about this?” John sighed as he followed Bruce in.

“Would you object so much, if Stephanie was a boy?” Bruce ran his hands down his arms and squeezed his hands.

John pursed his lips together. “I don’t know.”

“What if our daughter wants to be a Robin one day too?”

John’s eyes lit up, smiling. “You called Cass our daughter.”

Bruce hadn’t realized, but it felt right. “Yes, I did.”

John leaned up and kissed him softly. “She’s wolf and has had training. Stephanie is the opposite. I
just. I worry about her… her blood is on our hands now.”

“Your heart is in the right place, but she’s old enough to make her own decisions. And if it wasn’t for our boys, she would have already met a more gruesome fate. They’ve been protecting her.”

“I know.” John sighed and face planted into his chest.

Bruce wrapped his arms around him and held him close, he lifted John’s chin and kissed him once more. “Now why don’t you help me in the shower?”

John moaned, “I’d love to.”

Bruce grinned, taking his hand and leading him to the shower stall. Bruce turned on the water and let the steam fill up the room. They quickly stripped out of their clothes and stepped into the shower.

The water felt so good against his skin and Bruce just stood there as John methodically began to wash every inch of his body. Bruce moaned as John’s fingers teased and caressed him until his cock was begging to be touched. “John,” he turned into his partner and pressed him up against the tiles.

“Yeah?” John grinned as he tugged on Bruce’s hair and forced him into a breathtaking kiss. “Fuck me.” He inhaled as they parted to breathe. John rubbed against him and then turned in his arms, pressing his ass against his crotch. Teasing him.

“Yes.” Bruce agreed and grabbed for the lube they kept in the shower for stolen moments just like this. He lubed up his fingers and pushed two into John. Bruce loved how John moaned and parted his legs even more, needing to be filled. “So beautiful.”

“Oh, shut up and fuck me already.”

Bruce smirked and did just that.

~*~

His boys looked at him expectantly at the table the next morning. “It’s in my report.” He stated as he sat down, John and Cassandra joining them a moment later. Bruce was mildly surprised that they were all there that morning, considering that Damian had spent the night over at Tim’s and even though Dick and Jason have been living in the cottage for over a month now, they still took most of their meals here.

“We read it,” Damian stated, still looking at him for further information.

“Then you already know the details.” Bruce stated as he took a sip of his coffee.

Damian huffed.

“What Damian really wants to know is if you liked her.” Dick intervened. “Your reports are very, um, factual.”

“As they should be,” Bruce nodded and he normally would have left it at that, but he sensed that his son needed more. “I liked her just fine, otherwise I wouldn’t have put her in contact with Fox.”

Damian smiled, looking almost relieved. “Good.”

“I still don’t like her on the streets,” John sighed. “But it’s out of my hands.”
“We’ve got this,” Jason smirked and Bruce was proud of his boys for looking out for her. “How long will it be before her new suit is in?”

Bruce shrugged, “It shouldn’t take long, Fox had most of it done already.”

“Is it still going to be purple?” Dick asked as he poured an unhealthy amount of syrup on his pancakes.

“I’d assume so,” Bruce replied. “She has the choice in the final details.”

Damian nodded.

“You’ll have to track her down and ask her,” Jason teased him.

Damian flushed, shrugging his shoulders.

“Enough chit-chat, your breakfast is getting cold.” Alfred cut in and Bruce gave him a thankful nod. Alfred’s words seemed to be enough for them to settle down and eat their morning meal.

Bruce sipped at his coffee and just watched his family, his pack eat and talk about their plans for the day. He loved them so much and he’d do anything to protect them and all they loved.
Part Three: Chapter Twelve

Twelve

John didn't like that he had practically no say in the whole Spoiler affair. Someone had to talk sense to the girl. He knew that neither Bruce, nor the boys, got that he wanted her off the streets. But John just couldn’t stop thinking about the first Canary. And she had been trained by the League of Shadows.

He knew he couldn’t confront her anywhere except the streets. And he had to be Detective Blake for her and not – someone else. There could be no connection to the Batman. Except, John thought wryly, that he was a cop and Gordon’s friend and everyone knew what Gordon thought about the Batman. Damian and Bruce. She was more like Dick and Jason.

She punched like Jason too, John thought, as he watched her defend a prostitute. That was all Jason too. All of the boys were rubbing off on her.

She kicked the guy once more, hard, to make a point and looked at John. “What? No help?”

“You had it covered,” John said.

“Call the police, would ya?” She said and was about to disappear when John said, “I am the police. Detective Blake.”

“Well, this is awkward. I was told not to, you know...socialize with cops. That much.”

“As you're not exactly on the right side of the law and all?”

“Yeah,” she crossed her arms over her chest and John had to admit that she had really great breasts. And that the costume was as flimsy as it looked on camera.

“You'll get yourself killed, girl,” John said.

“Don't think so. I have some friends in high places,” she replied.

“She did too,” John said, throwing the pictures of the dead Canary at her.

The folder was lying on the ground for a few tense minutes before Spoiler picked it up and leafed through it.

John hadn't requested the really gruesome ones and none of them showed the Canary unmasked, but they were pretty bad anyway. Oliver hadn't been happy with him, but he relented once John told him the reason why.

“I've heard about her. She’s alive and kicking. What is this? A sick joke?” Spoiler asked angrily, waving the folder around.

“The one that is running around and kicking is her sister,” John said. “That one, her name was Sara. She's dead.”

Spoiler looked at the folder again and then at John. “So, what? You want me off the streets because I'm a girl?”
“No, I want you off the streets, because what you're doing is dangerous and you can get killed. It's not all fun and games. I know it looks like it when you watch the Robins, but it's not. You aren't trained. I mean, look at you: it was way too easy to track you down.”

She considered him. “You just said that I looked like I had it covered. As you stood by and did nothing.” There was an accusation there, but not really directed at John, rather than the whole of the Gotham police department.

“That guy on the ground? Is small fish. He’s not a real criminal. He was cheating a prostitute out of her money. He didn't have any training. He didn't even have a gun.”

“I'm not after anything bigger now,” she said. Which was a big fat lie.

“You will be soon. This won't be enough.”

“Why aren't you on the Robins' case then? They aren't older than me.”

“I can't track them down by using my flashlight,” John said.

It stung, and Spoiler wasn't hardened enough to not show it. “Thanks for the lecture detective,” she huffed, handing him the files.

John wanted to tell her to keep them, but Oliver made him swear to destroy them once he was done. He took them back. “You're not gonna give this up, are you?”

“No,” she said. “But for what it's worth, I'm sorry about the Canary and I think it's fucked up it was covered up.”

John had to smile at that. “Yeah, me too.”

She turned, was ready to leave and then looked at him over her shoulder. “When I bite the dust, I don't want things covered up. I don't care if people know by then who I was when I wasn't Spoiler.”

“See that you don't die,” John said.

“Gonna do my damned hardest, Detective,” she replied, grabbed the nearest bar on the fire-escape and was gone.

There was really nothing else John could do. He had tried everything, except arresting her, but he didn't think that would fly with either the Bat clan, or the police. Gotham was funny that way. For all the cursing about the vigilantes, the citizens and the police were pretty protective about them.

~+~

“Are you going to give Stephanie a tracker too?” John asked the next evening. Bruce still had a few hours before he would be getting ready for patrol. John knew that Bruce must have been aware that John had met up with Spoiler, but he hadn't said a thing about it.

“It would be the sane thing to do, wouldn’t it?” Bruce asked, he was going over some papers, but John knew he was paying full attention to John.

“Sane...yeah, I used to see that word in a whole other context before I knocked on your door, Bruce,” John replied.

Bruce put the papers aside and looked at John. “It is what it is, John.”
John snorted. “Yeah. It's my own damn fault too, not that I regret a single fucking thing.”

“I can't put a tracker on her without asking, but I asked Fox to build one into her suit. Better safe than sorry and she is a bit reckless.”

“Yes, she is. Fierce too.”

“You like her?” Bruce asked.

John shrugged, pulled the blanket over his legs. “I guess. Reminds me of all the boys in a weird way.”

“Jason likes her,” Bruce said.

“They all like her. You like her.”

“I can see myself in her. The difference is that I wanted revenge back then and she wants to help people, to prevent something horrible from happening. She is a better person, than I was at her age.”

“I was told, teenage girls were just smarter than teenage boys,” John replied. Selina had told him that, said it was because they had to be, had to grow up faster.

“Let's not go into that,” Bruce said, with a smile.

John smiled back. “Will you train her?”

“Yes,” Bruce said.

“Will you tell her who you really are?” John asked.

“I'm pretty sure Damian will want to at some point,” he looked troubled for a moment and John wondered if it was about Damian's crush on Stephanie. If it was a crush, because John was sure it wasn't only a crush and then Damian would want to tell her everything. Maybe even turn her.

“It would be safer if she were a wolf,” John said.

“We can't just turn everyone, John,” Bruce relied.

“Still on the fence about the whole werewolf thing? It turned out alright for all of us.”

“Yes, you had the gene anyway. Tim, Tim always smelled like he should be pack. I knew it too. So his chances were good, better than any other human's, but she doesn't smell like she should be pack.”

“I didn't smell like I should be pack...we only figured my heritage out because Dick can sniff out people like me.” John looked at Bruce. Bruce looked tired as hell. “Come to bed.”

“I have patrol in a few hours,” Bruce protested.

“Yes, I know. I will wake you up, come on Bruce, you need some more sleep.” John coaxed. “I'm sure this can wait until tomorrow.”

Bruce glanced at the papers and then got up, stripped out of his clothes and joined John in bed.

It was stupid, John thought, how much he loved this man.
“You should sleep too, John.”

“Yeah, I will.” John replied and snuggled close to Bruce.

The house seemed very quiet now that Dick and Jason weren't living here anymore. Cass was sleeping in her own room now. And Damian was spending more time at Tim's place.

Another child would be good for them, John thought, before he fell asleep.

~+~

Cass was shaking her head and John was pretty much ready to give up. They had another one of those horrible doctor appointments and Bruce couldn't go with her today. When would they just leave the kid alone, John wondered.

“No,” Cass said and stomped her foot.

“Cass, please, you need to wear clothes,” John said.

“No.” She crossed her arms over her thin chest and glared at John. For such a small child she had an impressive glare.

“We can go and grab ice-cream after.”

She looked at John, biting her lip. Thinking. She didn't like crowds, and ice-cream meant to brave a supermarket or cafe. She shook her head. “No.” And then she said something so fast in her native language that John only caught a bit of it. Mostly it boiled down to: no, wanna stay home. No clothes.

He had no idea how Bruce did this. He rubbed his neck.

Cass was usually such a good kid, John was completely blindsided by this.

“Master John?” Alfred asked, coming into the room. He looked from John to the little naked girl and then to John again. “Perhaps this is not the best time.”

“No, what is it Alfred?” John asked.

Cass was still glaring.

“Miss Kyle is here to see you,” Alfred said.

Shit, John thought, what now? But Selina wouldn't just show up at the manor without a warning if it wasn't something important. “Show her in, please.”

Alfred nodded. “Very well.”

John had no time to do anything about the naked little girl before Selina showed up in the room. “I see,” she said.

“Do you?” John asked.

“So? Hairdresser? Dentist?”

“Another shrink,” John said.

“Ah, and she doesn't want to put clothes on,” Selina said and as John nodded, she crouched down
so she was on eye-level with Cass and leaned in. Cass was weary at first, but then relaxed. Selina whispered something into Cass’ ear and Cass’ eyes went wide. She nodded and grabbed the dress, underwear and the socks John had been trying to put her in and dressed herself quickly and efficiently.

“What did you promise her? A pony?”

Selina smiled. “As if her soon to be daddy couldn’t afford a pony.”

“That is a really high standard for only getting dressed, Selina,” John said.

She grinned. “Diamonds are a girl’s best friends.”

“Selina.”

“But I didn't promise her a damn thing,” Selina continued smoothly.

John knew she wouldn't tell him, so he let it go. “Why are you here?”

“Parking ticket that you could get rid off for me?” She waved it in front of his face. “And that Cluemaster thing that no one is talking about? Well...I heard something last night.” She glanced at Cass, smiled. “You owe me.”

“Yeah, okay. So?”

“Parking ticket?” Selina asked.

John grabbed it. “Done. What did you hear?”

She told him.
Tonight was the night, according to John’s intel. Although Dick had to wonder about the validity of the source. Selina, after all, mainly looked after herself even though she had a soft spot for John.

Dick glanced at Jason beside him, Dick could tell that he was itching to move just as much. Dick looked out over the city and he could barely make out the Batman’s silhouette across the street from them. On the adjacent corner, Damian and Steph were waiting as well. John was undercover inside the bank as a teller along with a few other cops that John trusted. And then Tim was in the cave, watching all the cameras in the area for anything that might slip by.

It was the best strategic formation as they watched the Gotham’s First National Bank in the center of them.

It was Cluemaster’s target. He was going to take it down and clean out the vaults. It was the only Bank in Gotham that was open late and held the most cash on site. Cluemaster wasn’t the first to try to take it down and he probably wouldn’t be the last either.

They wouldn’t let it happen regardless who attempted to rob the bank.

Dick sighed, rolling his shoulders. They had been waiting for about two hours, but it felt like more. Dick hated waiting, he preferred to swoop in and take care of business. Dick was practically bouncing on his feet with excess energy that was coiling in his muscles as they waited on the rooftops.

“This is ridiculous.” Steph grumbled over the link. “He should have hit it by now.”

“Spoiler.” Batman warned, his voice left no room for discussion.

She huffed and Dick could see her cross her arms over her chest, which wasn’t as impressive now that she was wearing her new suit. Granted, it was skin tight and hugged her curves, but it also pulled everything in, to give her the support and protection she really needed unlike her previous suit.

“There’s movement on the East side of the building,” Tim announced over the comm.

“Finally,” John hissed under his breath and everyone couldn’t help but agree.

Dick jumped up on the ledge and ran down the length of the building, so that he’d have a better look.

Jason followed his lead, “Two hooded figures in sight.”

Dick clicked on his night vision lenses, confirming just that. But that didn’t seem right… only two?

“There should be more,” Steph added in and Dick glanced over to see them sprinting across the roof to have a better line of sight as well.

“Might not be related, but an unmarked van just sped through a red light, heading your way,” Tim announced, his voice distorted, because they couldn’t risk Steph figuring out who they were, who Tim was.
Dick smirked when a moment later that van skidded to a halt right in front, Tim was a smart kid.

“Stand down.” Batman commanded and they just did that.

Dick hated that they had to wait for them to actually rob the place before they could engage them. They had to catch them in the act or they couldn’t actually charge them with something that would stick. So they waited.

“That’s him,” Steph inhaled as a man decked out in a garish costume got out of the van.

Dick tensed as he noticed the automatic rifle in his hands. This could get really bad, quickly… but at least everyone inside had a protective vest under their clothes, so minimal damage at most. But it worried Dick.

They had to take them down.

Cluemaster charged into the building, guns blazing and Dick knew it wouldn’t be long. He shot up the vestibule of the bank and demanded they open up the vaults. He seemed a bit desperate to Dick, probably because he had to make due with half the crew and none of the police backup he had been counting on.

“Now.”

And then it seemed like everything happened at once.

Dick and Jay rounded up the guys in the back, while Batman engaged Cluemaster and Damian and Steph took down the rest of the fumbling crew.

Dick snapped the zip ties in place and he nodded to Jason to watch the criminals as he slipped through the back door to make sure all was well inside too.


Dick winked at him. No one was aware that John was wired to their comm link and intimately linked to the Batman and Robins, so official titles it was. “Officer.”

“Back up is on its way, you guys can probably head out. We got this.”

“Sounds good.” Dick nodded as he glanced around, wincing slightly when he noticed that the gunfire had demolished most of the ceiling and he could see into the offices upstairs. “Anyone get hurt?”

John shook his head. “Nah. It was more for show, he didn’t aim at any of us… and there were no civilians to get in the way.”

“This was kinda anti-climactic,” Dick mused aloud. “Ya know? We’ve been waiting for something for weeks.”

John shrugged.

“Move out.”

Dick smirked at John. “Catch ya later, Detective.”

John chuckled, nodding his head. John turned away from him and then there was a rumble above them and they both froze, glancing up. “Shit. Get out of here, now!”
“No,” he inhaled, panic washing over him and he immediately reached out for John to get him out of there too. He wouldn’t dare leave John, but John was being the damn hero again.

John pushed him out of the way of falling debris and they both scrambled for cover. There was a scream and Dick watched as John dove over one of the female officers, protecting her as the rest of the ceiling came crashing down over them.

Dick groaned, his body aching everywhere. His suit may protect him from gun shots and a tip of a blade, but this? Nothing could have prepared him for this. He coughed as the dust continued to fall over them.

“Robin!” Jason cried over the comm link and Dick’s heart squeezed tight at the despair in his mate’s voice. Dick groaned once more as he tried to get out of the rumble.

“I’m okay.” He managed to reply a moment later, taking inventory of himself. “I’m good.” A bit shaken up, but overall okay… they weren’t prepared for something like this. He felt out of his element.

Dick climbed over some of the rumble and began to search for John. “Detective?”

“Report,” Batman’s voice lost all its cold detachment and it was pure Bruce… worried about his pack. “They have the doors barricaded.”

Dick snorted, of course the police chose now to barricade it. “We’ll be out soon.” Dick stated hopefully, but John was still partly covered in debris.

“Get her to safety,” John demanded and Dick felt a rush of relief. John was okay, otherwise he wouldn’t be so adamant. Dick helped the female officer to her feet and toward the doors.

Dick turned back, expecting John to be following him, but he hadn’t moved. “Shit.” He cursed and rushed back, but he couldn’t move the rubble still over John’s leg and abdomen without people knowing about his enhanced senses. “Robin to Cave. Turn the fucking cameras off. All of them.”

There was a cackle over the comm link. “They’re already down.” Tim reported back and Dick felt a sense of relief. He was free to use the strength he had and pushed the slab away with John’s help.

The smell of blood hit him immediately and Dick grimaced at the sight of a metallic rod sticking through John’s lower abdomen. He bit his lip, turning off his comm link. He grabbed John’s and crushed it, needing to shield the others. “Fuck, John.”

“It’s bad, isn’t it?” John stated as he closed his eyes, his fingers feeling out the rod. He hissed as he attempted to pull it out.

“No, don’t. You’ll bleed to death.”

“If I don’t, I’m dead anyway.” John argued.

“Wait.” Dick took a calming breath, trying to come up with all a plan of action. “Turn. You need to turn.”

John nodded in understanding.

“As soon as I pull it out, you need to transform.” Dick stated. “It’s the only way.”

“I know.”
Dick glanced around him, making sure it was clear and at least the cameras were off. “Okay.” He pulled out the rod and the blood started to pour out of John. “Hurry. Now.” He inhaled as he pressed his hands over the wound to stop it as much as he could. John turned, ripping through the remaining of his clothing. The wolf was stunning and Dick immediately checked him over. He sighed in relief when he noticed that there was no wound. It worked. “You’re perfect.”

John barked at him, licking his face.

“Now we just have to get you out of here safely.” Dick whispered, gathering all of John’s bloody gear. They both knew that shifting back now would result in his death, he had to wait to fully heal. “Out back is probably our best bet.”

Dick clicked the comm link on, almost relieved to hear everyone yelling at him. He knew it was bad to turn it off, but Steph didn’t know about John or their wolf side. “We’re on our way out,” he stated and everyone went silent.

Dick led the way, peeking out the door to see two cops near the exit and Jason pacing beyond that. “Robin.” Dick called out to him, needing him in more ways than one.

“Fuck,” Jason inhaled and pushed past the officers to get to Dick. He paused when he noticed the blood on him and his suit.

“It’s not mine.”

Jason relaxed, but then frowned when he realized that John was cowering behind Dick, in the safety of the doorway. “Shit, what happened?”

“Part of the building collapsed on us,” He stated, nodding to the two officers watching them. “I need a distraction, to get him safely home.”

Jason nodded.

Dick glanced up, suddenly feeling the Batman’s presence. “Robin, Spoiler, patrol now. Report back to the cave in an hour.”

“Tt,” Damian huffed. “What’s going on?”

“Robin.”

Dick and Jason shuddered at the command, every instinct was to follow his word as their pack leader and as Batman.

“Yes.” Damian sighed and then they heard the grapple hooks as Spoiler and Robin flew away to do their task. They couldn’t risk Steph seeing John.

“I got this,” Jason smirked, leaning in and kissing Dick hard and breathless.

Dick’s eyes fluttered close and he wanted more than anything to pull him in close and forget everything. “Thanks.”

Dick smiled when the Batman’s cape suddenly wrapped around him protectively as he jumped down beside them. Dick knew that he must have formulated a plan and Dick waited for his word. “Go to the alley adjacent to us. There’s no cameras and wait there. I’ll bring the Bat.” And then he was flying away and it simply took Dick’s breath away.
“There’s only one officer left now,” Jason smirked as he started walking away from them and then he turned to speak to the officer.

Dick waited a moment and then they darted across the street and into the alley. They only had to wait a few minutes for the Bat to land in front of them. Dick opened the door and John jumped in, barking at Bruce and licking at his face.

Dick smiled as he watched Bruce embrace him and bury his face into John’s fur. Dick stashed John’s stuff and closed the hatch, knowing they needed this. He readied the grappling gun and headed to the roof. He caught Jason’s gaze and Jay immediately joined him.

Dick tugged him into another heated kiss.

“Don’t ever scare me like that again,” Jason sighed against his lips as they parted.

“I couldn’t help it,” he whispered and Jason nodded, knowing why. They held each other close, renewing their bond and reassuring each other.

“Let’s go home.” Jason smiled as he pulled away. Dick nodded and they raced back to their bikes and headed back to the cave.

~*~

Dick was expecting a lecture from Bruce about turning off his comm link but there wasn’t one. Dick did it for their safety and Bruce understood that, especially since it was concerning John’s safety.

“How’s John?” Dick asked as they arrived.

“Resting.” Bruce stated, a small smile playing at his lips. “Cass shifted as soon as she saw him and now they’re cuddling.”

Dick sighed with relief. “That’s great.”

Bruce nodded, “I want a full report in the morning. You need to rest as well, you took a hit too.”

“Yeah,” Dick dragged a hand through his hair. “I still ache everywhere.”

“Then let’s go home,” Jason urged as they started to take off their suits and dressed in civvies.

Dick frowned, glancing back at Bruce. “What happened with Cluemaster?” Dick was so wrapped up in John and the damn ceiling caving in that he didn’t give it another thought. He assumed that Steph’s dad was taken in, but anything could have happened while the bank collapsed.

“Cluemaster and his crew were arrested and taken in. We accomplished our task.”

Dick nodded and then leaned into Jay, “Perfect.”

~*~

“Fuck,” Dick groaned as he barely made it up the stairs to their bed. He was really feeling it all and he curled up on the bed. “Jay.”

Jason carefully wrapped his arms around him and Dick immediately turned into his lover, “I’ve got you.”
Dick smiled, kissing Jason’s chest as he let the exhaustion take over and he drifted off to sleep. He felt safe and loved and that’s all that mattered at the moment.
Fourteen

“Spoiler,” Damian growled, because she had ambushed him and Damian didn’t like it. Dick was still recovering, because they couldn’t always turn to heal up, that took a toll too, and Damian was out alone on patrol.

Well, he thought, Jay was out there too, as was his father, but this part of the city was his tonight. And apparently Spoiler’s.

She was getting really good, she had tracked him down, or just waited for him. This was a rendezvous spot after all, and Damian liked to eat here.

“No,” she cut him off. “You owe me an explanation.”

“For what?”

“Last night. Why we didn’t stay, why did he send us away, and why was the comm down? Why the Cave has a creepy fucking mechanical voice?” Steph answered.

“Because the Batman told us to patrol, same, because there was something going on you weren’t supposed to know about and it’s not creepy.”

Spoiler stared at him. “You’re as bad as the Batman. Cryptic, fucking, answers.”

“He is my – leader. There are things he doesn’t want you to know.”

“Just yet? Or never,” Spoiler asked. “Because let me tell you, this is fucking unfair. You guys know everything about me, down to my bra-size.”

“Spoiler-”

“I get it, I’m the new kid on the block, but it still sucks, you know?”

Damian nodded, it did suck. He wanted to tell her Batman would come around, but he couldn’t be sure Father really would.

Tim chose that moment to give them the coordinates of a shelter that had caught on fire. “Fire department is on its way, but you’re closer and maybe someone needs your help in there.”

“Creepy,” Spoiler mouthed, but Damian could see that she was thinking about the why. Why would the Cave use a device to distort their voice?

“On it,” Damian said. “Robin out.”

~+~

They pulled out three people before the fire department showed up and took over. By then the building was deserted and Damian thought, a lost cause. These people would be homeless again.
“This fucking sucks,” Steph said. She was covered in soot, but seemed okay otherwise. Damian wasn’t even trying to correct her language anymore. If he was honest, he liked her cursing.

“You saved people, Spoiler,” Tim said over the comm. “That is good.”

“Can you see the building? It’s ruined, these people had pretty much nothing to begin with and now they have even less,” she replied, balling her hands into fists at her side.

“They’re alive, thanks to you and Robin,” Tim said.

“Still sucks,” Steph replied. She looked at Damian then. “You think the Batman could…I don’t know, throw some money at them?”

Damian could hear Tim laugh. “He does have friends in high places too. Maybe a charity thing? Robin?”

Damian groaned. “I hate those.”

Steph gave him a look.

Damian looked right back. “What? I do have a life outside of this.”

“Yeah, of course,” Steph said. She sounded a bit thrown, like it was the first time that the thought occurred to her. Or maybe it was the first time it really sunk in that, yes, there was a real boy under the Robin costume.

“When you’re done, police could use some help with a…brawl. Sending coordinates.”

“Brawl…” Steph said.

Damian smiled. “Leave the Cave alone.”

“Brawl is a nice word, I like it,” Tim said. “Cave out.”

Steph rolled her eyes. Her lenses were down, so Damian could see it. “Come on then. Let’s make friends with the police.”

~+~

They ended the night at Jay’s favorite diner. Jay was there too, already getting their order.

“So? Where is Robin1?” Steph asked. “I haven’t seen or heard from him today.”

“He got hurt last night when we took down the bank robbery,” Jason said, handing her a milkshake.

“That’s why his comm was down for a bit?”

Jason shrugged. Damian knew he didn’t want to lie to her either. Jason liked her. Hell, everyone liked her.

“He’ll be alright in no time,” Damian cut in. He took the salad from Jason and dug in. “Did you get an extra?” Damian asked.

Jason rolled his eyes behind the lenses. “Of course. I won’t let your better half starve.”
“He can take care of himself,” Damian replied. “But he does like the salad here.”

“The Cave is a he?” Steph asked. “Are you guys all gay? Is the Batman?” The last one was nearly a whisper.

Jason snorted. “Not gonna talk about the Batman’s sexual preferences. Also, Robin here is bisexual.”

Steph looked at Damian.

Damian shrugged. He guessed he was. He did like her, he had the one or other thought about her, the one or other odd sexual dream, but he was with Tim, so… “I’m open minded.”

“That’s good,” Steph said. “So you and the Cave are a thing.”

“They are in love,” Jason said, singsonging the last word.

“Shut up,” Damian replied.

Jason laughed.

As they finished their meal, Steph pulled Damian aside. “So, about my dad…”

“He’s in custody. We caught him red handed, there is no way he won’t go to prison,” Damian said gently.

“I know,” she sighed. “Shit. I’m sorry Robin got hurt because of this. What about the police that was involved.”

“We didn’t find any evidence of that, not even your call to them,” Damian said. He believed Steph, knew she had made that call.

“I did call them, I tried to warn them. If they had listened then Robin wouldn’t be hurt,” Steph said sharply.

And John neither. But of course, Spoiler didn’t know about John. “I believe you. We are looking into it. Jim Gordon is a friend. If someone in his department is fishy we will find out.”

“Okay,” Steph said. “Night.”

“I can drive you home,” Damian offered.

She grinned. “Thanks, but I think I’ll just use the grapple. Need the training.”

“Fine, see you tomorrow night.”

“Yeah,” Steph said. She tapped her comm. “Night, Cave.”

“Night, Spoiler,” Tim replied.

~++~

Damian didn’t know about this. He could admit that they needed more friends outside of the pack, but – really, was it such a good idea to go on a ‘not’ date with Stephanie and Tim?

“You worry too much,” Tim said, kissing his cheek.
“This feels like a date,” Damian grumbled.

“You want it to be a date?” Tim asked, not looking at him.

Damian grabbed Tim’s arm and pulled, so Tim would look at him. He kissed Tim hard, slowing down to fuck Tim’s mouth with his tongue.

Tim moaned. “We can’t.”

“Well, we can always get back to this after our not-date,” Damian replied.

Tim seemed to consider, rubbing his cock against Damian’s leg. “It would be bad to arrive there disheveled and looking like we just fucked, wouldn’t it?”

“Yeah, it would make a horrible impression, so would being late.”

“You had to start something, didn’t you?” Tim teased, stepping away and adjusting himself.

“I just kissed you,” Damian said.


Damian knew exactly what that did to Tim, knew that Tim loved his tongue in other places too. That it made Tim moan and scream when Damian rimmed him.

“Stop thinking about it!” Tim said. “God. We need to go. She’s waiting.”

“Yeah,” Damian said. “We should invite her to the charity thing next month.”

“Sure, the idea for the charity ball was hers.”

“You organized the thing, practically alone, Tim.” Because Tim was amazing like that and Damian had no idea why people didn’t see it.

Tim shrugged. “I’m good at organizing things. It was no trouble.” He smiled at Damian, looked at his reflection and grabbed Damian’s hand. “Come on, I was told it’s bad to let a lady wait.”

Damian didn’t think Steph was a lady, but he kept that to himself.

~+~

Steph was waiting for them at the gates to the fun park. She looked stunning, purple really was her color. Her hair was done in wavy curls, framing her face. She looked like an angel and Damian wondered how she would look like as a wolf.

“Looking good boys,” she said.

“You look stunning,” Tim replied, hugging her. It looked a bit awkward, in that way when people were unsure of their relationship status.

“Thank you, so what first?”

“The rides, and then food,” Damian replied.

Steph nodded. “You good at something in particular?”
“You want us to win you a pony?” Tim teased.

“A unicorn maybe?” She smiled, taking Damian’s arm.

Damian grabbed Tim’s hand, intertwined their fingers. Tim smiled at him.

“This is gonna be fun.”

Tim was precise and methodical, and it was a bit scary how good he was with an air-gun.

“Those ducks didn’t stand a chance,” Steph commented, clutching her unicorn. It was purple and glittery and hideous, Damian thought, but she seemed to like it. “Where did you learn that?”

“There’s a shooting range I like to visit sometimes,” Tim answered.

Damian hadn’t known about that. It was true that they didn’t spend every second together and that Damian didn’t always ask where Tim had been, but he thought maybe Tim could have mentioned that he was great with guns. Maybe he didn’t, because the Batman didn’t like guns.

“Food now? And then some rides? There is an old fashioned carousel,” Steph said.

“Yeah,” Damian replied.

“And maybe then the Ferris wheel?” She asked. “You guys don’t have a thing against heights? Do you?”

Damian grinned. “We love them.”

Since Damian went out on patrol with Jay, scratch that, since he met Jay, Damian had been introduced to vegetarian fast food and he secretly loved it.

“No chili dog?” Steph asked, handing one and fries to Tim.

“Damian doesn’t eat meat.”

“A vegetarian,” Steph said, eyebrow rising. “They have good veggie corn-dogs.”

“Sure, why not,” Damian replied. He did like veggie corn-dogs. Jay would sometimes make them from scratch.

“He secretly loves them,” Tim stage whispered.

Steph laughed. “Your secret is out, posh boy.”

He pulled at her hair and she laughed. If only she knew, he thought.

They got the veggie corn-dogs and sat down on a bench, eating and watching people. It was nice. And fun. Damian was glad they were doing this.

~+~

“You know I wanted to kiss you when we were up there on the Ferris wheel,” Damian said as they entered the manor. They had driven Steph home and the hug this time wasn’t awkward anymore.

“It wouldn’t have been nice to leave Steph out,” Tim replied, pushing Damian against the wood paneling in the hall.
Damian raised an eyebrow. “Wouldn’t it?”

“Don’t read into it, lover,” Tim teased, pressing against Damian. Rubbing against him really. “You know what would be a perfect ending to this very nice not-date?”


“I don’t have to pick just one, do I?” Tim asked, trailing kisses from Damian’s jaw to his collarbone.

“No, you don’t,” Damian answered. When Tim got all bossy and focused, it did things to Damian and his cock.

Tim cocked his head, but all was quiet and then he sank to his knees. “I’m just gonna start with the blow-job, then we go upstairs and proceed with the fucking and after that lazy make-out, that we can continue tomorrow morning?”

“You have the best plans,” Damian replied, as Tim pulled down his pants and underwear.

“Glad you think so,” Tim said, just before he leaned in and kissed the tip of Damian’s cock.

Damian let his head fall against the wall and tangled his fingers in Tim’s soft hair. He was sure that no one could suck cock as well as Tim. He knew all of the places that made Damian moan and grip his hair a bit tighter. Tim hummed and licked, swallowing around Damian’s length and then he gently massaged Damian’s balls. “Tim-” Damian said which was an unnecessary warning, Tim just sucked harder.

Damian bit his lip to keep the moan in.

Tim pulled off, licked his lips and looked up at Damian. “You have no idea how turned on I am right now.”

“Bedroom,” Damian said, grabbing Tim by his expensive shirt and pulling him up so he could devour Tim’s mouth.

Tim was right this was the perfect ending to a wonderful not-date. Damian was looking to do this not-dating thing a lot more often.

Chapter End Notes

Ischa and I are contemplating setting up a tumblr for our stories. Would there be any interest in this?
John was exhausted; every muscle aching. He wanted nothing more than to stay in bed all day, but he had to go into the Station. If he had any chance of catching the so called dirty cops, he needed to go back to work. The sooner, the better.

He hissed as he finally pushed himself into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. “Fuck.” John closed his eyes, concentrating on his breathing.

“What are you doing up?” Bruce questioned as he entered the room, Cassandra following after him.

“No up,” Cassandra scolded as she crossed her arms over her chest, looking adorable.

John couldn’t help but smile, Cass had blossomed under their care and she had slowly started talking more.

“John.” Bruce stated softly and John shifted his gaze to his lover. “You should be resting, you’re still healing.”

“I know,” John nodded. “I just need to go into work, didn’t you feel like last night was a bust? We got the guy, but it was just too easy.”

Bruce sighed, dragging his fingers through his hair and John knew that he wanted to protest, but it was true. And they knew that Steph had called the police, that there was something fishy about the whole thing. John needed to go to work… the Batman couldn’t do the undercover work that he could.

Cass jumped up onto the bed and curled around John. She tucked in close, but was careful not to press too hard. He ran his fingers through her hair, just her presence was calming. “I won’t be long.” John promised.

“Fine.” Bruce’s voice was clipped and cold, John knew that he didn’t want him to go. But John had to do this.

“How’s Dick?” John asked, still worried about him.

“Resting, like you should be.” Bruce snapped, growling under his breath. “No school, no patrol. And he didn’t almost die like you did.”

John sighed, brushing his hand over the white scar on his abdomen. Shifting had saved his life, but it left its mark. He could still feel the cold metal rod imbedded in his body. He shook his head. “I know,” he whispered, reaching out and taking Bruce’s hand in his. He tugged Bruce closer to him and then leaned up, kissing him deeply.

Bruce sighed, pressing his forehead against John’s own and wrapping his arms around him. “I love you.”

“Love you too,” John smiled. “And I know you’re worried about me, but I need to go in for a few hours at the most.”
“I know.” Bruce grumbled. “But I’d rather keep you here and keep you safe.”

“Safe,” Cassandra added in and John looked down at her smiling up at him.

“Yes.” John smiled, feeling very safe in their arms. He could spare a few more minutes before he had to go in.

~*~

“Son,” The Commissioner began and John turned to him. “My office.”

John nodded, following him into his office. “Yes?”

Gordon looked him over and shook his head. “I’m surprised to see you in after last night.”

“I thought I’d check in,” John replied, shrugging his shoulders in a nonchalant way, which ended up making him wince instead. “Write up my report,” he rushed to add.

“A bit late, the Batman already gave me a detailed report of the incident.” Gordon stated and John vaguely remember that Bruce had manufactured a cover story. “And that you went to the emergency room to get checked out.”

John nodded. “Just a few scrapes and bruises.”

Gordon raise a brow, seemingly unconvinced. “Then why did the Batman have to rush you to the hospital?”

John’s eyes widened and his mouth parted as he raced to come up with something, a story that was plausible. “He was just concerned-” He began, but that really wasn’t a strong enough answer and he knew Gordon would question him further.

“Which as your lover, he’d be even more so.”

“What?” John gasped, his heart racing. “I don’t-”

“John, I adore you like a son. But I’m tired of us skirting around this topic. I know.” He stated, offering a small smile. “And after last night there’s no denying it.”

John nodded, rubbing the back of his neck. “I- can’t confirm or deny it.”

“Of course,” Gordon gave him a curt nod. “Is there anything I can unofficially help you with?”

John sighed, suddenly feeling like a weight had been lifted off of him. He’d always trusted Gordon and now, he knew he could rely on the Commissioner as well… with everything. John took a seat and told him everything he knew and why he really came into the office this morning.

“I didn’t hear of any tip that was called in,” Gordon pursed his lips together. “I’ll check it out, we’ll get to the bottom of this. I thought I had fished out the weak links in the department. Go home, you look like shit.”

John groaned. He felt like shit too. “Thanks, sir.”

“Think nothing of it,” Gordon reassured him and squeezed his arm.

John smiled, getting up from his seat. He returned back to his desk and finished a few things before he walked around the department. Nothing was amiss and he didn’t hear anything that would
require a more thorough follow through.

~*~

John found Bruce down in the cave. “Hey,” John began as he crossed over to him and kissed him softly.

“How are you feeling?” Bruce asked as he stood, absentmindedly running his hand over John’s side.


Bruce kissed his neck, nipping lightly at his skin.

John sighed happily, “So, I didn’t find anything out… but Gordon knows.”

Bruce pulled back, slightly alarmed, “Knows what?”

“That you’re the Batman, I didn’t confirm or deny it, but he knows.” John explained. “And it feels so damn good that he does, he’s willing to help out and he’s looking into who Steph talked to when she called in that tip. And then he sent me home.”

“I had a feeling he had figured it out.” Bruce grunted.

John smiled. “Apparently your concern over me was what gave it away.” John leaned in and kissed him. “Big ol’ softie.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head. “You should go rest.”

“Yeah, yeah.” John smiled as he pulled him into another kiss, savoring it before they parted. “Are you going to be long?”

“I should be up soon.”

John nodded and headed up to their room. He stretched out on their bed and drifted off into a restful sleep.

~*~

John was feeling better the next day, but he was still pretty sore. He checked in with Gordon, but there wasn’t anything new to report. John grumbled, there wasn’t anything he could really do at the moment, except to finish healing.

He had a pretty lazy day, playing with Cass and then he took a few hours helping her read. She had only managed a few letters of the alphabet, but it was a start.

After a nice long nap, John ventured down to the cave in search of his lover. “Hey.”

“Hi,” Bruce grinned as he turned to him. “Did you have a good nap?”

“Yeah,” John grinned, leaning in and kissing him. It started out as a soft and innocent kiss, but it ended up a little more heated. “Any new developments?”

Bruce sighed, shaking his head. “No.”

“Gordon said that he found the log of when Steph called, but it had been erased. It was definitely
an inside job.”

Bruce nodded. “We’re still at square one. And Cluemaster hasn’t said a thing… but one of his lackey’s spilled a few details that Dick and Jason are checking out tonight.”

“Are you going out to patrol too?” John questioned, desperately wanting Bruce to stay in for the night with him.

“No,” he smiled. “I figured we could use some time together.”

“That sounds perfect.” John smiled. “Maybe have a date night?”

Bruce chuckled. “We could go to the fair and check up on Damian, Tim, and Steph.”

“Oh, the not date night?” John grinned. “Nah, we’ll let them have their fun.”

Bruce nodded. “Perhaps a movie?”

“I’m in,” John leaned in and kissed his brow and he was about to turn away when there was an incoming call from Starling City. “Oh, hey.” John grinned as he answered it. “Team Bat.”

“John?” Felicity’s voice rang out, she sounded stressed and suddenly John couldn’t remember when she had called the cave before. It was usually Roy for one of the boys, or Oliver with any other business.

“Yes,” John frowned glancing at Bruce. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s Ollie. Ra’s has chosen him for his heir…” her voice trailed off into a hitched sob. “He left us.”

John inhaled sharply, his heart racing as he looked to his lover. “Bruce?”

Bruce had tensed, his eyes cold, his jaw set. “We’ll look into it, Felicity.” He assured her and Felicity could barely form a thank you and hung up.

“Can you do anything?” John questioned as the information finally registered in his head, this was bad, really bad. “If Ollie has decided?”

Bruce pursed his lips. “I don’t think Ra’s has given him an option. He’s the ideal heir.”

John felt a chill go down his back. This was even worse. “What can we do?”

“I need more information.”

John frowned, knowing that their date night was permanently on hold. “Can I do anything to help?”

Bruce shook his head, “Watch over Cassandra, she could be a target as well.”

John nodded, suddenly feeling helpless. “You’ll let me know if I can do anything?”

“Of course,” Bruce stated, but he wasn’t even looking at John, he was already searching the computer for a solution.

John frowned, this was an unexpected development, but it was something they should have seen coming. The next few days would be challenging for their family and their pack.
Somehow, Roy thought that they should have known, should have seen it coming. What the fuck was wrong with them all?

They all knew that Oliver was a goddamned liar and they never- “Fuck!” His fist connected painfully with the wall and left a dent.

“Not helpful,” Diggle said.

“It makes me feel better,” Roy lied. He was sure Diggle knew he was lying. “What was he thinking?”

“That he could protect us that way. Probably not only us, but also Batman's pack. His son. You know who Ra’s is.”

It was hard to believe that Ra’s would reject all his blood-heirs. He knew why Nyssa had been cast aside, she was a woman and Ra’s didn't think that a woman could lead the league. And Damian...Damian had were-blood.

Oliver was strong, fast, trained, and fearless too. He was human.

The question was, how long would he stay human when he stayed with Ra’s and when the rumors about the Lazarus Pit were true. And why should they not be true? Roy was a werewolf for god's sake. Mystical creature and all that. Why wouldn’t there be a mystical pit that could heal wounds and prolong ones' life?

“Yeah, dear old grand-daddy,” Roy replied.

Diggle snorted in amusement.

“Good that you two can still joke about it,” Felicity said.

Roy wanted to hug her, but he dared not. She didn't seem like she wanted to be comforted now, she seemed like she wanted to stay angry because it helped her focus.

“We're not,” Diggle assured her.

“We need to do something,” she said, her fingers were a death-grip on the note Oliver had left them this morning, last night? He was getting way too good at sneaking away. They had gotten used to it. To Oliver leaving their bed. And now they were paying the price.

“We know where he wants to go,” Diggle said.

Yes, they did. The thing was that they didn't know where this pit was, where Ra’s was. The only one who knew was Nyssa. And she and The Canary were deep undercover.

Oliver had counted on that, of course. Roy knew that. Like Diggle did and Felicity.

“I wish Nyssa would answer her goddamned calls,” Felicity said frustrated.

“I wish we had implanted a tracker in Oliver's skin, like the Bat does with his Robins,” Roy replied.
“He doesn't really do that, does he?” Diggle asked.

“Tagged them like dogs,” Roy confirmed. “But now I see the wisdom of that: he can always find the people he loves and cares about. He could have just jumped into his pretty little plane and follow the dot marked Robin, we on the other hand are stuck here. Waiting for Nyssa to answer.”

And Oliver had been gone hours now. He was probably already in Ra’s clutches. What was Ra’s endgame anyway?

“You think he's going to kill us?” Felicity asked.

“No,” Roy said, suddenly very sure, “He will make Oliver do it.” Roy and Damian had gotten a bit closer over the last few months and Tim liked talking about his boyfriend too and what Roy gathered of Ra’s; this was absolutely something he would do.

“To test Oliver's loyalty.” Diggle crossed his arms over his chest. “Of course.”

“Could it be,” Felicity cut in, “That Ra's was also behind the planed attacks on Starling, Central City, Gotham, and Metropolis?”

Just two days ago Roy would have said no, because Damian was his grandson, but now he was not so sure. They had never found out who funded the whole thing in the first place, because an undertaking like this would have cost a lot of money. Money Ra's Al Ghul had. And Tim had mentioned that Ra's family used to hunt and kill werewolves back in the day.

That was why he had wanted Bruce Wayne, The Batman, as his heir before he found out that Bruce was a werewolf too.

Now they maybe didn't use swords or bullets anymore, but were thinking bigger. Bio weapons. Designed to kill werewolves and those who had the gene. Genocide.

“We need to talk to Bruce,” Diggle said. “We need to warn them. Barry too. Do we know anyone in Metropolis we can trust with this story?”

Felicity frowned. “The reporter, Lois Lane. She's a wolf. Maybe she knows someone, can warn them, I don't know.”

“Getting in contact with her then, you call the Cave, Roy-”

“I know. I'll try Nyssa and Laurel again.” Until he would reach them.

~+~

Bruce Wayne called them back three hours later with three possible locations for Ra’s headquarters.

“You have to wonder how he did that,” Roy said as the call disconnected.

“Damian probably helped narrow it down,” Diggle replied.

“Should have called Bruce at once,” Felicity replied. “If he's anything, he's efficient.”

“And he’s dealt with the Head of the Demon before, had trained with him. Knows him. Raises his grandson. Was in love with the Demon's daughter.” Roy had to say it, had to let her know that there were just things Felicity, they didn't know. This whole heir thing had come out of nowhere. Because Oliver was a liar and because they let Oliver lie to them. Because they were suckers.
“I know what you're doing, but it doesn't make me feel better. We have been so blind. Blinded ourselves,” Felicity replied. “Got used to him lying to us. He had us wrapped around his finger.” She laughed, but it sounded sharp and like it hurt.

“It's because we love him,” Diggle said matter of factly.

Roy nodded, searching for an answer to that simple fact of all their lives when Nyssa finally answered.

“What is it, you know we-”

“Oliver is gone. Ra’s has him. We need to go after him and you are the only one who knows where he could be,” Felicity cut in sharply.

“Nanda Parbat would be the obvious choice, but-” she hesitated. “If he's chosen an heir he would want that heir to break with all ties. He would want to watch. He will kill you all.” She took a slow breath, looked at them all. “Me too. Damian as well.”

“We’ve already called Team Bat. Bruce narrowed it down to three locations,” Felicity rattled them off.

“I can't say for sure, I'm sorry, but Laurel and I will take Nanda Parbat,” she said.

“Take Barry with you,” Diggle replied.

Roy could see that she was about to protest, but then nodded. “Good luck.”

“You too,” Felicity said and disconnected the call.

“Should we call Ray?” Diggle asked.

“No,” Felicity shook her head. She and Ray were really good friends and Roy knew that she didn't want him involved with the fucking League of Assassins.

“We won't say goodbye at all,” Roy concluded, thinking about Sin. Shit, if he should die, she would bring him back and kick his ass for sure.

“No,” Felicity said. “We won't. We will coordinate with Team Bat. We need at least one of the Robins with us when we fly to one of the other locations.”

“Why would we-” it dawned on Diggle then. “Absolutely not,” he said hard.

“John,” Felicity said.

“Just because you two are fucking him doesn't mean you get to make the decisions here.”

“You have a wife and a baby girl,” Roy said.

“You have Sin and Felicity has a mother and Ray,” Diggle said.

“You want your daughter to grow up without a father?” Felicity asked sharply, “Because let me tell you, I know from experience, it's not all that great.”

“She won't, because I won't die, Felicity.”

“John-” Roy tried, but he knew that it was no use. If he were in Diggle's shoes he would go too. So
would Felicity.

“I'm going and you can't make me stay,” Diggle said and that was that.

They really didn't have time to argue. The Head of the Demon was doing only god knew what to
Oliver right now.

“We'll need a plane,” Roy said.

“Palmer has one-”

“Absolutely not,” Felicity cut in. “I told you, we won't drag him into this. He's done enough to help
us all already.”

“Fine, but he will wonder when we all take off at once,” Diggle said.

“I'm sure Wayne can lend us a plane. We can fly to Gotham and then go from there. Tell Palmer
we're working a case in Gotham with Team Bat.”

Felicity and Diggle looked at him. “What? I'm dating the liar. Of course, I’ve picked a few things
up. It's called strategy. We still don't have a private jet after all. Wayne does. It's logical to help him
out. He's been here before.”

“Yes,” Diggle said. “Yes, it is.”

Roy nodded. “Gonna call the Cave now. You guys go and pack,” Roy replied.

“Meet you at the airport,” Diggle said, Felicity hugged him hard and then they were gone.

Diggle went back home to talk shit over with his wife and Felicity probably to call Ray or her
mom, or both.

God knew they didn't actually know if they would make it out alive. The fucking League of
Assassins. They haven't dealt with anything like this before.

Roy felt sick to the bone just thinking about it.

He grabbed the vodka and poured an unhealthy amount into one of the glasses. He got used to the
taste over the time.

Once he sat the glass down he called the Cave.

~+~

He got Tim. Which wasn't bad, all things considered.

“I guess he filled you in?” Roy asked.

“Yes, Bruce did. I am so sorry,” Tim said.

“Yeah, me too. That fucking-” he stopped, ran a hand over his face and looked at Tim, who was
waiting. “We need a plane. Nyssa and The Canary took off to Nanda Parbat, because they
obviously have means and ways. But we still can't afford a private jet. I was hoping we could
borrow one?”

“Yes,” came the Batman's voice from somewhere off screen.
Tim smiled. “Bruce has one in Starling. I am sure it can be ready in an hour.”

“Thank you.”

“Don't mention it. We will take all the help we can get,” Tim said.

“How are you holding up?”

Tim shrugged, bit his lip. “I'm a werewolf now. My boyfriend's grandfather wants to kill us all... I would like to say we've had worse, but to be honest, this is really fucking bad.”

“Language,” the Batman said.

Tim smiled fondly.

“We want to take Ra’s down,” Roy said.

“I know.”

“Will this be a problem?” Roy asked.

Bruce appeared in the frame. He was wearing the suit, but not the cowl. He looked tired around the eyes, Roy thought and wondered how long he had been up before Felicity had called them for help.

“We don't kill,” Bruce said.

“Accidents happen and better them than us,” Roy said, looking at Bruce.

Bruce looked back.

“He wants to kill all werewolves, worldwide and everyone with the gene. People who aren't even werewolves, haven't even turned once,” Tim said gently.

Bruce looked at Tim then.

“He has a magical pit that keeps him alive,” Roy cut in as the silence got to him. “He’s cheated death too many times.”

“We would restore the balance,” Damian said from somewhere in the Cave.

Roy couldn't seem him, but Bruce apparently could. He left the frame and Roy and Tim were alone again. “Are you coming with?” Roy asked.

“No. I'm staying in Gotham. Me and Spoiler will hold down the fort. So to speak.”

“And Damian?”

“He and Bruce are arguing about that,” Tim admitted.

Shit, Roy thought. The boy was only sixteen. “He should probably stay in Gotham too.”

“John is staying too, because there is no way he can leave Cass here alone with us. One parent should be here with her.”

“And not in danger,” Roy said.

Tim nodded. “Yes. She’s already lost a father once.”
“We're in deep this time, Tim,” Roy said.

“Yes, I know,” Tim bit his lip again and then looked at Roy. “When you can...take him out, please do, or let someone else do it, but not Damian.”

“I promise,” Roy said.

“Try not to get caught by the Batman,” Tim replied.

Roy laughed. “I'm stealthier than I look.”

“I know. Thank you Roy.”

“No problem,” Roy replied. “See you on the other side.”

“You should really come and visit. I know Jay would be thrilled,” Tim said.

“I will as soon as we have Oliver back. Team Arrow out.”

And they would get Oliver back, Roy would make sure of that.
Part Three: Chapter Sixteen

Sixteen

Bruce pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to push back the headache that was threatening to form. “No.” He stated once more, tired of this discussion.

“This is ridiculous!” Damian growled. “I’m the only one trained to do this.” He urged and Bruce knew he was right, but the very idea pained Bruce. He didn’t want his son to go after his grandfather where it could result in both of their deaths.

“Damian, this isn’t up for discussion. You are staying here.”

“Tt.” He huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. “I’m not a baby anymore. Stop treating me like one!”

“Stop acting like one,” Bruce snapped and immediately regretted it when his son paled, gaping at him in disbelief. “Damian-”

“No,” Damian hissed turning away from him and rushing up the stairs.

Bruce sighed and he glanced over at Tim who was standing nearby, visibly torn. “Go to him.”

Tim nodded, tensing slightly as if he had something to say, but he refrained in doing so. Tim still had the tendency to hold back, while his boys certainly did not. Bruce respected Tim, but Tim was still unsure of his place.

“You may speak,” Bruce stated as he continued to study Tim.

“I think Damian should go, he needs this closure just as much as you do. He wants to be by your side, he needs to reconfirm that you’re his father and even though Ra’s may be blood, Damian has chosen his pack and leader.”

“Even though you told Roy to take Ra’s out if given the chance?” Bruce questioned softly, amused when Tim flushed slightly.

“You heard that?” Tim gasped and then snorted. “Of course, you’re the Batman.”

“Yes,” Bruce nodded. “I would do anything to protect my son.”

“I know, but he’s right too. He’s better trained to go against the League.” Tim argued. Of course Bruce knew this too.

“I know.” Bruce acknowledged. “But he’s my son and my gut is telling me to protect him at any costs.”

Tim sighed, rubbing his neck. “So you’d rather distance his love instead? This will only push you apart. Sometimes, I think Damian is still unsure of where he stands. You’re letting Dick and Jay fly halfway across the world to check out one of the locations and Damian feels left out, like you don’t trust him.”

Bruce tensed, pursing his lips together as he reflected over Tim’s words. “Did he tell you this?”

“No,” Tim snorted. “He’s more like you when it comes to that respect. Some things he keeps close
to his heart, but it’s so obvious to me. I know, I can see how much it hurts him.” Tim paused, offering Bruce a small smile. “He’s proud and head strong like you. Let him prove to you that he’s worthy of being the Batman’s son.”

“I’ll think about it.” Bruce managed before dismissing Tim to go be with his son.

Bruce sighed, closing his eyes briefly as he rubbed his face. He didn’t know what to do and his exhaustion didn’t help. There was so much to consider and the lives of two packs were in his hands.

“There you are.”

Bruce startled, not even noticing John’s approach and welcomed the warm embrace of his lover. He sighed happily as he wrapped his arms around John and held him close, breathing in his scent and letting it calm him.

“What’s the latest?” John asked as he ran his hands down Bruce’s side.

“Dick and Jason just left to check out the third location,” he explained. “Once we have word back from the three teams, we’ll proceed.”

John nodded. “Until then?”

“We wait.” Bruce grunted, hating that their hands were tied until they knew for sure Ra’s current location. Nanda Parbat was most likely the correct place, but they still had to rule out the others. It was one of the reason’s he was willing to let Dick and Jason go without any other supervision. Bruce would join them to head to Nanda Parbat.

“And Damian?” John questioned and Bruce growled.

“Not you too.” Bruce shook his head as he pulled away from John. “I want him to stay here and be safe.”

John simply nodded. “As any protective father would want, but he’s part of your team. He’s a Robin to your Batman. You let him out on the street, this is no different.”

Bruce huffed, hating that John was once more the voice of reason.

“Dick and Jay may be older, but Damian has been trained by the League and it’ll be more beneficial for you and your team if Damian is there. You work better as a pack, it’s the main advantage you have over Ra’s.”

Bruce nodded. “Perhaps, but—”

“No, buts.” John stated, wrapping his arms once more around Bruce. “Damian will go.”

Bruce sighed and just let himself soak in the love and the essence of their bond. “Very well.”

John smiled at him, kissing him. “Good.” He cupped Bruce’s face, “Now you should rest while you can.”

Bruce leaned into John’s touch, “I-”

“No,” John shook his head. “You need to rest. I’ll go speak to Damian and set everything up for your meet up with Dick and Jay.”
Bruce wanted to protest, but he did have some time before rest wasn’t an option anymore. He reluctantly nodded. “Okay.”

John helped him out of his suit and accompanied him up the stairs and to their room. Bruce didn’t realize how dead on his feet he was until he slid into bed and was instantly out.

~*~

Bruce stirred in his sleep, a high pitched whistle echoed through the manor. It almost reminded him of a generic dog whistle, but it had a unique pitch. Bruce yawned and turned over, not really giving it another thought as he slipped back into a restful sleep.

“Cassandra!”

Bruce blinked at the harsh reprimand and then sucked in a quick breath when he realized that there was a sharp blade held tight to his neck. He barely felt the young girl’s presence, but he could smell her. And he knew that it was the League’s training that made him unaware of her until then.

Bruce managed to shift slightly and look into the girl’s eyes. They were cold and lifeless… she was in a trance-like state. A chill went down Bruce’s spine as he realized that this was what she had been programmed to do since the day that John brought her home. Probably before that. They had played John too.

But the hesitation in her actions proved that even though she was programmed to kill him, she cared too much.

Bruce didn’t dare move; it may provoke her to finish her deed. The blade was sharp and he could feel it cutting into his skin. He was at her mercy.

“Cassandra,” John began once more, but Bruce knew it wouldn’t work. “Fuck,” John cursed and Bruce could smell his distress and he wished there was something he could say to change the possible outcome. And then it dawned on Bruce; the only thing that could save him and their family bond.

“Turn.” Bruce whispered, their pack bond may be stronger as a wolf and if anything could stop Cassandra this was it.

“Turn?” John repeated and then he gasped in realization and immediately turned. Bruce could hear his clothes ripping as he became the beautiful wolf he was. He barked at Cassandra and Bruce noticed the sudden spark of life in her eyes.

John jumped up on the bed and growled at the girl, barking at her once more. Cass started to tremble and then cried out as she dropped the blade and immediately reached out to John, burying her face into his fur.

Bruce was then free to move, he threw the blade across the room and just stared at the girl that almost took down the Batman… it was Ra’s plan all along, but the thing Ra’s didn’t realize was that a pack bond was stronger than any sort of manipulation he may have envisioned.

Cassandra turned to Bruce with tears in her eyes, she hiccupped and then threw her arms around him, hugging him. “Cass bad.”

Bruce touched his neck to feel the thin line of blood, but he knew he’d heal quickly. It could have been so much worse. “No, Cass good.”
She sniffed, nodding her head as she tugged on John’s fur and held onto him for the support and love that she needed. “Cass good.”

“Father!” Damian called out, barging in. He was breathless and looked relieved to see that all was well. “There was an intruder, he was trained, but I took him down and restrained him. Tim’s watching over him.”

Bruce nodded. “I gather he had a whistle of some sort?”

“Yes.” Damian looked him over and then at Cass and John still in his wolf form. “It was a trigger, wasn’t it?” He questioned harshly, glaring at her. “She-” his voice trailed off because he saw what she was indeed trained to do.

“Yes,” Bruce stated as he ran his hand down John’s back, carding his fingers through his fur. “She broke through her training, she’s pack.”

Damian relaxed, nodding his head.

Bruce got up from the bed and grabbed his robe. He turned back to John, nuzzling him and smiling as John licked his face. “Stay here, keep Cass safe. We need to deal with our intruder.”

John barked in agreement and then Bruce followed Damian down to the gardens where Tim was watching over the man that was sent to trigger Cassandra’s programming.

“You,” the man inhaled, looking almost panicked. “No.”

Bruce smirked at him as he loomed over him. “Ra’s plan has failed. Where is he?”

The man didn’t reply and Damian hit him.

Bruce didn’t really expect him to say anything, but he still continued to interrogate the man, hoping that he’d give enough away that they could infer where Ra’s was. And he did just that.

Nanda Parbat.

Bruce knew it and now they had an advantage. Bruce had the bastard arrested on charges and he knew Ra’s… he’d let the guy rot in jail. He had failed him.

Bruce had no time to spare, they all needed to get to Nanda Parbat. He’d contact the teams and he glanced over at Damian who was waiting patiently for the word. “It’s time to go.”
Part Three: Chapter Seventeen

Seventeen

“Well,” Jason said, “That was a bust.” They were greeted with cobwebs and more cobwebs. But they still searched the whole place.

Dick nodded. “Don’t think Ra’s would hang out in a place like this. Look at the layers of dust.”

Jason smiled. “Disgusting, really.”

“Cave to Robin,” Tim said in Jason’s ear.

“Robin speaking.”

Dick was listening in on it too. Keeping himself well away from the dusty furniture. It made Jason grin and want to push him against the plush looking sofa and have his wicked way with him.

“We have a confirmed location: Nanda Parbat,” Tim said.

“Seems like Nyssa and Laurel have won,” Jason replied.

“They are alone there. Batman and Robin are suiting up as we speak. The rest of the pack stays in the Cave. Team Arrow was already informed.”

“I’m hurt, you told Arsenal before me?”

“In fact, it was the medic,” Tim said.

“Ah, well,” Jason replied.

“Wait, does that mean that Bruce is taking Damian?”

“Yes,” Tim answered. “Also: Codenames.”

“This is a secure line and Ra’s already knows who we are,” Dick replied.

“Still. It’s too easy to slip into it. It becomes habit. Better not start. Codenames.”

“Best Batman of the future, ever,” Jason whispered and Dick smiled.

“I heard that and thanks, I guess. Now get going. It won’t be easy to get Arrow back, and they need all the help they can get. Cave over and out.”

And then there was only silence on the other end of the line. “Scary little genius wolf,” Jason said.

“That he is,” Dick replied.

“Okay then, let’s go to Nanda Parbat. Wherever the hell that is.”

Dick nodded, grabbed him and pulled him into a hard kiss. When they came up for air, way too soon, he said: “For luck.”

“Think we need it?”
“No harm in having it,” Dick replied.

Jason could tell he was nervous about this mission. It was Ra’s and the League of Assassins. They had Oliver. Damian was going too and probably facing his grandfather.

Roy, fuck, Jason thought. Roy was a mess over this and they didn’t call him Arsenal for nothing.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “What’s the German word for a situation that is about to get really messy and blow up again? It seems like that is what we’re walking into.”

“Pulverfaß,” Dick said. “And yeah. My thoughts exactly.”

“I love you,” Jason said, instead of the million other things he was thinking and that made him nervous too.

“Back at ya,” Dick smiled and Jason had to kiss him once more.

They got into the jet and set for Nanda Parbat.

~+~

On the way, Batman briefed everyone, including Nyssa and Laurel and Team Arrow. Nyssa had already scouted the place and was giving them the weak-spots. There weren’t many.

“It seems, that my father has every man he could spare at the fortress,” Nyssa was saying.

“He is planning to make Oliver his heir, of course it would be a big deal,” Roy replied.

“Do you know what he did to Oliver?” Bruce asked.

“Not for sure, but there are procedures if you chose an heir that is not blood. Usually they start with brainwashing to make sure the new heir will do what is necessary.”

“And that is?”

“Sever all his ties to his former life-”

“As in kill his family and friends?” Felicity cut in.

“Yes,” Nyssa replied. “Back in the day, that also meant the village the new heir was from. That hasn’t been done in a while, but my father might want to revive this tradition. Starling City is a city of wolves after all.”

“And Ra’s hates wolves,” Jason said.

“Yes.”

“He has a biological weapon. He’s the one who sponsored the attacks on Starling, Gotham, Metropolis and Central City,” Felicity said. She sounded angry and Jason couldn’t blame her at all. Hell, he was angry too.

“We will stop him,” Arsenal said. “No matter what.”

“Meeting in five,” Bruce cut in and gave the teams the coordinates.

~+~
Once they had a plan and Jason could see that Team Arrow was glad Bruce was leading this mission, they split up.

Jason didn’t think that having him and Dick on one team was the best idea, they were the only ones who could turn at will, but he trusted Bruce and Bruce had obviously thought this through even if it was all on a very short notice.

He nodded to Roy who was going with Laurel. He had the urge to hug the hell out of them all, but that felt too much like goodbye.

Felicity wasn’t too thrilled that she had to stay behind, but she had no fighting skills and someone needed to coordinate with the Cave.

Besides if something should go wrong she was their way out of here.

Jason knew that these things hardly ever went according to plan, but he hoped this would be an exception.

“Good luck,” Tim said in his ear.

Jason smiled. “See you on the other side, genius wolf.”

~+~

“My, my, isn't my pretty pup all grown up,” Draken said, stepping out of the dense underbrush. He had probably just been in wolf form until now, since he was naked and neither Jason nor Dick had smelled any humans nearby. Wolves yes, but that was common in a place like this. Now Jason wondered how many of the wolves in the forest surrounding the fortress were real wolves.

Jason's hands itched for a gun. “What the hell?”

“And you have such a deliciously smelling mate too,” Draken said. Sniffing, but wisely not coming any closer.

Dick growled and he wasn't even in wolf-form. Draken laughed like this was funny.

“What are you doing here?” Jason hissed.

“Probably the same thing you are doing here,” Draken answered, suddenly all business. “This son of a whore wants to destroy us. I won't have any of it.”

“You know about Ra's' plans?” Jason asked.

“I know enough to want to kill him. He was behind the attack on Starling City,” Draken replied.

“I guess you didn’t come alone,” Dick cut in. There was still a growl in his voice and Jason didn’t like at all how greedily Draken looked at Dick.

“No. Like you, I brought my pack and a few hired guns,” Draken answered.

“And you’re taking the backdoor,” Jason said.

Draken leered. “You would know all about that, wouldn't you cub?”

“Shut up!” Jason said harshly.
“You can get out of my way or you can join me, Jason, but I will go in there and you two can’t stop me,” Draken said and Jason watched as a dozen wolves emerged from the shadows. He had smelled the wolves, but – shit. He and Dick couldn’t take them. They had no time for this either. And Draken being here could be used as a distraction.

Jason looked to Dick and Dick nodded. “Truce for now,” Dick said.

Draken smiled and changed to wolf-form again. He was so fucking big and impressive, but he was also the son of a whore (to borrow a phrase) who killed Jason’s mother. And he still had to answer for his crimes.

Dick tapped his comm and informed the other teams. Bruce wasn’t happy about this, but he knew as well as Dick and Jason that there was nothing they could do and at least for now, Ra’s’ enemy was their friend. He hoped Draken would let his hired guns know that they had company so these guys wouldn’t shoot them.

“Well, fuck,” Jason said.

Dick grabbed his hand. “Yeah, pretty much. But we have to stick to the plan.”

Jason didn’t say that the whole thing just got a whole lot more complicated because Dick knew that. He didn’t say that he hoped Draken would get to Ra’s first and they would kill each other because again, Dick knew that.

Their mission was to find Oliver Queen, see if he was brainwashed or could be reasoned with and get him out.

Arsenal and The Black Canary were planting explosives at strategic points, Diggle and Nyssa where trying to find out where the bio weapons were, so they could be safely grabbed and later destroyed, while Batman and Robin would go after Ra’s.

Now they also had a small army of wolves and humans at their back. Ra’s may have anticipated that Team Arrow would try to storm the fortress, even that Team Bat would be in on it, but Jason didn’t think Draken was even on his radar.

Since Ra’s was so occupied with finding an heir and destroying Batman.

And Draken or Blackwell was a crafty and connected bastard. After all, he managed to evade Jason and the Batman for years.

Jason kissed Dick, let the Cave know that they were shifting, and then ran with Dick at his side through the forest. Draken’s pack had already cut a path. They only had to follow.

Jason had feared that Draken would just barge in, but there were no explosions or gunfire to be heard yet. The backdoor was open. The guards all dead.

Jason ran inside. Sniffed. He wished it was a full moon and Roy could help them out. Roy had the best fucking nose in wolf-form, but as it was Dick and Jason, they had to make do.

Jason never really actively tried to find someone only by scent and was glad for the crash course Roy gave him.

Because once he started to concentrate only on the scents it was overwhelming for a few moments. Dick nudged him with his snout and Jason breathed out. Concentrated on Oliver’s scent and only
Oliver’s scent. He and Dick could track it down from staying at Oliver’s house and Arrow Headquarters.

He nodded at Dick and they split up. Jason didn’t like it, but the fortress was huge and even if Nyssa had told them where Oliver would most likely be held, it was still a lot of ground to cover. And Jason was sure that Draken’s men would start shooting Ra’s assassins pretty soon. This was only the quite before the storm.

He was sure Draken knew about the bio weapon too, and he was sure that Draken wasn’t too picky how it got destroyed as long as he was clear of its blast. Probably why he only took a handful of wolves with him and the rest were humans. Mercenaries: in it for the money. Draken would hardly feel loyal to these men.

Right now that wasn’t Jason’s problem. He and Dick had to find Oliver before shit went down.

Once they found Oliver, they would bring him to Felicity and then if necessary rejoin the fight. As plans go it was a good one.

Jason looked at Dick’s retreating form and then sniffed the air. He had a job to do.
Part Three: Chapter Eighteen

Eighteen

Tim felt overwhelmed, his eyes darting between the different monitors. He had to link everything through a satellite in order to coordinate with the teams halfway across the world. His heart was racing and he felt tense, and he wasn’t even in the immediate action!

“How’s it going?”

Tim spared a glance at John, he looked like shit... but Tim knew that it was partially due to Cassandra’s attempt on Bruce’s life. It had been shocking to find out what had happened, but at the same time it made so much sense. They should have seen it coming, they did have so many questions regarding the shooting. It was all a setup, the long game. Ra’s was a fucking genius, he just didn’t factor in love and family and pack.

Cassandra’s pack bond was what saved Bruce and their family. But Tim knew that John felt guilty for bringing her in, for playing his part in the plan. But it was also John that saved them.

Tim shook his head, clearing his thoughts and focusing back on the task at hand. “The shit is about to hit the fan.”

“To put it mildly,” John rubbed his neck and sighed. “Have they begun their advance?”

“Yes.” Tim nodded, glancing over at John again. “How’s Cass?”

John shrugged. “She still won’t come out of the closet. She’s punishing herself more than I would have…and I can just feel her distress. There’s this ache in my chest.”

“Which on top of everything else is tortuous,” Tim mused out loud. “I’d imagine.”

“Yeah.” John frowned as he looked at the monitor and inhaled sharply, his whole body tensing.

Tim followed his gaze to the massive white wolf on the screen, based on John’s reaction Tim knew it had to be Blackwell. He’s only heard stories from Dick and Jay, it had to be him. “Blackwell.”

“Fuck.” John hissed. “I was only gone for a few minutes to check on Cass. What is he doing there?”

“Apparently he’s after Ra’s. He pretty much ambushed Dick and Jason before they turned. It’s a distraction that can work in our favor. But after?” Tim shrugged not sure what would happen and at the moment it was almost too much to even consider. “It was our best option not to intervene with Blackwell/Draken’s plan.”

“Not like he gave us a choice,” John grumbled. “Fuck.”

“Cave?!” A voice cut through the rest of the feeds and it startled Tim to a point. “Where the fuck is everyone? And I don’t have the time for a fucking lecture about my language.”

“Shit.” Tim inhaled, with everything going on they had forgotten to talk to Steph. Spoiler was the only one out on the streets. Tim pushed the comm link to open the channel to her feed. “Cave here, everyone is tied up. What’s going on?”

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” she gasped, sounding more than a little frustrated. “They let my
“What? That’s impossible.” John cut in. “He was supposed to be transferred to Black Gate. I did his paperwork personally.”


Tim groaned, cutting the comm link. “Way to go Detective.”

“Sorry,” John sighed as he dragged his fingers through his hair. Tim could feel his distress rolling off of him in waves, Tim could relate. They so didn’t need this on top of everything else. “Will you be okay if I go in?”

Tim nodded, “Yes. What do you want me to tell Steph?”

“This is just one of the reasons I thought it was a mistake to have her on the streets.” John grumbled more to himself. “Tell her to stay put. I’ll contact you with more details in a bit.”

“Cave?” Steph questioned once more. “Is this damn thing on?”

“Stand down. We’re checking a few things out and we’ll get you some help.”

Steph huffed. “That doesn’t really help me now.”

“Spoiler.”

“Yeah, yeah.” She groaned. “I told you there was someone on the inside.”

“I know,” Tim sighed, his gaze darting to the monitor when he saw Bruce’s feed. “Cave out.” He rushed, cutting off her comm link as he focused on the monitor.

Tim felt like time had stopped as Bruce stood by and watched Blackwell tackle and sever Ra’s neck in one bite. He howled as he stood atop of Ra’s body. It was a horrific site. It was bloody and gory and Tim couldn’t believe it.

Ra’s was dead.

“Robin to Cave,” Dick’s voice rang out and it took a moment for Tim to respond, he was stunned at how the events unfolded.

“Cave here.”

“We have Arrow,” he stated and Tim’s body flooded with relief, quickly locating them and dispatching their location to Felicity so that they could pick them up. “Do we need to head back in?”

“Stand down, transport is on the way.” Tim explained.

“Ra’s?”

“Ra’s is dead.” Bruce announced and the finality of it sent shivers down Tim’s spine and Tim wanted more than anything to hold Damian in his arms.

He knew Damian’s relationship with his grandfather was complicated, but Damian still loved him and it must hurt Damian even more now, knowing that Damian will never get the love and acceptance he’s always craved from him.
Tim just sat there for a moment, this was it… Ra’s was dead. Two packs were now free.

Tim continued to listen as Bruce gave them instructions to continue. Nyssa had stepped in and took her rightful place as the heir. She would now lead the League as it always should have been.

“Draken?” Jason cut in a moment later. “What’s happened to him?”

Tim searched the monitors, but didn’t see him.

“He has fled.”

“He what?” Jason gasped in outrage. “We have to follow! We can’t let him get-”

“You’ll stand down,” Bruce ordered and Tim tensed at the direct order.

Jason growled over the link and Tim knew that Jay wanted to protest, but it wouldn’t do any good. Their leader had spoken and they would do as he said. Tim wondered if this was a temporary order or if they’d forever let Blackwell go. It worried Tim, Jay needed closure… it has weighed heavily on their pack.

“Fine.” Jason managed a moment later.

Tim ached to hear Damian’s voice, just to know that he was okay. He felt so useless here.

The dedicated phone line rang and Tim picked it up. “Cave.”

“It’s John, where’s Spoiler at?”

Tim quickly pulled up her location and told him where she was. “Did they let Cluemaster go?”

“Yes.” John hissed. “Gordon is pissed… we’ll get to the bottom of this. At least there’s a fresh paper trail, we’ll get that leak.”

“That’s something at least.” Tim sighed. “I’ll send word to Steph that you’re on the way.”

“And the other mission?”

“It’s been executed.”

“Perfect.” The relief in John’s voice was palpable. “Any causalities on our end?”

“No,” Tim smiled. “We’re free.”

“Thank god, give my love to everyone.”

“Will do.” Tim nodded as they hung up.

Tim notified Steph and then turned back to the screens to see that everyone was safe. Tim reached out and touched the monitor when he finally saw Damian. He looked lost and Tim hoped that Damian would call soon.

~*~

It was three am when Damian finally called Tim on his cell. Tim’s heart ached when Damian managed to tell Tim that his grandfather was dead.

“Love you,” Tim whispered. “When will you be home?”
“Love you too,” Damian’s voice cracked and Tim knew that he was holding back the tears that needed to be shed and Tim knew he wouldn’t until he was home in his arms.

“Soon.”

~*~

Tim startled awake, instantly feeling his mate’s distress. “Damian,” he inhaled as Damian crossed over to him, smashing his lips against Tim’s.

It was a heady, intoxicating kiss. Tim breathed him in as they parted and Tim wrapped his arms around Damian, holding him close as Damian trembled. A broken sob was buried into Tim’s chest as Damian finally gave into his grief.
“Are you okay?” Tim asked, stroking Damian's arm slowly. Damian kept his eyes closed. He was and he wasn't. He knew that Ra's had to be stopped, but he also missed his grandfather. They had always had a complicated relationship, but all he had learned before he came to live with Father, he had learned from Ra's. He wouldn’t be the man he was becoming without his grandfather's influence. For better or worse.

“Damian...” Tim said, kissing Damian's shoulder.

“I'm fine,” Damian answered. He had cried last night, but that was done and over with and he would not shed any more tears. He had cried for his grandfather, whom he loved, but Damian wondered how much of his grandfather was left by the end. Maybe he had been mostly the Head of the Demon.

“Right,” Tim said, skepticism in every letter.

“He's dead. I – didn't kill him. I'm not even sure Blackwell killed him. Maybe the Lazarus Pit killed him slowly, burning out everything that had been once good and human about him.”

“That...” Tim was lost for words. Damian knew.

“I mourned him last night and I am glad you were there with me, but it's over now. We're free. We won. We have the Index-”

“Not all of it,” Tim sighed.

“Nyssa searched the place once Ra's was dead. She didn't find the missing parts of the Index, Tim. Ra's didn't have them.” In the end, they didn't have to blow up the fortress, since Nyssa had stepped up as the rightful heir.

Tim kissed him and then sat up. “Makes you wonder, doesn't it? Where they are, who has them?”

“Maybe they're lost or destroyed,” Damian replied.

“I hope not,” Tim said, stretching Damian watched the small patch of warm skin between Tim's t-shirt and his boxers and then leaned in and kissed it, sucked on it and then bit gently. Tim moaned. “Damian.”

“Stay,” Damian replied, pulling Tim back into the bed, pushing him down and rolling on top of him. He loved to be able to look into Tim's beautiful face, loved how Tim showed him exactly how he felt. He loved to see the lust and desire in his eyes now.

“Why would I want to stay?” Tim teased.

“I will make it worth your while,” Damian promised.

“Will you now? How?”

Damian leaned closer so he could whisper into Tim's ear. “I will lick and kiss every inch of you and then I will fuck you gently with my fingers until you come untouched.”
Tim’s breath hitched, he bit his lip, and his irises were swallowed by the black of his pupils. “Sounds like a plan,” Tim said, slinging his legs around Damian’s middle, pulling him in and closer still. Damian loved how Tim was rubbing his cock against his skin.

“I knew you would like it,” Damian said and kissed Tim. He started gentle, but it escalated fast. Damian sat up as soon as Tim let him and got rid of his clothes, knowing that Tim would do the same. Soon they were naked and skin to skin, and Damian didn't want to be anywhere else in the world.

“Come on,” Tim urged when Damian just looked at him. He was rubbing himself against Damian’s body and it made something primal inside Damian take notice.

“God, I love you,” Damian said and Tim smiled that sweet smile at him.

Damian buried his face in the space between Tim’s neck and shoulder where he could smell Tim’s sweat and arousal and then licked it. Tim moaned. It went straight to Damian’s cock.

Tim wriggled under him, until he could grab the lube and then pressed it into Damian’s hand. “I need you now.”

“I had a plan. You liked the plan,” Damian said.

“Screw the plan for the moment. We can come back to it later. Please fuck me now,” Tim replied in that breathy voice that did all kinds of things to Damian.

Damian had half a mind to protest, but really why? He uncapped the lube while Tim was spreading his legs in invitation. Damian kissed Tim’s knee while he poured lube on his fingers. Tim bit his lip as Damian pushed the first one in. He loved seeing Tim like this, and wondered how it felt. “I just had an idea,” Damian said, pushing another finger inside Tim.

“Keep going, I’m listening,” Tim breathed, he was grabbing at the sheets and his cock was hard and wet.

Damian laughed. “When I make you come, I want you to finger fuck me.”

Tim’s eyes were laser sharp when he looked at Damian. “What?”

“I said, I want you to finger-fuck me. Tim,” Damian replied calmly.

“Yes, fuck yes, another,” Tim said, pushing into Damian’s touch. Fucking himself on Damian’s fingers. “Faster.”

Damian obliged.

Tim was so fucking gorgeous, Damian thought, when he was coming: biting his lip, clenching around Damian, his body going taut and then relaxing. That small satisfied smile on his lips when it was over.

Damian pulled his fingers out gently and wiped them on the sheets. He kissed the corner of Tim’s lips.

“You good?”

“I’m fantastic,” Tim said. “Give me a moment and I’ll make you feel fantastic too.”

Damian already felt fantastic, but kept that to himself. He was looking forward to Tim’s scarily
focused lovemaking. “I know you will.”

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Later after they showered and had breakfast, they just sat on the couch and half watched TV while enjoying each other’s warmth. Damian knew it wouldn’t last much longer. Tim was getting restless. There was something on his mind that he kept to himself while Damian was dealing with his own feelings.

Tim sat up suddenly, making Damian look at him. “Steph called the Cave yesterday, when you were in Nanda Parbat. Cluemaster is free.”

“What? What the fuck? How did that happen?” Damian asked.

“John is looking into it. Gordon is pissed of course, but still. Cluemaster is out there and Steph-”

“She's been holding down the fort when everyone else has been dealing with other stuff. She's amazing.”

“Yes, she is,” Tim replied and kissed Damian, because he could probably sense that Damian was panicking and second guessing this whole Stephanie thing again. She was constantly on his mind, just at the fringe of his life and she was pushing into that space that Damian didn’t even know was there and could be filled with another person.

“What are we going to do with Cluemaster?” Damian asked.

“John is on it, but there must be someone at the station, maybe even higher up,” Tim said.

“Makes you wonder why someone would want a low life criminal like Cluemaster out of jail. Why would anyone care at all?”

Tim looked at him sharply. “Maybe he knows something he shouldn’t.”

“Or has something someone else wants badly?”

“Isn’t that how it usually works?” Tim asked.

“Maybe Robin should have a word with Cluemaster,” Damian replied. “We won’t be blindsided again like with Ra’s and Cass. We knew something had been fishy about the whole thing, but we just-”

“Hey,” Tim said. “We’re only human and Cass needed us. It turned out alright, didn’t it?”

“For most of us, yes,” Damian replied. Team Arrow would have to deal with Oliver’s brainwashed state. Damian’s grandfather was dead, Cass was a mess because she tried to kill her chosen pack-leader. John felt guilty for not investigating the whole thing more thoroughly.

“Damian-”

“It’s nothing,” Damian cut in. “We’ll be fine. It’s just a rough patch. But we can’t lose Steph, Tim.”

“I know,” Tim said. “Maybe instead of hanging out we could shake a few trees and find Cluemaster?”
“Excellent idea, call Dick and Jay,” Damian said.

Tim grinned. “To the Batcave!”

“That’s awful!”

“You love it,” Tim teased, kissing him real quick.

The sad thing was, Damian really did.

~+~

“So,” Dick said. “While we were in Nanda Parbat someone used the ‘out of jail card’ on Cluemaster.”

“Yes, and Steph was the only one here and she was the first to know too. Someone is keeping it under wraps. I don’t think it will be easy to find him this time around,” Damian replied.

“No…unless-”

“No,” Tim cut in sharply. “We are not going to use Steph as bait.”

It didn’t really surprise Damian that Tim was so against it. Steph was still in training after all and Cluemaster was her father.

“Nothing would happen to her, Tim,” Dick said gently. “You know we would never let anything happen to one of our own.”

“But is she?” Tim asked.

Dick looked puzzled for a second before he got it. “Because she isn’t wolf or pack?”

Tim nodded.

“Humans can be pack, Tim,” Jay said. “You know that. Oliver is pack. You were pack before you were turned.”

“But Bruce accepted me, even before, he doesn’t accept her. Hell, John is still against her being Spoiler-”

“Because he worries she’ll get hurt,” Dick said.

“I know- just…” he shook his head. “Maybe as a last resort?”

Dick nodded. “We will try to find Cluemaster on our own first, before getting Steph involved.”

Damian looked at Tim, he had a nagging feeling that Tim was planning something, was on to something. He nearly knew what it was too, but it couldn’t be, could it? He would have to talk to Tim about it, but not now. Now they had to find Cluemaster and find out who was protecting him and why.

“We should look into the bank job again too,” Damian said. It was a hunch, but they were wolves too and a gut feeling counted for something.

“Good thinking,” Tim said and smiled at him. “On it.”
“Did anyone tell Bruce what we’re working on?” Dick asked suddenly.

“He’s sleeping or doing things with John,” Damian answered.

“No, then,” Jay concluded.

“We can handle this on our own,” Damian said.

Jay grinned. “Of course we can. It will be fun too.”

“I love to dress up,” Dick said.

Dick and Jay had a few aliases, so they could snoop around in the criminal circles. Dick of course loved the transformation from Dick Grayson into whoever would suit his purpose at any given moment and with any given case. Jason was less enthusiastic about it, except when he was working a case with Dick’s alias. Damian himself didn’t have one yet, but he was working on it.

“Alright you two, go and dress up, me and Damian will handle the boring work,” Tim said.

Dick saluted and disappeared into the dressing room.

“When Father wakes up, we should let him know about Steph,” Damian said.

“I’m sure John will give him the rundown,” Tim replied. “Come on, you said you wanted to look into the bank job again.”

“Yeah,” Damian said, because now that he thought about it, it seemed a bit fishy too. Why risk so much when most of your crew disappears? Because Cluemaster knew he would be fine even if the whole thing went south. Damian had the feeling there was something more to it. And he would find out what.

~+~

Damian was waiting for Steph at R-Point 35. She was already three minutes late and he was getting impatient. Tim had sent her the message to meet up after school directly to her cell-phone and she had said she would be there.

“Hey there, lover,” Spoiler said and Damian looked up. She was balancing on the railing of the rooftop above him. He hadn’t heard her, but the wind was in her favor.

“You’re getting better at this, also, you’re late,” Damian replied.

She did a somersault down and landed smoothly in front of him. “Aww, were you worried?”

“Cluemaster is out there, someone with power is protecting him, you are his daughter-”

“Pff, as if he even knows I exist,” Steph cut in.

“He might remember one of these days,” Damian warned.

“He hasn’t in the last ten years,” Steph said. “So, wanna shake up a few scumbags?”

“Yeah,” Damian replied.

“Good, also: Where the hell have you guys been the last three days?”
“Nanda Parbat,” Damian said.

“Where the hell is that?”

“Exactly,” Damian answered.

“I take it wasn’t a vacation, wait, do you guys do vacations?”

Damian smiled. “Yeah, but usually not all of us at the same time.”

“Figured. So this thing in Nanda Parbat, was big?”

“Yes,” Damian replied in that voice that discouraged any further questions.

“Jesus, touchy subject much?”

“Let’s just kick some ass for now, okay?”

“Okay, but you so owe me dinner for this,” Steph said and Damian couldn’t help himself, he smiled. “Something for you too, Cave?” Steph asked into the comm.

“The usual,” Tim replied.

“Live a little, there is a new Mexican place that’s pretty good. Awesome spicy salad,” Steph said as she jumped down onto the fire escape under them.

“Are you going to make it up to me if I don’t like it?” Tim asked, with just a little bit of flirt in it.

Steph paused at that and then grinned. “Sure, but if you like it. You owe me one. Deal?”

“Deal,” Tim said.

“Let’s go boywonder, we have asses to kick and names to take,” Steph said looking up at him.

Damian grinned and jumped. Hell, but he did have a lot of fun with her around.

~+~

Damian wasn’t sure if this was the right time to have another date with Steph, but Tim had a way to make things seem plausible.

“How did you talk me into this when we have Cluemaster to catch?” Damian asked, fumbling with his hair.

“It looks good, let it be. I’m going to muss it up anyway, once we’re home again,” Tim said and slapped his hand lightly.

Damian gave him a look. “Will you?”

“Sure? Has any of these dates ever end with us not going to bed?” Tim asked, as he zipped up his jacket. How, Damian wondered, could putting clothes on be a fucking tease?

Tim smirked, because he knew what Damian was thinking. Could probably smell the arousal on him too.

“No,” Damian said.
“No,” Tim replied.

“At least for us,” Damian added.

Tim looked at him. “Okay?”

“I’m just saying. I’m not starting anything,” Damian said, but it was true. There was an energy to their dates. All three of them could feel it, but only Tim and Damian went home and had awesome orgasms with each other after.

“Right,” Tim said, biting his lip. “This is our eleventh not-date...”

“Yes,” Damian said.

“We could maybe...kiss?”

“You sure?” Damian asked. He wanted to kiss Steph. God did he ever want to kiss her, but he needed Tim more in his life than he wanted to kiss Steph.

“Yeah,” Tim said. “If it feels right, yeah, let's go for it.”

Damian grabbed Tim's wrist and pulled him in, titled his head up and kissed him gently. “You're amazing.”

“I know,” Tim said, smiling that sweet smile that made Damian a bit weak in the knees.

~+~

“Hey there, boys,” Steph said, smiling at them. She was dressed in jeans and a tight top, a soft looking cardigan over that. Her hair was in a messy bun and Damian thought that she was the most stunning girl he had ever seen in his life.

“Looking good,” Tim said, leaning over and kissing her cheek.

Her skin colored a bit, and she slapped his shoulder lightly. “Charmer, so where to?”

“Damian wants to try this new vegetarian place, if you're up for it?” Tim asked.

Steph smiled at Damian. “Sure, but after, you'll have to take me to a burger joint so I don't starve,” she teased.

Damian rolled his eyes. “Tt.”

“We'll take good care of you,” Tim cut in and grabbed her hand.

“Guys?” Steph asked, looking from Tim to Damian and then over the street. “Where is the car?”

Damian grinned. “No car tonight.”

Her eyes went wide as she saw the two motorcycles. “No Way!” She seemed way too delighted at the prospect, Damian thought.

“Grab your helmet, Steph,” Tim said, and handed her a pink helmet with purple stars.

“Purple is my favorite color,” Steph said and Damian just caught himself in time and didn’t answer with 'we know'.
“Lucky guess,” Tim said, pointedly looking at her cardigan.

She stuck her tongue out at him and Damian found it sexy despite himself. “You want to ride with Tim or with me?”

She looked torn.

“Just pick one, Steph, we know it doesn't mean you like one of us better,” Tim said, grinning.

“Tim,” Steph said, which surprised Damian a little, before he caught on.

“You think he drives more safely, man you're in for a wild ride.”

“I thought I'm already on it,” Steph cheekily and Damian grabbed her by the neck and pulled her in, kissed her. “The fuck?” Steph asked as they parted, looking to Tim. But she had kissed back.

“It's fine,” Tim said.

“It's not,” Steph said, as she slowly stroked a finger down Tim's cheek. “We're in this together, right?”

“Yeah,” Tim answered and leaned into her touch.

“So...?”

“Yeah,” Tim said again and then Damian was watching his boyfriend kiss the girl they were having not-dates with. And it was hot. She was gentle with Tim which was surprising too, but Tim was into it. When they parted they looked at Damian.

“It's fine,” Damian said. “Get on the bike, we have a reservation.”

“Still want that burger later,” Steph said, licking her lips.

“Maybe you'll change your mind, when you see what else is on offer after dinner,” Tim replied. Steph grinned. “Maybe.”

Damian was looking forward to the after dinner entertainment. With Tim it was always excellent after all. He got on the bike and started the engine. Heard Tim do the same behind him. It was going to be a great night.
Part Three: Chapter Twenty

Twenty

“This is a different turn of events.”

John startled slightly, his body on alert. “What?” He snapped, his whole demeanor relaxing when his eyes locked with his mate’s. “Bruce.” His voice broke and he tugged him closer, practically melting against him as they kissed.

Bruce ran his fingers through John’s hair, pressing their brows together as they parted to breathe. “John.”

“I thought you wouldn’t be back until nine.” John murmured, curling into him and soaking up his love and support.

“It’s ten.”

John blinked. “Wait, what?” He pulled back enough to look up into Bruce’s face and then he glanced back at his work. “Fuck.”

“Language.”

John groaned, rubbing his eyes as he turned away from Bruce and tapped the files on his desk. “I’m missing something. I feel like the answer is right there and I, fuck. I feel so damn useless. You and the team have trusted me and the police force to help.”

Bruce wrapped his arms around him, encompassing him once more with everything he needed. “Have you rested since I’ve been gone?”

John shrugged, trying to remember the last time he did sleep well. Fuck. “No. Cluemaster is free and-”

“It’s not your fault.” Bruce stated and steered him away from his work and toward their bed. “Rest and then look them over with fresh eyes.”

John wanted to protest, but it was so damn inviting. “I dunno.”

Bruce nipped at his neck and John shuddered, their bond intensifying for just a moment and John wanted nothing else but to remain in his mate’s arms. “I’m exhausted.” Bruce murmured against his skin.

John suddenly felt guilty, only thinking of himself when his lover and pack had been through so much. The attack in Nanda Parbat and Ra’s death. “You want to talk about it?”

“Later.” Bruce grunted as he began to peel John’s clothes from his body and John let him, needing to feel him close as much as Bruce did.

John nodded, tugging at Bruce’s clothes and stealing a kiss once they were skin to skin, their bodies entwined. He felt loved and content and it wasn’t long before he drifted off into a restful sleep.

~*~
John woke up slowly, still wrapped up in Bruce’s loving embrace. He enjoyed the warmth of his mate and just took a moment to savor the closeness a bit longer. John smiled, turning into him and kissing him lightly. He moaned when Bruce deepened the kiss and it grew into something more.

They parted to breathe and Bruce smiled against his lips, “Love you.”

“Love you more,” John grinned. “Thanks, I really needed this.”

Bruce smiled, cupping his face and John leaned into his touch. “Just as much as I did.”

John knew that he did and felt the need to kiss him and take away his pain. “How are you feeling?” He questioned, he had seen all the footage and John was still angry that Blackwell got away, even though he did them a service.

Bruce sighed, closing his eyes and pressing his brow against John’s shoulder and then moved so that his lips brushed John’s neck. “Ra’s death was a painful blow, I wasn’t expecting the ache it left. But at one point in my life he was still my mentor, my son lost his grandfather.”

John rubbed his back, soothingly and just waited for Bruce to continue.

“Damian held his feelings close, although I knew he must be hurting. He went to Tim as soon as we came home.”

“Which is good, Tim is his mate… it’ll give Damian a chance to heal.” John sighed, “And Jay? How is he doing?”

“He’s upset with me and I don’t blame him, I’m not even sure if it was the right call to let Blackwell go… but he killed our enemy and my gut told me to let him go.”

“For now, or forever?” John questioned, wondering that since it happened. He understood Jason’s anger, he felt the same.

“For now.” Bruce stated, seemingly unsure. “You and Jason, will never have closure otherwise.”

John smiled as he wrapped his arms tighter around Bruce and kissed him once more. “Good answer.”

Bruce snorted. “He won’t be easy to find.”

“We have time, at least he’s not here in Gotham causing havoc. We need to deal with the Cluemaster first.” John groaned, his thoughts turning back to the case. “And I feel like the answer is right there and I can’t get it.”

Bruce brushed his hand against John’s hip and then teased the length of his cock. “That can wait a few more minutes.”

“Minutes?” John gasped, his body responding to Bruce’s teasing touch.

Bruce smirked, “I don’t like to brag-”

John laughed and then shut him up with a kiss, pinning Bruce back onto the bed, straddling him. “I could be persuaded.”

Bruce grinned. “I imagine so.”

“Yeah,” he moved against Bruce, grinding their hips together. John moaned at the contact and
leaned in to kiss him once more.

They broke apart when he heard the door click open, their senses on high alert. It took John a moment to realize that it was Cassandra and he barely managed to tug the blankets over them before she entered their room.

“Father?”

John held his breath, she had never called him father before. His heart swelled and he spared a glance at Bruce. “Yes, Cassandra?”

She smiled and looked to Bruce saying something briefly in the language they shared. John usually felt left out, but in his gut, John knew she was addressing him as her father as well.

“Yes.” Bruce smiled and she darted up onto the bed. She kissed them each on the cheek and then left as quickly as she came in.

The ache John had been feeling in his chest dissipated and he felt their family bond even stronger. His heart skipped a beat as Bruce squeezed his hand. “We’re gonna be okay.” He whispered almost in awe. “I wasn’t sure after the attack… I was hopeful, but I didn’t know.”

“I know,” Bruce nodded. “But I also knew no matter what that you’d fight for our family, our pack.”

John smiled, “Yeah.”

And suddenly a thought occurred to him that he hadn’t factored in his original search. Family and what you’d do to protect it. He darted off the bed and grabbed the list of officers that were his possible leak.

“John?” Bruce began as he crossed over to him, wrapping his arms around him and being far too distracting.

“Bruce.” John groaned and pushed his hands away. “I just need…” his voice trailed off as his gaze ran over one name and it just all clicked together. “Shit.”

“What?” Bruce questioned as he glanced over the list.

“Detective Ramirez is our leak, god, it was right there in front of me this whole fucking time.” John rushed to get dressed, he had to go in and talk to Gordon.

Once he finished dressing, he turned back to Bruce who was leaning back against the bed, still gloriously naked. John grinned and reached out to him, letting himself be tugged into his arms. Bruce kissed him.

It was a breathtaking kiss and John felt a little dizzy when they parted. “God, I love you so much.”

“I know.” Bruce smirked. “Go to work, I’ll check in on the boys.”

John nodded. “Let them know I have a lead. We’ll get to the bottom of this.”

“Naturally.”

John grinned and stole another kiss, before he forced himself to leave Bruce’s embrace and the safety of their room. He needed to finish this first.
John filled Gordon in on the possible leak, knowing that he’d take it from here.

Gordon sighed, rubbing his brow. “I hope you’re wrong, she’s a good detective.”

“Agreed,” John nodded. “But that was before. You do know about her mother.”

Gordon frowned. “No, I’ll look into this.”

“Thank you,” John smiled. “This is all connected, we need to know who she’s reporting too, why Cluemaster is a key in all this.”

“I think that’s more of a job for the Batman.”

John chuckled. “Perhaps.”

John returned and immediately headed down to the cave for an update. It was later than he thought, Bruce and the boys may already be on patrol.

“Where is everyone?” John asked Tim as he approached.

“They just left.” Tim sighed, glancing over the monitors and then looked at John. “Steph is trying to draw out her father, but I think it’s a bad plan.”

John frowned. “Shit.”

“Steph readily agreed to it, but I don’t know.”

John knew there was more to it than just a bad plan, he was worried about Steph. “Yeah.” He looked at all the blinking lights and frowned. “Where’s her tracker?”

“She said she’d be a little late, she claimed she had something to do, was setting the bait.” Tim explained.

John nodded. “Makes sense, I guess.” He noted that Bruce and Damian were patrolling together as were Dick and Jay.

“Cave!” Steph’s frantic voice rang out. “I fucked up.” And then the comm line went dead.

John’s eyes widened.

Tim looked a tad shell shocked and then jumped to action, alerting every one of the cryptic message. John reached over and squeezed Tim’s shoulder, giving him all the support he could. All he could do was wait with him. The Batman and the Robins were checking everything out.
Twenty-One

Jason wanted to fuck someone up badly and it seemed he would get the chance. After Tim told them about Spoiler’s distress call, if you could even call it that, they checked out her latest location. Of course they found nothing useful.

“It’s her father,” Dick said, crossing his arms over his chest. “Has to be him.”

“You think he’s onto her?” Tim cut in.


“If he has her, then he knows she’s Spoiler, which means he knows she’s been working with us,” Damian said.

“I told you it was a bad idea!” Tim hissed. He looked shaken, which – wasn’t surprising so soon after Nanda Parbat, Jason thought.

“Hey,” Jason said, pulling Tim in and Tim let him.

Damian looked pissed off as well, but Jason wasn’t sure if it was because Steph was taken, or because Tim was seeking comfort with him instead of Damian right now. Damian would have to learn to accept it. They were pack, and Tim had always felt secure with Jason. Even before Damian.

“That leak of yours,” Jason said, turning to John. “We need to talk to her. No kid gloves anymore.”

“Yeah,” John said. He didn’t look too comfortable with it, but Jay knew he didn’t want Steph to get hurt.

“Maybe I should talk to her,” Bruce said.

John nodded. “We both go.”

“And in the meantime?” Tim asked. “We can’t just – she’s alone! God only knows what they’ll do to her to make her talk!”

“Tim-” Jason tried, but Tim was already pushing away from him.

“No. We have to find her. We have to find her now.”

Damian nodded. He grabbed his helmet and got on the bike. “Going to shake a few scumbags.”

“Damian,” Bruce said in warning.

“I won’t kill them,” Damian replied, putting down the visor. The ‘but they wish I would’ve’ went unsaid. All of them had a lot of anger to work out.

“Get in the car, John,” Bruce said, pulling the cowl over his head. John nodded and Jason watched them go.

“I’m going back to the computers, maybe I can find something on the traffic cameras,” Tim said.
Dick gave Jason a look.

Jason shrugged. Tim was a stubborn little shit and they all knew they couldn’t stop Tim from doing what he needed to do.

“Keep us updated,” Jason said.

“Always,” Tim replied, clicking away on the keys already.

~+~

Jason had hoped for a few hours alone with Dick, but now they were out again, asking questions and breaking bones to make their point.

“They are more afraid of whoever is protecting Cluemaster than they are of us,” Jason said, looking down at the street. He itched for a cigarette.

“And that is not good at all,” Dick said.

“No shit,” Jason replied. “You think John was right? We fucked up by letting her do her thing?”

“She did great, until Cluemaster. Everyone has a soft spot,” Dick answered.

“Yeah and he is her father,” Jason sighed. “Fuck. I just wished we had looked into it more or sooner or something.”

“He seemed like small fish at the time, and we had the League of Assassins to deal with,” Dick said.

“Yeah, and fucking Blackwell,” Jason growled and then stopped. “Fuck, we’re stupid as shit.”

“What?” Dick asked.

“I said we’re stupid as shit, Dick. We’re wolves.”

“Oh,” Dick said.

“Cave,” Jason said.

“Yes?”

“Do you have something of Spoiler’s? Something she’s worn?”

“No, but here is her home address,” Tim said, instantly clueing in. “Her scent should be everywhere.”

“I kinda feel like a pervert sniffing a girl’s clothing,” Dick said.

Jason laughed. “It’s for the greater good,” he replied, already running to the bikes.

“Let’s get it over with,” Dick said, but he was smiling. Jason could hear it in his voice.

~+~

Tracking one girl in the city was way harder than Jason had thought. But once Ramirez gave up the spots she used to meet up with Cluemaster to report to him and probably his boss, it got easier. He and Dick were working the parameters from both sides, while Tim was following the money. Jason
worked with Damian and Dick with Bruce, because in their wolf-forms communication was tricky. The comms they used didn’t stay in their wolf ears and besides it made them crazy.

“Cave could pinpoint Spoiler’s last distress call,” Damian said and gave him the location.

He and Damian were closer to it and as soon as they neared, Jason caught her scent. Fear lingered in the air as well as anger. Her scent was faint, but he could still follow it for a few blocks before he had to stop and sniff the air like Roy showed him. And then he was running again.

Damian hot on his heels, updating everyone else.

Jason was breathing hard when he stopped in front of an abandoned building in a row of abandoned buildings. The scent was stronger here, but it was also mixed with other scents. And blood.

Jason looked to Damian.

“I got this,” Damian said. Jason was half expecting him to break down the door, instead he got his lock picking tools out. Jason approved of stealth in this case.

He was sure that Bruce was telling Damian to wait, but they both knew it wasn’t going to happen. Jason took the lead because his nose was better.

The building was dark and the air oppressive. There were too many smells: unwashed bodies, blood, and other unpleasant things. Jason could smell rats too.

“Basement,” Damian suddenly said quietly, gesturing to Jason’s right. Jason was sure Tim had pulled up the plans for the whole thing.

Jason nodded, sniffed. His nose crinkled, something smelled funny. And then he heard a soft moan. He ran, knowing that Damian would follow.

~+~

Damian picked the lock to the basement too and they charged inside.

Two men were looking down at Steph. Her costume was torn in places, her cheek bruised, and her lip split. She smiled at them and then her eyes went a bit wide when she saw Jason.

“It’s fine, he’s with me,” Damian said. He was eerily calm. Which Jason knew was a bad sign.

“Dear dad just ran,” Steph croaked. Jason wanted to rip her scumbag of a father to pieces. He growled and Damian nodded.

“I got this,” he said just as the thugs got to their senses and charged. Jason sniffed, caught the scent and followed.

He knew that Damian could handle two thugs and save the girl.

Jason needed to get to Cluemasater. They needed to know what the heck was going on here.

When Jason finally caught up with him, the man pulled a gun and fired. Jason hardly felt the bullet that hit him. He had the man pinned and disarmed in a matter of minutes. His teeth at Cluemaster’s throat.

“Stand down,” Bruce said.
Jason growled. He wanted to kill him for what he did to Steph.

“Jay,” Dick said.

Jason looked at him. He was naked under the Batman’s cape. Every filthy fucking fantasy, Jason thought. He snapped at Cluemaster who whimpered and then looked at Bruce. He wasn’t moving away from Cluemaster’s chest. But he wasn’t going to rip the man’s throat out either. He waited until Batman had the scumbag secured and then went over to Dick, who let his fingers run through Jason’s fur.

“Calling Gordon,” Bruce said.

Jason nodded.

“Steph and Robin are at the hospital,” Dick said. “Cave is going to join them.”

“You two can go home now. I’ll wait here for Blake and Gordon. We will figure this out,” Bruce said in his best no arguing Batman voice. “Let the medic look at that.”

Jason barked. It didn’t really hurt much anymore. He was pretty sure once he turned, he’d be good as new.

Dick leaned down and kissed his nose. “Reckless,” he said.

Jason snorted.

“Go now,” Bruce said.

“Keys?” Dick asked. Because he was only in a cape and an eye-mask. Probably one of the spares.

Bruce smiled and tossed them. Dick caught them effortlessly.

~+~

Jason wanted to turn as soon as he was in the car, but then he would have to deal with the bullet wound. And the car was really no place to turn into a naked human boy, especially with Dick naked too. He would of course let Alfred take a look at it.

Dick’s nakedness under the cape and his scent made it nearly impossible to rest. He sniffed at Dick’s knee and then leg and upwards until Dick grabbed a handful of his fur.

“No,” Dick said, but his breathing was a bit faster.

Jason whined.

“I need to drive.”

Jason gave him a look. Fucking Batmobile had a fucking autopilot and Dick knew it too.

“You got shot,” Dick said, and let go of Jason’s fur.

Jason huffed. He curled up in the seat as best he could and listened to Dick’s breathing.

He fell asleep somewhere outside of Gotham.

~+~
When he woke up he was in their bed, in the cottage. He turned, rubbed his body against the sheets that smelled like him and Dick. Then he wrapped a sheet around him and went down in search of his other half and food.

Dick was in the living room. Reading reports.

“Steph?”

“Not as bad as we first thought, but bad. Her arm is broken, her face pretty messed up. A few cracked ribs.”

“Jesus, her father did that to her?”

“Yeah,” Dick said. “It’s fucked up.”

“Does she know why?”

“Said he wanted to know who Batman and Robin are under the masks.”

“She didn’t give it up,” Jason said.

“Jay, she doesn’t know,” Dick replied.

“Oh, yeah. Fuck. I kinda forgot. I mean, she’s been part of the team for so long you know?”

“Yeah, I want to tell her too.” He got up. “You hungry?”

“Like a wolf,” Jason grinned. “You know if she knew and was wolf she wouldn’t be in the hospital now.”

“Not our call to make.”

“We made it with Tim and John,” Jason pointed out.

“But Bruce was hesitant back then. Now he is our pack leader, Jay,” Dick said as he prepared omelets for them.

“Throw some bacon in, Dick,” Jason said, sitting down at the table. He loved watching Dick prepare food. It felt nicely domestic.

“Of course,” Dick replied.

“It’s not like she won’t figure it out one day,” Jason said. “Damian wants to tell her. I can tell. Tim probably too.”

“Tim was pretty messed up about this thing,” Dick replied.

“Yeah, no wonder. He nearly lost one of his lovers. Again.”

“Damian was never in real danger in Nanda Parbat,” Dick said.

“Dick, please, we all were. The difference was that you and me, we were together, while Tim had to watch it all from Gotham. And I bet it doesn’t help he was so focused on Damian’s safety that he forgot about Steph.”

Dick looked at him. “I sometimes wonder about you. Where do you get those insights from?”
“It’s a gift, Dick. Not the point here.”

Dick handed him two omelets, bacon, and toast and Jason wolfed it down.

“You want to talk to Bruce about it?”

“Yes, no? I don’t know. I’m still pissed he let Blackwell go, so… but when Damian and Tim ask to turn her and they will, I’m on their side.”

“John will probably agree.”

“And you?”

“I want her to be sure,” Dick said.

Jason frowned. “Okay…”

“She’s young, but it’s a risk. She doesn’t have the gene. We’ve gotten lucky until now.”

“Okay. Yeah, only fair I guess,” Jason said. But it was nagging at him that Dick wasn’t saying yes.

Dick smiled, like he knew. “I’ll back them up. I did with Tim.”

“Thanks.”

“Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?”

“Tim and Damian are in love with her. She got hurt. It could have been worse. She could have died. I…she feels like pack.”

Dick nodded. “Okay.”

“You think it’s strange I want to turn anyone, who we consider pack, don’t you?”

“Not at all. A strong pack is made of people who love each other. We care for her like a sister. And a woman, Jay. Of course packs need women too. It makes a pack stronger.”

“Keep that argument in mind, Bruce will be against it.”

“Will do,” Dick said. “So, you good?”

“Don’t know…what else is on the menu?”

“Glorious naked times, if you’re up for it?”

“Yeah,” Jason said. He totally was.
Part Three: Chapter Twenty-Two

Twenty-Two

Bruce growled, stretching his tense muscles. He could feel the full moon in every fiber of his being. It was only a night away and instead of being able to embrace it, he felt even more on edge. He wanted to forget everything and join his lover on the one night they could share everything, but with the new turn of events, he didn’t feel free to do so.

“Father.”

Bruce turned to his son, noticing the dark circles under his eyes. “Damian,” he began as he continued to study his son. He knew that Stephanie’s hospitalization weighed heavily on him, but Bruce wondered if it was something more.

“I want to tell Steph.”

Bruce bristled, even though he was expecting this topic to come up. It was almost like déjà vu, Damian had said the same thing regarding Tim. “To tell her what exactly?”


Bruce breathed in deeply, pursing his lips slightly. “I know you want to tell her everything, Damian. But there’s too much at risk.”

“She’s been with us for months and we know—”

“There’s more at stake by telling her our identities than making you feel better, Damian. This is our family and pack. Have you even broached a conversation about werewolves in general with her?”

Damian sighed. “No, but she asked about the dog that came to her rescue.”

“And you didn’t correct her did you?”

“No,” he groaned. “She said she’s never seen such a big dog like that before, but then she down played it because she was hurting and in shock. I just told her we needed help tracking her down.”

“You just proved my point, she’s not ready.” Bruce stated and Damian huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. “Why don’t you test the waters first?”

“Test the waters?” Damian grumbled.

Bruce nodded, “See what she thinks about wolves. She’s not like Tim, who fell in love with the wolves of our pack first, deep down he always believed and wanted to be part of our pack. There are a lot of people who hate our kind.”

Damian’s brow furrowed.

Bruce crossed over to him and wrapped his arms around him. Damian stiffened slightly, but then relaxed into the embrace. Bruce held him, kissing the top of his head. “I know you care for her, but you have to be prepared. She may reject you.”

“But I love her.” He mumbled against his chest and Bruce knew that his son was in love with her.
and Tim too. It was more than obvious that they both cared deeply for her, especially after the latest turn of events.

As Robin, Damian stayed by her side and then later Tim and Damian visited. They have been taking turns keeping her company. She should be released tomorrow at the earliest.

“That may not be enough,” Bruce stated as he pulled back. “Talk to her and see, and then we can revisit this topic. I’m not against telling her, Damian. It just needs to be at the right time, when she can fully accept us and our pack.”

Damian reluctantly nodded and left Bruce to continue his work.

~*~

“Hey,” John smiled as Bruce wrapped his arms around his mate and kissed him. “God, I really needed that.”

Bruce rubbed John’s shoulders. “Did you find anything out?”

John groaned. “I drilled Cluemaster for hours and he didn’t give us anything we didn’t know. He claims he wants to speak to his daughter.”

Bruce raised a brow. “Really?”

“At this point, I’m willing to do it, if Steph agrees.” John sighed. “He seemed so fucking smug, like he knows something we don’t.”

“Language.” Bruce reprimanded out of habit.

John snorted, rolling his eyes. “Anyway, he kept asking about Jay.”

“Does he suspect something more?” Bruce questioned. “It doesn’t make sense for him to keep bringing it up.”

“I dunno,” John shrugged. “At first I thought he might have an inkling, but then he never followed through with anything. We just kept going in a damn circle.”

Bruce nodded, pressing a kiss to John’s forehead. “Tomorrow’s the full moon.”

“I know, I can’t wait.” He grinned. “I love when you can turn with me. And the pack seems so stressed, it’ll be good to be all together, ya know?”

“I know.” Bruce paused, his thoughts drifting back to a certain conversation they had that one morning. “And I was thinking about us.”

John raised a brow, instantly intrigued. “Yeah?”

“You think we can get some alone time and have Cassandra stay with the boys?” Bruce questioned, his cheeks suddenly feeling flushed at the thought of being with John in their wolf forms.

“Are you saying what I think you’re saying?” John asked, his eyes bright.

“Yes.”

“I’ll make sure Cass is safe with the boys,” John gushed and then kissed him, tugging at Bruce’s
pants. “Fuck, I wish you didn’t have to go on patrol.”

“We’ll have all night tomorrow night.” Bruce grinned, stealing another kiss. “Dick and I are the only ones going out tonight. I benched Jason, he’ll be on desk duty while Damian and Tim are with Steph.”

“I’m sure Jay was thrilled about that.” John chuckled.

“He was shot, I’m not taking any chances.” Bruce stated, even though Alfred said that the wound wasn’t that deep and he’d heal nicely once he turned back.

John nodded. “Agreed. I’m sure he’s still a little sore.”

“Most likely.” Bruce agreed.

John smiled, leaning in and kissing him once more. Bruce would have preferred to stay in and just indulge in this, but knowing tomorrow night was the full moon he was even more anxious to make sure all was well with the city he loved.

~*~

“It’s all worked out,” John smiled as he tugged on Bruce’s pants and kissed him softly, letting his lips linger. “Dick and Jay will watch over Cass. I figured Tim and Damian would need some time to themselves, considering.”

Bruce nodded. “How is Stephanie?” Bruce asked as he slipped his hand under John’s shirt: feeling his soft skin and muscles flex under his touch as he moved.

“She has to stay at the hospital another night, something about her blood work being questionable and a possible liver lac. It’s more precautionary.” John sighed, leaning into his touch. “And I get the feeling Damian’s going to ask her to stay here until she’s healed.”

Bruce raised a brow, but he had the same feeling. “I’ve already asked Alfred to make up a guest room. It’s not safe for her to go home.”

John smiled brightly at him, “God, I love you so much.”

Bruce chuckled. “I know.” He leaned in and kissed John a bit hungrier this time. His more feral side, slipping through.

It was time.

He forced himself to pull back and finished stripping out of his clothes. He growled low in his throat as John winked at him and turned into the beautiful wolf he was. John rubbed up against him, waiting for him to turn as well.

Bruce ran his fingers through John’s fur and then closed his eyes, turning into his other half. It no longer hurt him as it did before… he no longer held onto the pain and anguish, and he embraced the change like his family has always done.

It was still a very private thing for Bruce and he only shared it with his lover.

John barked at him, nuzzling him and then licked his snout. Bruce returned the show of affection and then they were running. They ran through the manor and then they were greeted by their pack at the French doors.
Cassandra ran towards them, barking happily at them as she dashed forward to them. She rubbed up against both of them and then she sat down by Bruce’s side, waiting.

Bruce howled and he felt the connection to his pack as they howled back in return and then as a family they ran together into the night. They played and hunted, and halfway through the night Bruce and John broke off from the pack and headed deeper into the woods to be together.

Bruce barked as John tackled him to the ground and covered his body with his. It was such a surreal feeling, being intimate in wolf form. Everything was heightened and on edge. Raw.

John bit his neck and Bruce growled low in his throat, completely submitting to him. They’ve only indulged in sex a few times in wolf form and Bruce had always taken the lead… but since that one time in bed, Bruce had been thinking about this for a while and was willing to let John be dominant this time.

Bruce shuddered in anticipation, digging his claws into the earth below him as John rubbed against him. He was already hard from the run and just the feral need coursing through him. He barked at John, needing so much more.

His breathing hitched as John began to lick him open. The sensation only sent Bruce over the edge and he howled as his orgasm washed over him.

John barked, nipping at Bruce’s neck as he thrust into him. Bruce whined, pushing back against him, encouraging him to move. John picked up the pace, slamming into him. John bit his neck and Bruce howled as another orgasm was ripped through him and he collapsed to the ground, feeling so complete.

Bruce had never felt so alive and loved. And he never wanted this to end.

~*~

Bruce smiled as he stirred from his sleep, feeling rested and sated. He ran his fingers through John’s hair as John turned into him, curling in closer.

“Sleep,” John murmured, brushing his lips against Bruce’s chest.

Bruce chuckled, kissing his brow. “Yes.”

“Yeah,” John sighed happily. “Love you.”

“Love you, too.” Bruce grinned, just watching as his mate drifted back to sleep. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for his lover and pack. He was still uncertain of Stephanie’s place in their pack, but he knew together they’d make this work.
Tim had been tense the last few days, but so had everyone. Damian couldn’t blame them. He just wanted to make Tim feel better. The running and hunting with their pack had been a good start, but since Steph got hurt he and Tim hadn’t done anything except a quick kiss here and there.

Damian stretched as he turned into his human form and watched Tim change too. For some weird reason it always seemed to Damian like Tim’s changing from wolf to human was in slow motion. He blinked and Tim smiled at him.

“You were staring,” he teased.

“Couldn’t help it. You’re just so beautiful,” Damian replied, stepping into Tim’s personal space.

“It’s handsome, you know for males, not beautiful,” Tim said.

“You are beautiful,” Damian said, took Tim’s face into his hands and bent down to kiss him. The kiss grew heated fast and soon Tim’s hands were clutching at Damian.

Damian knew that Cass, Jay, and Dick were still running, they were always the last to turn back, because they didn’t have to. He and Tim would be undisturbed for at least another hour or so.

“Damian,” Tim gasped as Damian let his hands slide down Tim’s back and grabbed his ass firmly.

“Yeah…listening,” Damian said, nuzzling Tim’s neck and shoulder. He smelled so good, it was intoxicating.

“Fuck me,” Tim whispered into his ear.

Damian’s brain stuttered to a halt for a second or two. “Excuse me?” He pulled back, so he could look at Tim’s face. Tim met his gaze.

“I said: fuck me.”

“We are on our way to-”

Tim leaned in lightning fast and kissed Damian gently. “Let me spell it out for you then. I want your cock inside my ass.”

Damian had the vague idea he should be asking if Tim was sure, but Tim was sure. Tim was always sure. Tim planned things and thought about them, sat on them before he made a move. Damian’s answering kiss was hard, nearly brutal and his cock was even harder – just the thought to be inside his lover and mate that way made it difficult to breathe.

“That’s a yes, right?” Tim teased.

“Yes,” Damian replied and kissed him again. It was a good thing they were already naked. Damian pushed Tim in the direction of the bed and Tim let himself fall.

“Lock the door anyway,” Tim said as he was reaching into the nightstand to grab the lube. It gave Damian a beautiful view of his ass. He was for a moment distracted. “Damian, the door.”
“Yes,” Damian said and locked it. Then he crawled into bed and joined Tim again. Kissed him and licked every inch of him. Tim was moving restlessly against him.

“Come on,” he pressed the lube into Damian’s hands and sighed when Damian pushed the first finger in. It got Damian all hot and bothered seeing Tim like this. Watching his face smooth out as soon as Damian was pushing his fingers inside him. Tim fucking loved to be filled up. He clutched at the sheets, opening his legs wider and pushing against Damian’s fingers inside him.

Damian’s cock was aching by the time Tim said he was ready. Damian just kissed him and lined up. He pressed in slowly and steadily until he bottomed out. Tim’s eyes were shut, but he didn’t seem in pain. “How does it feel?” Damian asked, holding still and just watching Tim’s face.

“Full,” Tim breathed. “Good,” he added. “Move now.” The last one was a demand and Damian was too happy to oblige. “Yes, god, like this.” Tim said, pushing against Damian. Soon they had a rhythm and Tim’s hand was around his own cock, stroking and squeezing. “Fuck, so close.”

Damian pushed in harder and it sent Tim over the edge. His whole body went taut, Damian’s cock was squeezed and the sensation was so foreign and good, it trigged his own orgasm. When Tim relaxed Damian pulled out carefully and slowly. He looked like a beautiful mess.

“God, I love you,” Damian said.

“I know,” Tim replied, smiling that satisfied smile, not opening his eyes. Damian leaned over him and kissed his eyelids. Tim opened his eyes then and grabbed Damian by the neck, pulled him down and kissed him. “You don’t have to assure me with words, I know.”

“I want to say it from time to time,” Damian replied. The truth was, he couldn’t stop himself sometimes from saying it. It had to be out there in the open, had to be heard by Tim.

“I like to hear it,” Tim said, curling into Damian. “I really do.” His breathing was evening out and soon he would be asleep. They all slept in the morning after a full moon. A whole night of running, playing and hunting was exhausting even for a werewolf.

Damian kissed the top of Tim’s head and wondered if he would ever, if they would ever be able to share something like this with Steph.

~+~

“Well, I knew that Batman and Bruce Wayne were pals, but…damn,” Steph said. She had been allowed to leave the hospital and Damian had picked her up. She was still in danger and they all knew it.

“And you haven’t even seen the pool yet,” Damian replied.

“Or tasted Alfred’s pancakes,” Tim threw in.

“Now she’ll never leave,” Damian teased.

Steph slapped him lightly. “So…you guys know then?”

“About your father?” Tim asked gently.

“Yeah, that and…the other stuff.”

Damian exchanged a look with Tim. He didn’t know how much they should tell her. They knew
everything about her and her father. Her whole family, really.

“The Batman only tells us what we need to know,” Damian settled on. “You are in danger. Your father is a scumbag.”

Steph smiled. “Yeah, he is.”

“But we’re not stupid. If the Batman wants us to look out for you…you’d have to be important to him in some way.” Steph looked stricken, Damian rubbed her arm gently. “You don’t have to tell us anything.”

“Thanks.”

“We like having you here,” Damian said and he meant it. He knew that it would be a bit tricky, but it wasn’t like the full moon was around the corner. And Jay and Dick had played at being dogs before.

“Mister Wayne has wolf half breeds,” Tim offered.

Steph looked a bit alarmed. “What?”

“They’re really friendly and cuddly, but they sometimes want to be left alone. Just a warning, the gardens and the woods are pretty much theirs,” Tim answered.

“Wait…that dog that Robin had with him…when they found me?”

“Mister Wayne’s,” Tim confirmed. “His name is Mucha.”

“Like the artist?” Steph asked.

Tim smiled at her. “Yeah. And they’re really more wolves than dogs.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Steph said. “So…do I get a room or will we be sharing?”

“You know I don’t actually live here,” Tim teased.

“But as good as. Your room is next to ours,” Damian said.

She looked pleased. “Lead the way then.”

Tim offered her his arm teasingly and she took it.

Damian watched them joke and laugh and it made something warm spread inside his stomach and a bit lower too.

How fucking much did Tim love him to let him have this? It was Tim’s idea to let Damian date Steph. Was there anything Tim would not do for him?

“Coming?” Tim asked from the stairs.

“Yes,” Damian said.

~*~

Steph flopped down on the couch beside Tim and sighed.

“How did it go?” Tim asked. He and Damian knew that John had asked to talk to Steph.
“Dear dad wants to talk to me, and only me,” Steph said.

“He’s a scumbag and will rot in prison for what he did to you,” Damian said, crossing his arms over his chest. “You owe him nothing.”

She closed her eyes and leaned her head against the back of the couch. It made her throat look vulnerable and Damian’s wolf wanted to lick it, maybe not only the wolf wanted to lick it, he thought wryly.

“You’re right. I don’t, but I owe Batman and his Robins. I owe them big. Hell, I even owe Blake. He tried to warn me away for my own good. He cares.”

“Yes,” Tim said, “He does care.”

“I have to confess,” Steph said, sitting up and looking at them. “It’s mind blowing that Mister Wayne – playboy millionaire – settled down with a Gotham detective. I mean, don’t get me wrong, Blake is hot, but…you know.” She shrugged. “They aren’t shy about their affections either.”

“It’s their house,” Tim pointed out.

“I know. Just – strange,” she said and grinned. “But, like father like son, so it’s not like I mind,” she winked at Damian and Damian grabbed her by the neck gently, mindful of her injuries, and pulled her into a hard kiss.

She was breathless when they came up for air.

“What are going to do about your dad then?” Tim asked.

“Don’t know. I guess I’ll see him. Talk to him. Let him tell me a bedtime story. It’s all gonna be bullshit anyway,” she answered.

“John thinks he knows something. Batman too,” Damian pointed out.

“I bet he does. He’s not stupid, you know? Always looks out for himself. I’m just gonna be a pawn in his game. He knows I work with the Robins,” she smiled. “You figured that one out, already, didn’t you?”

Tim shrugged. “Yeah.”

She kissed his cheek gently. “Little genius. So, he has a plan and I’m part of it. He knows that the police are monitoring me. But he also knows my secret and I bet you everything I have that he’s gonna threaten to spill it.”

“If you don’t do his bidding,” Damian concluded.

“Yep, so I don’t really have a say in it, you see? But I want to do it for the Robins.”

“Should we be jealous?” Damian asked.

She grinned at them. “I don’t know. Should you?”

There was something in the tone of her voice. Maybe she was figuring things out, maybe Damian gave her a few clues. Father might be against it, but Damian didn’t think Steph would have a problem with them being vigilantes. The other thing…well, he’ll cross that bridge once he gets there.
“Robin1 has a great ass,” Tim said.

“He does,” Steph replied grinning. “Makes you want to bite it.”

Damian choked a bit on his laugh. It was a good thing Jay and Dick were at their place with Cass right now.

“He’s not my favorite,” Tim said.

Steph looked at him. “No? Which one is then?”

“Secret,” Tim answered and put his fingers on his pretty mouth. As distractions went this one was foolproof. Steph zoomed in on those lips and licked her own. She leaned in, her movements still a bit stiff and kissed Tim.

“God, I want you to fuck me so bad,” Steph moaned.

“Can’t,” Tim replied.

“I know,” Steph said, looking down at her cast. “This thing sucks.”

“No, it doesn’t, we do,” Tim replied and made her laugh.

~++~

“I don’t like that Cluemaster can blackmail her into doing what he wants,” Damian said later that day when Steph was taking a nap and he and Tim were in the kitchen. She put up a brave front, but she was still healing and that her father had done this to her must be weighing on her too.

“I don’t like that he would do that to his own daughter. He must know how dangerous that is. If he outs her – hell every scumbag would be after her.”

“I know.”

“She will go and see him, there is nothing we can do-”

“We could kill him,” Damian said.

“We don’t kill,” Tim replied calmly. Damian knew that killing Cluemaster would not solve their bigger problem, because they still didn’t know who was protecting that scumbag, but it would keep Spoiler safe.

“This rule sucks,” Damian said.

“I know. I know what you did to Talbot too,” Tim said in nearly a whisper.

To be honest, Damian was a bit shocked. He had been so careful after all. “How did you find out?”

“I have means and ways. I thought you’d kill him when you found him,” Tim admitted.

“I wanted to, I really wanted to for what he did to you,” Damian replied, taking Tim’s hand in his, playing with Tim’s delicate lovely fingers.

“Why didn’t you?”

“For you, for the pack, hell, for Father,” Damian admitted. It was good that he could share this
with Tim now too.

“You crippled him instead,” Tim said.

“Yeah, because that is what he has done to countless children. Not you.”

Tim smiled. “I was a mess before Mucha and Degas and you.”

“You were strong enough to overcome all of that. You are a hero, Tim.”

“Thank you, Damian,” Tim said and Damian could hear all the unsaid things there too. The thing was Damian didn’t think he saved Tim, it was more like they saved each other. Damian had been a mess too before he came to live with Father and Tim made things better.

Tim always made things better. He made Jay better too, by loving him as a wolf first. It just now set in how much Tim helped them all.

“You’re very welcome.”

“You two look pensive,” John said as he entered the kitchen. He went straight for the fridge, grabbed the leftovers and heated them up. “I’m starving. You want some?”

“I could eat,” Tim said.

Damian declined, it was the lasagna and not the vegetarian one. John gave half of it to Tim and then sat down at the table. “So…you guys talked to Stephanie?”

“Yeah,” Tim said. “I don’t like this. She’s sure that he will threaten to out her if she doesn’t talk to him. He’s just evil enough to do this to his only child.”

“Yeah, he danced around it when I interrogated him, but I’m sure he will,” John replied. “Some parents just suck.”

That made Damian laughed. “Don’t I know it.”

John colored slightly. “I’ll go with her of course. Have people I trust watch her too. And she’ll be fine as long as she’s staying here. We won’t let him escape again.”

“I know,” Damian said.

John finished his snack and went to see father.

Tim looked at Damian. “You’re cluing her in.”

Damian closed his eyes briefly. He was. “She’s smart.”

“Yeah, but you’re giving her hints,” Tim said.

“I talked to father about telling her. He was against it, but he was against it too when I first brought it up.”

“When you wanted to tell me,” Tim cut in.

“Yeah. He’s always against it. Too dangerous and all that. Hell, she’s a vigilante too.”

“But no wolf,” Tim said.
“You want her to be pack.”

“Yes, but it’s not about what we want. It’s about her and she doesn’t even know that we exist.”

“Father said to test the waters first.”

“How in hell should be broach that subject?” Tim wondered.

Damian smiled. “You’re the genius wolf, I was hoping you’ll figure it out.”

“I’ll think on it,” Tim promised.

Damian knew it would be fine then.

~+~

John took Steph to talk to her father the next day. No sense in stalling and they needed answers.

Damian was on edge until they came back. It was obvious that she and John had already talked about whatever Cluemater had told her.

“And?” Damian asked.

“I told you he would just tell me a lot of bullshit,” Steph replied. She grabbed a candy bar and ate it while he waited impatiently. “Where’s Tim?”

“Home, something or other with his parents,” Damian answered. They had been back since this morning and Damian already dreaded it because Tim would be forced to sleep at his parent’s house until they were off again.

“Okay… touchy subject? I thought they liked you, were thrilled he is dating a Wayne,” Steph said.

“He’s dating you now too,” Damian pointed out. He was glad he wasn’t there when Tim had that conversation with his parents. Steph was a girl, but she wasn’t what Mrs. Drake would imagine of that Damian was sure. She was poor and her father was a criminal. Good times ahead, he though wryly.

“Yeah, he is…” Steph said.

“Soon the tabloids will catch on,” Damian replied. “You’ll have to be prepared. No comment should work just fine for a while. Or ‘we’re just friends’.”

She made a face. “Your father knows.”

“Does yours?” Damian suddenly asked. Because it could mean that Tim was in danger too.

“Don’t think so,” Steph answered, finishing her candy bar.

“What did he want anyway?”

She grabbed a soda, but didn’t drink it. Just held it between her fingers. “He’s crazy. He said he had a piece of some old document called The Index. It’s about ancient werewolf bloodlines.”

“What?” Damian asked, alarmed.

“Yeah, I told you. All bullshit. Werewolves, what the fuck? But I get that it’s worth some pretty
penny because it’s old and one of a kind. He told me he had a buyer. He’s selling it page by page to that guy, sometimes for favors too—”

“Like a ‘getting out of jail’ card,” Damian clued in.

“Yep.”

“And he’s told you this why?”

She looked at the wall and didn’t answer for a while. “He says Mister Wayne is one too.”

“One what?” Damian asked, but he knew. He knew and Cluemaster knew too.

“A werewolf, Damian. He thinks your father is a werewolf.”

She let that sink in and then opened her soda, took a sip. “He thinks that Richard Grayson is a werewolf as well. That’s why he took him in in the first place.”

“And me, you think—”

“My father thinks,” Steph said with an emphasis, but it was weak. She had doubts now.

“Your father thinks that I am a werewolf as well.”

She shrugged. “I told you, he’s crazy. Come on. He’s called himself Cluemaster.”

“Still don’t get why he’s told you all that. He has to know that you won’t help him. He’s kidnapped and tortured you.”

“I think, whoever his buyer is, he wants to throw some suspicion on Mister Wayne and with that on the Batman, as they are pals and all.”

“Does he think the Batman is a werewolf too?”

“Yeah…” Steph said. “He said they heal fast and that they can change at will. Not only on the full moon.”

“Was there something about silver bullets too?” Damian asked. He tried to keep calm but this was really bad news.

“No, he said that they can be killed like any other beast.”

Damian bristled at the word beast. “He told you to leave, didn’t he?”

She nodded. “Yeah, not that I will. I know you guys. You care for me. He doesn’t. He just wants to destroy this and make me do something stupid like get that Index and go to the buyer for help.”

“You know where the Index is?” Damian asked.

“No. But he said once I’ve seen it with my own eyes, I’ll be back.”

Damian had no idea what to tell her. It was obvious she was messed up about it. Even the possibility of werewolves freaked her out. This was no time to tell her the truth.

“And then he’ll tell you everything?”

Steph nodded. “Seemed pretty sure about it too.” She looked at him. “Will I be here come the next
“full moon?”

Damian honestly didn’t think so. “If you still want to be here, yes.”

She sighed. “This is fucked up. I don’t know why I even listen to his bullshit. He’s always tried to destroy whatever good thing I had in my life. And this is no different. He knows I’m Spoiler, he tries to take it away and he’s fucking my relationship with you guys up too – even he doesn’t know about it.”

Damian wasn’t so sure anymore. Cluemaster knew a fuck load of things Damian wasn’t comfortable with him knowing. Father was probably already making a plan to get this under control and find out who this mysterious buyer was. “We won’t let him fuck this up,” he said.

“Thanks Damian.”

“For what?”

“Being here. Still, even I am a vigilante and getting you in all kinds of trouble.”

This was the moment to tell her he was Robin, he knew it, but – his pack leader had forbidden it. He kept silent.

~+~

While Steph was healing Damian was hyper aware that she wasn’t wolf and that it took a long time for her to be okay again and he was so much angrier at her father for it.

She put up with them and their fussing, but didn’t really venture out. Probably because she could hear the wolves howling and even got a glimpse of Dick and Jay a few times.

Damian liked having her living with them, even though the things Cluemaster told her kept her up at night.

Tim flopped down on the bed and looked at the ceiling. “I told my parents.” He wasn’t looking at Damian or Steph when he said it.

“Told them what?” Steph asked.

“About you. That we’re dating,” Tim replied, sitting up.

“How did it go?” Damian wanted to know.

Tim shrugged. “As excepted. They don’t get it. But I think mom is glad it’s a girl – I bet she’s thinking family lines and heirs,” Tim winced.

Before Damian could as much as blink Steph was in Tim’s lap, kissing him hard and grinding against him.

“You,” she said.

“Yeah?” Tim answered amused.

“Yeah, I really want to fuck you now.”

“Still can’t,” Tim said.

“What? I’m fine. Mostly.” She seemed confused. “I thought that was a thing, you, me,
Damian…?

“It is,” Damian clarified. “We don’t have condoms.”


“We are tested and exclusive,” Damian said a bit defensive. Besides they couldn’t really catch most of the human diseases that went with sex.

“Well, we should get condoms soon then,” Steph sighed and made to pull away. Tim stopped her with a firm hand on her hip and another down her pants.

“This will have to do for now,” he said, with that sweet smile of his.

Damian stepped behind Steph and kissed her neck.


“Yeah,” Damian said, sliding a hand under her shirt and playing with her gorgeous breasts. Condoms would become a necessity because Damian really didn’t want her to get pregnant.

“Oh, fuck, right there,” Steph said and shuddered. Damian kissed the top of her head and wondered where Tim had learned that.

Steph kissed Tim once she came down from her orgasm and then she turned and kissed Damian. “You guys…are the best.”

Damian laughed.
Part Three: Chapter Twenty-Four

Twenty-four

John and Bruce were waiting for them when Dick and Jason arrived in the cave to get ready for patrol. John briefed them about the latest update regarding Steph.

“That bastard has the Index?” Dick gasped, still unable to believe that all this time, the Cluemaster had what they had been looking for. How did he even get his hands on it in the first place?

“So, that means it’s fucking Blackwell that he’s been working with this whole time!” Jason hissed as he started to pace the length of the cave. “I mean, who else would pay for it? We know he wants the Index.”

Dick could feel his mate’s distress and anger and Dick immediately crossed over to him and pulled him into his embrace. Jason’s tension seemed to ebb away as he melted against him. Dick ran his hand through Jay’s hair and kissed him softly, before he pulled back slightly to glance over at Bruce. “Do we know if it’s really him?”

“According to the money trail, it is indeed Blackwell. Or rather a corporation under one of Blackwell’s known alias, Draken.” Bruce explained.

Jason growled against Dick’s neck at the mention of that name.

Dick rubbed Jason’s arm and kissed Jay’s brow. “Okay, so now what? Can Steph get it for us?”

“Not sure,” John sighed, shrugging his shoulders. “She seemed pretty freaked out about everything.”

“Just perfect.” Jason grumbled.

“She’s seen you as wolves?” Bruce questioned and Dick nodded.

“Yeah, but we’ve kinda kept our distance, staying on the edges of the garden and woods. She’s watched us, but she never really showed us a sign that she wanted us to approach or was interested in meeting us.”

“And Damian didn’t seem to want us any closer either,” Jay added. “She seems so skittish when we’re near.”

Bruce nodded, his brow creased in concentration. “It’s time for you two to engage her and test once and for all how she feels about us.”

Dick shared a glance with Jay, both slightly weary, but willing to do anything for their pack leader. “Okay, tomorrow?”

“Tonight.”

“But we have patrol,” Jason stated a bit too harshly and Bruce bristled slightly. “And with Damian out of commission, we shouldn’t really slack off.”

“Jay,” Dick began, taking his hand in his and threading their fingers together in a show of support. Jason squeezed his hand in return.
“Tonight,” Bruce repeated with more heat behind his words and there was no denying his order.

“I’ll help Bruce in the cave,” John added. “We just don’t have the luxury of waiting. If the Index is near that mean Blackwell is circling as well. We have to move before he does.”

Jason groaned. “Fine.”

Dick nodded, kissing Jay’s fingers. “We’ll see what happens.” It was all they really could do. “Oh, what about Cass. You know her, she’ll want to join us.”

John sighed. “She’s been good so far, she seems to understand that turning around Stephanie is a no-no.”

“But we’ve also kept our distance too.” Dick pointed out.

“I know, we’ll just have to play it by ear.” Bruce stated. “We can’t force her to stay away.”

“Yeah, okay.” Dick glanced at the stairs. “Let’s do this.”

~*~

They returned back to their cottage, both feeling a tad nervous about their task. “Why do I get the feeling that this is going to blow up in our faces?”

Dick sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. “She’s not a fuzzy animal person.”

Jason snorted. “You think I’m fuzzy?”

Dick chuckled and tugged Jason to him, kissing him. “Got a problem with that?”

He titled his head as if considering it, but Dick knew better. “Nah.”

“Good.” Dick grinned and kissed him once more, just savoring the kiss and his mate’s closeness. “Okay, we should do this.”

Jason groaned and reluctantly nodded. “Okay, okay.”

They quickly discarded their clothes and Dick pulled him into another heated kiss before they transformed into their other half. Dick barked at Jason and then licked his snout.

Jason barked and then darted out the door and Dick followed. They ran across the vast estate and took a small detour through the woods and played for a bit before they returned to the manor. John had left the door open for them.

They paused, sniffing the air. Dick went left and Jason went to the right as they searched for Steph’s trail. Jason barked and raced down the hallway as he caught her scent. Dick followed and they found Damian, Steph, and Tim watching a movie in the media room.

They lingered at the door a moment and Damian glanced over at them, giving his best imitation of his Batglare. It was pretty damn good.

Dick stepped back, whining low in his throat not sure if he should approach. He felt a surge of love and support from his mate when Jason bumped his shoulder with his. Damian didn’t want them to intrude, but they had to do this.

“Mucha! Degas!” Tim grinned and gestured for them to enter.
Dick felt relief wash over him and he barked in response, rushing forward and brushing against their legs.

Steph gasped and jumped up on the couch, so that her legs were out of reach. She looked more than a tad shocked and stared at Dick and Jay.

“Steph, it’s okay. They won’t bite or anything.” Tim smiled and Damian snorted.

Dick barked, sitting in front of Tim as he reached out to pet him.

Steph didn’t look so sure. “They’re wolfs… they’re wild beasts.”

Jason replied with a sharp bark, both of them taking offence at being referred to as such.

“Nah, they wouldn’t hurt a fly, they’re like big puppy dogs really.” Tim countered, winking at them. “This is Degas,” he introduced Dick as he scratched behind his ear.

“And Mucha,” Steph added glancing at Jay who was sitting in front of Damian, “Why artists?”

“Father named them,” Damian offered reaching out and petting Jason as well.

Steph watched them, “Okay.” She worried her lip and began to let her guard down, hesitantly reaching out to Dick and then snapping her hand back before she actually touched him.

Jason barked at her, jumping up on the couch and she squeaked when he plopped down on her lap and offered up his belly to her. Dick was so proud of him in that moment… he rarely showed this side of him.

“You should remember Mucha, he’s the one that found you.” Damian said.

Steph nodded, running her fingers over Jason’s fur. “He’s so soft.”

“Yeah,” Tim smiled. “He’s a big old softie.”

Dick breathed a sigh of relief this was going well… it was a little tense at first, but this was good. Dick rested his head on Tim’s leg and just watched as Steph continued to pet Jason.

They turned their focus back onto the movie and just stayed together, letting Steph get used to their presence. Jay eventually jumped back down and then pounced on Dick.

Dick barked, licking at him as they rolled around and played for a bit in front of them.

“See, not so bad.” Damian smiled, squeezing Steph’s hand.

“Just not used to pets or anything… they are pets, aren’t they?”

Dick and Jason stopped, glaring up at her. They barked and Steph tensed slightly.

Damian snorted. “Kinda, they’re family.”

Steph nodded, still looking a tad bewildered with this all. “Not really a pet person.”

Dick noticed a flash of sadness in both Tim and Damian’s eyes. Okay, so this wasn’t working out as well as he thought. But they had to try.

Jay’s body tensed against his and it was then that Dick heard the light footsteps heading there way.
Cass.

Before they could move, Cass squealed with delight and rushed toward them. She wrapped her arms around them and dropped down between them.

“See Cass loves them too. They’re really gentle with her.” Tim offered and Steph nodded, continuing to study them.

Cass suddenly tugged off her nightgown.

“No, Cassandra!” Damian snapped at her, but it was too late. She was already turning and soon she was the adorable pup that they all knew and loved.

She barked up at Damian and then rolled in-between Dick and Jay. Totally oblivious to what she just did.

Dick glanced over at Steph who looked like she had seen a ghost. She gasped, jumping up once more but this time she ran across the room. “Oh, my god. Did you see that? What the fuck? She’s a werewolf? They’re all fucking werewolves?!”

Damian and Tim rushed over to her, but she gestured for them to stop. “Steph.” Damian began, but she shook her head, her shock turning into anger.

“Is this some sort of joke? What the fuck, my father was right and you didn’t say a damn thing!” Stephanie was livid, her body tense and radiating anger. “Was he right about everything?” She gasped, looking between Damian and Tim and then she ran out of the room.

Dick felt guilty for his part in this… but this was exactly what they needed to see. Damian glared at Cass and then at them.

“We should give her some time to cool off,” Tim began, but Damian shook his head.

“And then what? She freaked out and now, fuck.” Damian sighed as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “I hope you’re happy.” He snipped at Dick and Jay and then he fled the room after Steph.

“It’ll be okay,” Tim whispered, his voice hopeful, but they all knew that this wasn’t good. This was a game changer and Dick wasn’t sure what would happen next. Tim gave them a forced smile and then followed after Damian.

Dick sighed, nudging at Jay.

Jason barked and licked his face.

Cass barked at them, looking at them in confusion and Dick bopped the top of her head and then engaged her in play. He glanced over at Jay and then darted out of the room and headed to the garden… he needed to run, to feel the earth beneath him and his pack beside him. Jason and Cassandra gave him chase.

He forced Steph out of his mind, just for the moment and gave into the night.
Steph had refused to talk to Damian or anyone else, really, except for Alfred and Alfred had been the only who was allowed into her room. Mostly to bring her dinner and meds when she needed them.

It was frustrating as hell.

Damian was hurting. He was angry at his father, their pack leader too. They had had words. Tim winced just thinking about it.

Cass was confused, because Steph had liked her before. They had played and dressed up and Cass had been allowed to draw on Steph’s cast. And now Stephanie wasn’t opening the door for Cass.

Everyone was miserable. Steph included.

After two days of this, Tim had enough of it. She had to come around or leave. There were other secure places for her to be. They had just wanted her there, with them. Because she was family too. And because Damian loved her. Fuck, Tim thought, he loved her too.

He waited until everyone was on patrol. Damian wasn’t able to stay inside when he was angry. Tim knew it was mostly because he needed an outlet for his anger and he wasn’t going to fight with his pack or challenge his father as pack leader.

John had taken Cass out, because she needed to learn to function in the real world outside the manor too. Today was the cinema. Baby steps.

He knocked on Steph’s door. There was of course no reply. He knocked again.

“I know you’re there,” Tim said. Because were else would she be? “Steph-”

“Go away,” she snapped.

“I get that you’re angry. It was wrong to not tell you. But Damian wanted to, it’s just that our pack leader forbid it. He wasn’t sure if you would react-”

“How? How was I supposed to react? You’re all wolves. Savage beasts!” She yelled.

“Shut up,” Tim said calmly. “If you call us savage beasts again, I will escort you myself to a safe house and leave you there.”

There was a sullen silence on the other side of the door. Tim sighed.

“It’s not like Dick had any say in this. He was born a werewolf. Jay had been forcefully turned, by the man your father is working for. Mister Wayne had been forcefully turned too, when the people who killed his parents tore them apart in front of him-”

“What about you?” Steph asked, he could hear her light steps on the floor. She was coming closer to the door. Maybe she missed them too.

“I wanted this,” Tim said. “I wanted it before I even knew it was possible.”
“Why would you want this?” Steph asked. “For Damian?”

“No. I wanted it for myself. Damian had nothing to do with it. I didn’t fall in love with Damian and decided I wanted to be like him. I fell in love with Mucha and I wanted to be a wolf.”

“Mucha…Jason.”

“No, not Jason,” Tim said.

“Oh…” Steph replied as she caught on.

Tim was waiting for her to tell him something was seriously wrong with him. “But…he was a wolf.”

“I know,” Tim replied.

“You…but that’s not normal!”

“I know,” Tim replied. “You put on a flimsy spandex costume and fought crime. Is that normal?”

“Whole other dimension,” Steph said. He could hear her sitting down on the floor. Her back was to his.

“No, not really,” Tim said.

“Why did you want it?” Steph asked after a long silence.

“I wanted to be strong and free and someone else.”

“Yeah,” Steph said.

Tim knew that she would at least understand that part.

“So…” Steph asked, “Is everyone here a werewolf?”

“No, Alfred isn’t. You aren’t.”

“But Detective Blake is.”

“Yeah,” Tim replied. Might as well come clean.

“You heal faster than normal people?”

“Yes,” Tim said.

“And you can turn at will?”

“Yes and no. Some of us can. It’s actually really rare. Steph, Blackwell, the man your father works for, is a werewolf. He’s a fanatic. He kidnaps kids with the gene. Potential werewolves and makes them turn.”

“Oh-”

“The turning kills pretty much anyone who doesn’t have the gene. Mister Wayne had been lucky, probably because he had been a kid.”

“Did you have the gene?” Steph asked.
“No,” Tim answered.

“You could have died,” Steph concluded. “The chances were high.”

“Yes, they were. But they were my pack before I was turned and it hurt to not be like them. I wanted it.”

“And you were willing to die for it,” Steph said.

“Yes,” Tim said. “But listen, it helps when you’re in love with a wolf, it helps when you were already part of the pack.”

“Am I part of the pack?”

“Are you?” Tim asked.

“I don’t know.”

Tim sighed. “You can be pack without being a werewolf.”

“But you have to be accepted by the pack leader first?”

“No,” Tim said. “You have to accept the pack first.” And Tim didn’t think that Steph was ready for that.

“You should have told me before we got – involved.”

“I guess we hoped you’d come around.”

“Fuck,” Steph said with feeling.

“Yeah,” Tim replied. “I’m sorry you had to– I’m sorry how it went down. We wanted you to be prepared, wanted to explain.”

Steph laughed. “Explain. Shit…I don’t know who you are.”

“Tim Drake, who is in love with Damian Wayne, who is in love with you.”

“I don’t know if that’s enough,” Steph said. “This is fucked up.”

“Steph-”

“No.” She said firmly. “Did you want to turn me?”

“Damian does. It would be safer. You would heal faster. You’d be stronger, faster, your senses would be better too.”

“Oh.”

“He was so fucking worried about you.”

“I know that…but what if it doesn’t take? What if I died?”

“It has to come from you. I told you, humans can be pack too. But if you don’t want it. If you’ll never want it, that would be okay too. You know you can leave any time, right?”

“Yeah, I know…”
“If you don’t want to leave, don’t make Cass miserable? She doesn’t understand why you won’t be her friend anymore. She’s too young to understand it.”

“She doesn’t seem to see anything wrong with turning in front of strangers…”

“You’re not a stranger to her. You smell like me and Damian. You smell like pack to her. And pack means she can be herself. Pack means she is safe and protected and loved.” He got up from the floor. “You can always ask any of us if you should have further questions on the subject.”

“Tim?”

“Yeah?”

“Is Damian Robin?”

“You’ll have to ask him that.”

She sighed. “Tim?”

Tim smiled because he knew what was coming and he wasn’t going to lie to her. What would be the point now? “Yeah?”

“Are you Cave?”

“Yeah. I am.”

“Okay,” Steph said and then nothing else. Tim waited for another ten minutes, but she kept silent.

He went down to the kitchen and made himself a sandwich and then he took his place in the Cave.

~+~

“Stephanie knows,” Tim said as Damian crawled into bed with him. It was really late and Tim was really fucking tired, but he had wanted to wait up for Damian.

“Knows what?” Damian asked distracted.

“That I’m Cave, that you are Robin. Probably that Bruce is Batman too. This wolf thing clued her in.”

“You talked to her?” Damian asked, sitting up in bed and looking at Tim.

Tim sat up too. “Yeah. We talked. I told her about me, why I wanted it and – other things.”

“What other things?”

“That it's dangerous and that you really have to be sure that you want it.”

“Way to sell it Tim.”

Tim gave him an unimpressed look. “I get that you're pissed about how this went down, but it's not my fault she doesn't jump on the idea to fuck with werewolves.”

“Sorry, you're right,” Damian said, running a hand over his face. He looked really tired too.

“How was patrol?”
“Same old, same old,” Damian answered. “You know. You were there.”

“Only in spirit and for part of it and not always with you.” When Tim had Cave duty, which was pretty much every other day, he had to help the other Robins too. And Batman. Not only Damian.

“Same old, same old,” Damian repeated.

“You look like shit, you realize that, right?”

Damian smiled wryly. “Always the charmer.”

“That's you and your father. Me? I'm just that weird kid.”

“You're not weird,” Damian said.

“We both know that’s not true. I am a werewolf after all,” Tim grinned.

Damian laughed. It was good to see him laugh. Tim hadn't seen it since Steph shut herself in. “Yeah, you are. But if you're weird, so am I.”

“I never said you aren't,” Tim said and kissed Damian's nose playfully.

“So, what now? Is she going to run to her dad and-” he stopped waved his hand, then shook his head. “No she won’t. But maybe she’ll just walk away from it all,” he finished.

That was Tim’s fear too. Steph would always do the right thing on the job. They knew that much. She would go to her father, tell him she knew and believed him and try to find out where the Index was. Where Blackwell was hiding. She would help them bring Cluemaster and Blackwell down. Of that Tim was sure and he knew Damian was too.

The other thing – them, Tim wasn’t so sure she would still want to be with them now that she knew they were wolves. Because not everyone wanted a boyfriend (or two) who turned into an animal once a month.

“Maybe she won’t. Maybe she just needs time. Aside from being werewolves we are a really good catch.”

“You think so?”

“Yeah.”

“And why’s that?” Damian asked playful, scooting closer to Tim.

“We’re obviously handsome and rich.”

“Go on.”

“Good manners, big hearts,” Tim said as Damian kissed his neck.

“Hmm.”

“We kick ass and protect people,” Tim continued.

“We do,” Damian said, nipping at Tim’s collarbone.

It made Tim’s breath hitch. “And we are awesome at fucking.”
Damian bit him then and then pushed him into the pillows. It did things to Damian, Tim knew, when Tim talked dirty. Cursing did it for Damian.

“We are,” Damian said and kissed him.

~+~

Damian was still angry at Bruce the next morning, but he forgot to glare at his father as soon as Steph came down.

She looked at them all and then sat down between Tim and Jason. It was clear as day that she was still very uncomfortable with them. Tim couldn’t blame her. He just didn’t understand.

“Good morning, Stephanie,” Bruce said.

“Morning, Mister Wayne,” Steph replied, not really looking at anyone.

There was an awkward silence before John and Cass entered the kitchen. Cass lunged at Steph and hugged her knees. “Steph!”

“Hi, Cass,” Steph said and ran a hand through her hair. It was a bit hesitant at first but Cass clearly enjoyed it and let her do it until her stomach growled. She looked up at Steph. “Food.”

“Yes,” Steph replied.

Cass climbed onto her lap and then grabbed for the bowl of fruits. She frowned. “Broccoli?”

“Is not a breakfast food,” John said, taking his seat next to Bruce. Usually Cass liked to sit on his lap, but it seemed she really missed Steph. Steph was the only other female in the house after all.

Cass sighed and took a piece of cucumber instead.

“Makes no sense,” Steph said. “Why is cucumber a breakfast food and broccoli isn’t?”

“Why?” Cass asked, looking at Bruce and John.

“It just is,” John said gently.

“But why?” Cass and Steph asked at the same time.

Tim hid a smile behind his mug.

Bruce glared at Steph.

She squared her shoulders. “We’re vigilante, we make our own rules, shouldn’t that also go for breakfast?”

“Yes!” Cass said.

“Great,” John said.


“I’m sure Alfred will make you some for dinner, or a snack later okay?”

“Okay,” she said and munched on her cucumber. She offered some to Steph, Steph hesitated again.
“You can’t catch it like a cold,” Dick said.

She winced. “Okay…”

Cass seemed to catch on, because she grabbed a new slice of cucumber and handed that to Steph. “Thank you, Cass.”

“Cucumber is good.” She said.

“Yes, it is,” Steph replied, smiling down at Cass.

“So…you came down,” Jason said.

“Yes, we need to talk. I’m not thrilled about the… the… werewolf thing. Shit this is so weird.” She sighed and they waited her out. “But I understand that this Blackwell guy is no good. And it can’t be good for him to have a book with bloodlines. I want to stop him. I want to stop my father. In fact I want my father to spend his life behind bars for what he did.”

“So you will help us?” John asked.

“Yes, I will…” she bit her lip. “Mister Wayne?”

“Yes, Stephanie.”

“You probably have another safe place I could hide out at,” Steph said.

Tim winced and grabbed Damian’s hand under the table. She was leaving. Tim could smell Damian’s distress at that. Was sure everyone else could too.

“Yes, Stephanie. Would you like to stay at one of those until things blow over?”

“Yes,” Steph said. “Yes, I would like that.”

“I will arrange it after breakfast. Security of course too.”

“Thank you, Mister Wayne.”

“It’s not a problem,” Bruce replied.

The rest of breakfast was a pretty much a silent affair.
Twenty-six

Stephanie tried to play it cool, but Bruce could tell that she was anxious around him, her body was tense and she kept as much distance between them as possible. Her body was pressed firmly against the car door, her gaze focused on the landscape that passed by as they drove into the city.

“Stephanie.”

“What?” She gasped as she startled slightly, glancing over at him.

“I know this-” he began, but he wasn’t able to finish his statement before she cut him off.

“Is totally fucked up?” Stephanie argued.

“Language.” He stated out of habit and she snorted, rolling her eyes and crossing her arms over her chest.

“Tt.”

Bruce couldn’t help but smile, his boys had rubbed off on her. He had noticed it more and more with her short stay at the manor.

“You’re the Batman! And you’re a wolf. An unholy beast.”

Bruce tensed at that, his jaw clenching. It was what he always thought of himself… until Dick and his boys, John, had opened his heart to the beast within. To accept who he was and fully take his place as the pack leader.

Stephanie sighed, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that… Tim said you didn’t like being referred to as such. But what am I supposed to think? It’s so unnatural.”

Bruce bristled, “It wasn’t my birthright, I didn’t choose to be one.”

“Oh, right.” Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment. “Tim said you were turned… like him, but I guess not like him. Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.” He stated, not wanting to speak further on the topic.

“No, I- Oh, I don’t know.” She sighed once more and pressed back against the door. “This is all so confusing. I kinda suspected about you and Damian being Batman and Robin. But the whole werewolf thing? So out of left field, that’s stuff of nightmares and horror movies. Unnatural.”

Bruce pulled the car sharply off the road and stopped. “We brought you into our pack, gave you a place to stay. I know this is shocking and you’re still trying to figure this all out, but it’s been days Stephanie. You will show me and my family respect.” He snapped.

She flushed once more, mouth parting slightly.

“You will watch what you say around us. We are not unnatural, nor beasts. If you truly think this, then you need to leave town before you hurt my son and my pack further. Do you understand?”

Stephanie nodded, seemingly unsure what to say.
“All my boys wanted to tell you the truth of our identities, but I forbade them from telling you. I was afraid you’d think differently once you found out the truth of our heritage. And it seems, I was right.” Bruce sighed, rubbing his brow. “We may be werewolves, but we are just as human as you are, we love, we feel, we hurt just as much as you. Even more, if you take in account our enhanced senses.”

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, her voice sincere. “I guess, I’ve only been thinking about myself lately.”

“Which is understandable, but you have to understand how much we can lose by you-” his voice trailed off, not able to voice the possibility that she could turn against them. “You hold many hearts in the balance.”

“If this is about the Index, I’ll get it for you… I won’t let my father win and I, I won’t tell anyone. I promise.” Stephanie stated firmly. “And I just need more time… I do still care for Damian and Tim. I just dunno.”

Bruce nodded and pulled the car back onto the road, heading to one of the safe houses he had in the city.

“Do you hate me?” She questioned after a moment of silence.

“No.”

“You’re not going to take my suit away, are you?” Stephanie asked, a hint of fear in her voice.

“No, but it’s not safe for you to be on the streets.” He stated, sparing a quick glance at her. “We’ll approach this once your cast is off, but if you still want your distance by then, I don’t think you should be out there with us.”

She nodded, worrying her lip. “So, it’s all or nothing then?”

“Yes.”

She simply nodded once more. Bruce knew she had a lot to think about and he hoped she would really think of everything, before she pursued anything more in regards to Spoiler and his son.

They drove the rest of the way in silence. Bruce pulled into the garage and helped her up to the penthouse. He gave her a quick tour and then paused in the entryway.

“This building is secure, if you feel as if you’re in any danger press the red button and security will be here within minutes.” He explained, showing her a panel on the wall. “It’ll also alert the Cave and one of us will follow up. Alfred stocked the kitchen with the essentials and had the place cleaned before your arrival. Call the manor if you should need anything else.”

“Thank you,” Stephanie smiled.

“John will be here shortly to take you to the station, so that you may speak once more to your father.” He added as he headed towards the door. “I wouldn’t venture out otherwise.”

She nodded.

“Is there anything I can do before I go?” He questioned.

“Nah, I’m good.”
He nodded, “Have a good day.”

“You too.”

Bruce hesitated slightly, but left her to her own devices. She was still young, but he knew she had been living on her own for years… her father was worthless. He shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He just hoped that she’d stick to her promise.

~*~

“Hey,” John grinned as he wrapped his arms around Bruce and face planted into Bruce’s chest. “You smell so fucking good.”

Bruce groaned, secretly loving when John cursed. “Language.”

John snorted and then leaned up, brushing his lips against Bruce’s own. It was barely a tease and Bruce pulled him closer, kissing him properly.

“How was the meeting?” Bruce questioned as they parted, it had weighed heavily on his mind.

“About as well as we expected.” John shrugged. “He didn’t come out and tell her where he stashed the Index. That would be too easy. He gave her this ridiculous riddle instead, he probably knew someone would be listening in. But, Steph thinks she knows where it is.”

“And?”

“Dick and Jay are escorting her to the possible location as we speak.”

Bruce frowned. “The best option, considering.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought too.” John sighed. “You think she’ll come around?”

“I hope so, for Damian’s sake.” Bruce still didn’t understand their relationship, but it seemed to work for them. Damian hadn’t spoken to him since she found out the truth, only Tim seemed to soothe him and even then Damian only managed to glare at the rest of the pack.

“And for Tim and Cass. Dick and Jay.” John added, wrapping his arms around Bruce. “For us and our pack.”

“Yes.”

“We’ll get through this,” John, always the optimistic one, voiced. “We always do. And she felt like pack there for a bit… it was nice.”

Bruce smiled, “Yes.”

“Where’s Cass?” John questioned as he snaked his fingers under Bruce’s shirt, Bruce’s skin tingling at his touch.

“Alfred took her shopping,” Bruce replied, his breathing hitching slightly as John’s very talented fingers teased him.

“Perfect,” John smirked and tugged down Bruce’s pants and boxers and dropped to his knees. “I’ve needed to taste you all day.”

Bruce laughed a bit breathlessly as John’s tongue coaxed him to full hardness. Bruce gasped, his
back hitting against the desk and he parted his legs to give him better access. “John.”

John smiled up at him, lapping at the head of his cock before he rolled his tongue around it and sucked it down.

“Fuck.”

John chuckled, pulling away. “I love it when you cuss.” He winked, stroking him as he leaned up and kissed him.

Bruce growled and returned the kiss, tasting himself on John’s tongue. His fingers curled into John’s hair as they parted and Bruce smirked as he pushed John back down to finish what he had started.

John grinned up at him, sucked the tip of his cock into his mouth again and then teased him once more, until Bruce was on the verge of losing it all.

“John,” he hissed, tugging up on his hair slightly until John winked at him and took him fully into his mouth and Bruce couldn’t focus on anything else but the sensation. John hummed and Bruce cried out as his orgasm washed over him.

John stroked him through his orgasm and then cleaned him up before tucking him back in. “Love you, so fucking much.” John stood back up, kissing him once more.

“Love you,” Bruce managed to reply after he caught his breath. He ran his hands down John’s side, wanting more than anything to return the favor when he heard tiny footsteps racing down the hall. “Later.” He promised and John nodded, sealing the deal with a heated kiss.

Cassandra smiled at them as she turned the corner and raced over to them. “Daddy, broccoli!”

John grinned and scooped her up, hugging her close. “Did you and Alfred buy it all?”

She nodded and pushed away. She grabbed at his hand, tugging him to follow. “Yes!”

“I’ll let you get back to your work,” John smiled and followed Cassandra to the kitchen, Bruce assumed.

Bruce glanced at the clock and then headed down to the Cave, feeling vitalized after the loving treatment from his mate. He checked on a few leads and then frowned when he noticed that Dick and Jason were on the outskirts of the city and heading closer to Arkham Asylum.

He clicked on the open feed. “Robins, check in.”

“We got this,” Jason replied. “Following up on Spoiler’s lead.”

Bruce sighed, but he trusted his boys. “Check back in 30.”

“Yes, sir.” They both replied and Bruce would just have to wait and see, hopefully they’ll have the Index soon.
Part Three: Chapter Twenty-Seven

Twelve-seven

Jay left the comm open, but silenced the microphone. Man, he hated Arkham, just being close to it made his skin crawl.

Maybe it was all the madness, or the criminals, or maybe his wolf was shying away from it all on instinct. The medication, the drugs, the addicts. Still too close to home, after all these years.

Dick rubbed against him as they watched Steph go through the motions.

She was on edge too. Not only because it was Arkham, but because she was with them. It stung. She used to like being out with them. Running and jumping over rooftops. She was too quite too. No harsh laughter, no quips at them. No jokes. Nothing. Not even ogling Dick’s ass from the corner of her eyes.

The cast had been painted over so she would blend in better, but she was in no fighting shape either.

“Wanna clue us in?” Dick asked and her head snapped to him.

“What?”

“Why Arkham?” Dick asked.

“It’s the riddle. When I was little, really little, he used to play games with me and mom too. He was a good dad then.”

“Second guessing yourself?” Jason asked. It came out shaper than he had intended to.

She squared her shoulders. “No. I know what I have to do.”

“Spoiler,” Dick said gently.

“I can’t. Stop being nice. I need to figure my shit out on my own, okay?”

“Okay,” Dick said. “So, Arkham?”

“Yeah,” Steph said. She bit her lip and then looked at the building again. “You guys know a way in?”

“Yeah,” Jason answered. “Cave gave us a virtual tour.”

A tiny smile played around her lips. It looked tender. “Yeah, little freak that he is,” she said and Jason just knew it was fond. It wasn’t easy to not like Tim.

“Follow our lead then and once we’re inside we’ll-”

“We’re looking for the Riddler,” Steph cut in.

“Great,” Jason groaned.

“What, you have beef with him?” Steph asked, raising an eyebrow. Nearly back to her old self there
for a minute, Jason thought.

“I have beef with all of them,” Jason said. “This one is already locked up at least.”

“Jay hates the insane ones,” Dick stage whispered.

“Codenames,” Steph hissed.

Yeah, Tim and Damian were totally rubbing off on her – and wasn’t that the nicest double meaning, he thought.

“Shut up,” Steph said, before he could say anything.

Jason settled for a meaningful grin.

“Robin to Cave,” Dick said, ignoring them.

“Cave speaking, how may I help you today, Robin?”

Jason sniggered. Tim had been watching Bond again and Jason knew for a fact that he had a crush on Q. Hell, Jason had a crush on Q and Money Penny.

“We need to know where exactly the Riddler is,” Dick said smoothly.

“One moment please,” Tim replied and sent a floor plan to them. It had a small question mark where the Riddler’s cell was.

“Cute,” Jason said.

“Doing my best. It’s important to have fun on the job,” Tim replied and Jason could hear the smile in his voice. “Cave out.” And Jason knew for a fact that Tim had fun in the Cave. While he and Dick took Cave duty in, Tim was embracing it like a lover. It wasn’t a duty to him. He was excellent at it too.

“I have fun on the job,” Dick said.

Jason leaned in and kissed his cheek just under the mask. “Me too.”

“Gross,” Steph said.

“Don’t even,” Jason replied with a wink. “I bet you get off to it in your dark little room.”

“Tt. It’s not little,” she said.

“No, it isn’t,” Dick threw in with a smirk.

She rolled her eyes at them. “Just rub it in that I don’t get any…” she trailed off, biting her lip again.

“Come on, guys, let’s talk to the Riddler. The sooner we have the Index the better for everyone involved,” Dick said.

“Cave didn’t give you a route with ventilation shafts, did he?” She asked.

“As if. He knows you can’t crawl around those right now. No, it’s pretty simple, really. Just stick to the shadows.”
“Okay,” Steph said and they moved out.

~*~

Arkham was like a really creepy haunted house. At least at this hour it was pretty much silent, except for someone laughing madly.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea if I’m seen in this and with you two by the fucking Riddler. He and dear dad used to be close. Kindred spirits and all that jazz.” Steph said, snatching a nurse’s outfit and disappearing into a lady’s room.

“I miss when they were sexy,” Jason said, as she came out in green scrubs.

Dick gave him a look. “You can still buy those.”

“Does the Batman know you discuss your sex life while on the clock?” Steph hissed.

“Probably,” Jason mused.

“In our defense, Cave and Robin3 are flirting heavily too. It’s like fucking foreplay for Damian.”

She bit her lip again, but this time to hide a smile and maybe a heated flush. Jason and Dick knew that she and the boys used to mess around. She smelled of them. They smelled of her.

“Codenames,” she sighed.

“It’s not like anyone can hear you here,” Jason.

“Funny enough, it does not make me feel better, because we’re in a fucking asylum.”

Dick hid his smile by turning his head and looking vigilante.

God, but Jason just wanted to grab him and have his wicked way with him. Pressed against a wall, Dick’s cries of pleasure muffled by his hand and Jason’s cock buried–


“I thought that was what I was doing,” Jason mumbled. She gave him a look. He was well aware he had been staring at Dick’s ass.

“How do you get anything done at all?” Steph sighed.

“Come on guys,” Dick said before Jason could reply. “We’re gonna look out for you, while you talk to the Riddler. Keep the comms open and record everything he says.”

“Got it,” she said. “Not my first rodeo.”

Jason bit his lip. That one was way too easy and they did need to concentrate. No matter that Dick moving in front of him was fucking torture. Jason just knew that as soon as they were home he would fuck Dick hard over their kitchen table.

Dick looked back and winked at him like he was looking forward to it. Fucking tease.

Steph walked down the corridor and Dick and Jason took to the shadows and rafters.

Jason couldn’t see Steph from his vantage point, but he and Dick could hear every word of the
conversation that was taking place.


“What did you expect?” Jason asked.

“I just want to be done with it.”

Yeah, Jason thought, he did too. He wanted the Index so Tim and Roy could geek out about it and keep it safe. He wanted to get Blackwell and see him hanged or at least in prison and he wanted to live happily ever after with Dick in their cottage and their pack close by. Well, he thought, at least he had one of three now. He smiled at Dick.

Dick gave him a look, shook his head and then smiled back.

“You think you can figure it out young lady?” The Riddler said.

“I am my father’s daughter,” Steph sniped.

“Yes, you are. He didn’t tell you why this is so important, did he?” The Riddler asked.

“No,” Steph lied.

“Off with you then,” The Riddler said. “My best to your daddy.”

There was something in the Riddler’s voice that made Jason’s skin crawl.

“Will do,” Steph said.

“So what now?” Dick asked as they met up outside the asylum again. Jason could feel himself relax just by being outside the walls.

“We get that damned Index,” she replied.

“What does Riddler even get out of this?” Jason asked.

“Something, I’m sure. Except for a visit by me,” Steph replied. She huffed. “Dear old dad is making me jump through hoops because he wants to test my loyalty.”

“Can’t say I don’t understand as you’re playing for the other team,” Jason said.

She gave him a look and a smirk. “Well… Still sucks.”

“Yeah, it does,” Dick said. “Where to now?”

“The car, it’s a bit outside the city,” Steph said.

“Yay, road trip,” Jason replied and sent all the information to the Cave. He was sure Bruce wouldn’t like that they were on a chase. Jason really wanted the Index. He wanted it all to be over and done with. Let Cluemaster rot in prison. Dangle the Index in front of Blackwell and maybe that bastard would make a mistake then. It was fucking time they finished this.

“You want to get snacks or use the bathroom first?” Steph asked.

“Ha, bloody, ha,” Jason answered, but he was grinning at her.

“Let’s get this over with,” Dick cut in.
Jason and Steph followed him to the unassuming black car.

~++~

It was an old house on the outskirts of the city. The roof had caved in a long time ago. Most of the glass in the windows were missing. There was a swing set in the backyard. Looked like a skeleton to Jason.

“The hell?” Jason asked.

Steph kept walking. “We used to live here, before.”

“Oh,” Dick said.

“Bastard,” Jason said. What fucking weirdo would make his daughter go to her childhood house to see it in ruins. Jason knew Cluemaster was rubbing it in, but he was still so fucking pissed on Steph’s behalf. What was Cluemaster telling her? Remember how good we had it when I was still around? When you were my baby girl? Fuck him. “Fuck him,” Jason said.

Steph nodded. “Yeah, fuck him. They evicted us after mom left him. House was in his name. Sold it.”

“Bastard,” Dick said.

“Yeah, whatever. I’m better off without him anyway,” she replied.

“So what are we doing here? Going down memory lane?”

“You’ll see,” she said and went around the house to the backyard. There was a shed there and she stood before it. Looked at it. “Can you pry it open?”

Dick did without breaking into a sweat.

“He didn’t hide it here, did he?” Jason asked.

“No,” Steph said. “But here is our next clue,” she bent down and pried a loose board open and took out a small metal box. Inside was a photograph. Jason couldn’t really say where the place was and that was the whole point. Only Steph knew that place. Steph and Cluemaster. She stared at it. “He took me there once. Before things went bad between mom and him. She didn’t go, I don’t know why.”

“Okay…so where is this place?”

“Cabin in the woods,” Steph said.

“Of fucking course,” Jason groaned.

“Kidding, it’s in the city actually. Public place too.”

“Will it be there?” Dick asked. “It’s getting light outside already.”

“I think it will be,” Steph said. She tore the picture into tiny pieces and put them in the box again. “Let’s go.”

~++~
It turned out that the place was the Gotham Botanical Gardens. Jason hadn’t even known Gotham had something like it. It was closed at these hours, but that didn’t stop them.

“Nice,” Dick said, looking around.

“Yeah, there is a small conservatory in the back. If it’s here, it’s there.”

Dick and Jason followed her.

A, god only knew how old, historical artifact and Cluemaster hid it in a public space like this. Genius or madness. They had to break into the conservatory too. No cameras here. Only fake ones to make people feel safe, but then why would anyone want to steal something from a conservatory? Except Ivy maybe.

Steph looked around, they let her do her thing. It wasn’t like they could help. She was clearly searching for something.

At least they were in civvies now. Dick had insisted, because it wasn’t the middle of the night anymore and some people were already up and about. “Yes,” Steph suddenly said and produced a parcel. It was wrapped in a plastic bag. Probably against the humid air. Holy hell, if Tim saw this he would beat Cluemaster up himself.

“That’s it?” She asked, peering at it. “Doesn’t look like much.”

She had a point. It was only made of a few pages in a leather binder, wrapped in a clear plastic bag.

“It’s worth millions to the right people,” Dick said. “Come on, let’s get out of here.”

“Here,” Steph said, handing the Index pages over to Jason.

“You’re not coming home with us?” Dick asked.

“Alfred’s making pancakes,” Jason tempted.

“Not ready to see Damian and Tim,” she confessed.

“You seemed fine being with us tonight,” Dick said gently.

“Well, I’m not fucking you, am I?” Steph snapped.

Ah, Jason thought. That was the problem then. She couldn’t get over the wolf part.

She took a breath. “Send my regards,” she said.

“Will do,” Dick replied easily. “Come on, we’re driving you home.”

She nodded.

The ride to the safe house was rather silent. They made sure she got home okay and then drove to the manor.

“ Weird, not using the Cave entrance,” Dick said, as he got out of the car and stretched.

“Yeah,” Jason was still clutching the Index. This was it. One step closer to getting Blackwell.

Dick looked at him, his eyes went soft. “Come on Jay. You need to hand it over to Bruce or Tim
and then we need some breakfast and sleep.”

Jason nodded. “Okay.” But he didn’t move. “Just a moment longer.”

“Sure, take your time.”

Jason did, he just stood there for another ten minutes before he was ready to go inside and hand the Index over. Dick took his hand and squeezed it.

“Don’t know why I’m so fucking emotional about it, it’s not like my family line is in there.”

“Jay…it took us years to find him and now he will find us as soon as we let it be known we have all of the Index. It will be over soon.” Dick said and kissed his cheek.

“So, pancakes,” Jason said.

“Pancakes,” Dick answered and dragged him inside.

~+~

Tim had met them at the door and Jason had handed the Index over wordlessly. Tim had gasped in outrage as he saw how poorly the Index had been kept. He whisked it away to the Cave.

Damian was lingering in the kitchen.

“She was fine, but she isn’t ready to see you or Tim yet,” Jason said.

Damian nodded. “Figures.”

Jason knew Damian was still angry at how this went down, but Jason thought he was slowly coming around too. At least he was talking to them again. To Bruce too.

“I’m sorry,” Jason said, because he hadn’t actually apologized for it.

“Not your fault. The idea wasn’t half bad, but…” he trailed off.

Yeah, Jason thought, they all knew how it turned out. He wasn’t sure he should say anything about what Steph’s real problem was. It was probably best for them to figure it all out on their own.

“She needs time to come to terms with it. Is all,” Dick said.

“No need for the kid gloves, Dick,” Damian replied. “I know not every relationship ends in forever after. Until her, I was just lucky I guess.”

Jason wanted to say something, but his stomach chose that moment to make a loud noise.

Damian snorted. “Come on, Alfred is already making pancakes and there is coffee.”

Jason nodded and they went to the kitchen for food. Jason was starving and tired and way too emotional.

He wolfed his pancakes and coffee down and then yawned.

“Going to bed now. We will come by the Cave later,” Dick said.

“I’ll let Father know,” Damian replied.
“Thank you, Damian,” Jason said, getting up.

Once they were outside he blinked at the sky. “I was hoping we would be done sooner. I had plans,” he said.

Dick smiled. “When you were ogling my ass at Arkham?”

“Yeah,” Jason answered.

“I thought so,” Dick winked. “What did you have in mind?”

“Some hard fucking over the kitchen table,” Jason said. “Followed by making it all better by rimming the all loving hell out of you. But I’m too tired for it now.” He really was. They had been up all day and night and he was ready to fall into bed and sleep for at least ten hours.

Dick’s eyes went dark with desire. “Rain check.”

“Yes,” Jason said.

“Come on then, home and into bed.”

Jason did.
Part Three: Chapter Twenty-Eight

Twenty-Eight

Tim grumbled under his breath, he couldn’t believe that Cluemaster had stashed the Index outside! It could have been ruined by the elements. These were sacred papers. The history written on these pages was priceless.

He carefully took them out of the plastic bag and scanned each page with caution. Tim painstakingly laid out every piece and organized all of the pages he had together. He paused and admired his hard work. It was beautiful.

He ghosted his fingers over the pages, a bubble of excitement stirring in his gut at the very thought that he’d be able to study and explore the history in every detail. He couldn’t wait, it was simply fascinating.

His euphoria faded as Tim sensed his mate’s distress and he glanced over toward the stairs. “Damian?”

“Tt.”

Tim sighed, immediately crossed over to Damian and wrapped his arms around him. “It’s going to be okay.” He hoped, god. He really hoped.

“Tt.”

Damian was tense and Tim continued to hold him close, nipping lightly at his neck until Damian sagged against him. Tim kissed him softly. “Love you.”

Damian smiled against his lips. “Love you too.” He pulled away, glancing at the computer and the pages. “So, is it everything you dreamed of?”

“And more,” Tim couldn’t help but gush as he took Damian’s hand and tugged him over to the desk. “I estimate that we have more than two-thirds of the pages. Which means that Blackwell will be furious when he finds out that we have them now.”

Damian nodded. “We should be prepared for retaliation.”

“How long do you think we have?” Tim wondered as he glanced at the time.

“I’m sure he has his sources,” Damian shrugged. “It could be a few hours, it could be days.”

“We should tell your father.”

“Tell me what?”

Tim inwardly cringed that he didn’t hear or smell Bruce’s arrival, he was too wrapped up in Damian’s scent to notice. “We have the pages.”

Bruce nodded. “I heard the mission was a success.”

“So we need to look out for Blackwell. He’s coming… but if the attack on Ra’s was any indication on the way he plans and executes them, he may already be here.” Damian pointed out as he crossed his arms over his chest.
“This is true, but he may not make the first move since I let him go.” Bruce stated mimicking Damian’s pose. Tim couldn’t help but notice that they were almost mirror images. It wasn’t the first time Tim has noticed, it just seemed so apparent to him in that moment. Damian had grown to match his father’s height and build. His features weren’t as hardened as his father, but that comes with distinction and age. And Damian may have inherited many of his traits from his father, but there was one distinctive trait that came from his mother. His skin tone was still more olive and darker… beautiful.

“What should we do next?” Tim questioned looking to their pack leader for guidance.

“There’s not much we can do, that we’re not already doing.” Bruce leaned in and hit a key on the side of the desk, and all the surveillance monitors that they had been watching throughout the city popped up onto the screen. Tim loved watching these monitors while on cave duty.

“Maybe we should add some wildlife surveillance as well.” Tim mused. “Blackwell can turn at will and his men too.”

Bruce nodded. “Good point. But most of those areas don’t have cameras. The most prominent woodland areas are owned by our kind to prevent that from happening.”

Tim sighed. “Yeah, so people can turn freely. And we don’t have as many areas as Starling City does.”

“And the pages?” Bruce questioned.

Tim’s euphoria bubbled up once more at the mere mention of the pages. “From my calculations, we have over two-thirds of the Index. Which means that Blackwell will be pissed when he realizes we have them.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head. “That he will.”

“I haven’t had time to really look over the pages, but I hope to do that soon.” Tim smiled as he glanced over the papers he just put together.

“If there are any names that stand out to you, let me know.” Bruce stated and Tim nodded in response.

“Of course.”

“Very well,” Bruce smiled. “If there’s anything else, let me know.”

“Naturally,” Tim nodded as the secure phone rang. Tim tensed slightly, there were no planned calls from team Arrow, so this was most likely Batman business. “Cave.” He answered, sharing a glance with Damian.

“Hey, is Bruce there?” John’s voice crackled slightly over the line and Tim let out a breath he didn’t realize he was holding. It wasn’t the commissioner or an emergency call of some sort. John was probably just trying to get in touch with Bruce and cell service down in the cave was pretty much nonexistent.

“Hi, John. Bruce is here, hold on.” Tim replied as he hit a button on the line. “I’m putting you on speaker.”

Bruce furrowed as he stepped closer to the desk. “John?”
“Please tell me we have the Index.” John’s voice was rushed and there was a hint of desperation to it.

“Yes,” Tim answered. “Dick and Jay dropped it off about an hour or so ago. I’m working on it now.”

“Thank, fucking, god.” John exhaled.

“Language,” Bruce and Tim reprimanded at the same time, mainly out of habit and Tim could practically see John rolling his eyes in response.

“I left before they had returned home, so I wasn’t sure.” John explained. “There’s been a development, Arthur Brown was shanked on the transfer to Blackgate.”

“Wait, what?” Tim’s mind raced. They were just talking about possible retaliations, but he didn’t think it would happen this soon. “Brown? Cluemaster.” He glanced over at Damian, immediately feeling his mate’s sudden distress. Steph. “Shit.”

This wasn’t good. Steph still hadn’t accepted them and now this? She’d never speak to them again.

“What’s his status?” Bruce questioned, his voice deep and commanding.

“He didn’t make it. It was sudden and brutal. And of course, there was no surveillance and no one is saying shit.” John paused, his voice dropping to barely above a whisper, but to them it was crystal clear. “And it was a wolf. There’s no doubt in my mind. I could smell it on the body… it had to be Blackwell.” He hissed. “You should have dealt with him earlier.”

Bruce tensed. “He did what we could not.”

“I know,” John sighed.

“Does Steph know?” Damian voiced the question that Tim was also thinking.

“They sent an officer to her address,” John stated, “But only we know where she really is.”

“Unless the bastard sniffs her out,” Damian cut in, his fists clenched at his side and then he darted towards the stairs.

Tim felt torn, he wanted to follow, but a part of him wanted to stay here in the cave with the Index. “I gotta go…” John’s voice cut into Tim’s thoughts. “I just thought you’d want to know ASAP.”

“Yes, thank you, John. Be careful,” Bruce stated with concern in his voice… John would be hunted too. They all would.

“I will.” John confirmed and then the line went dead.

“Damian,” Bruce called out and Damian paused on the landing, looking to his father.

“You can’t stop me from going to her.” Damian growled and Tim knew it was out of place, but it totally turned him on, their bond intensifying.

“I know,” Bruce smiled. “But she just completed her mission with Dick and Jason, she’s most likely sleeping off a long night.”

Damian sighed with frustration and then nodded his head.
Tim once more felt the need to go to his mate. He worried his lip as he glanced over at the Index again. It could wait, Damian couldn’t. Tim crossed over to him and took his hand in his. He squeezed Damian’s hand and tugged him up the stairs.

Tim knew there was nothing he could say to make this better… and he had no idea if it would be okay, like he thought earlier. Cluemaster’s death had changed everything.

~*~

They managed to hold off a few hours before they made their way to the safe house. Damian knocked on the door and they waited patiently for Steph to answer.

She swung the door open, glaring at both of them. Her hair was tousled and sticking out everywhere… she looked adorable and Tim itched to run his fingers through her hair. “What?” She crossed her arms over her chest.

“Can we come in?”

She shrugged, letting them pass. “Not like I can stop you. Your father owns the place after all.”

Tim sighed, this wasn’t turning out as planned. They shut the door behind them and stood their awkwardly. So Tim decided to jump ahead. “There’s been a development.”

“And?”

“Your father’s dead.” Tim winced at his own words, it seemed so harsh… but there was no easy way to say it.

Steph’s eyes widened and a myriad of emotions flickered over her face. Disbelief, shock, sadness, anger and then nothing as she schooled her features. “How?”

“He was shanked on his way to his cell.” Tim explained and Steph nodded her head. “We think the man your father was working for had him killed.”

“Because I gave you the Index.” She whispered more to herself as she dragged her fingers through her hair and then turned away from him. “I did this.”

“No,” Damian insisted, reaching out to her and she jumped back. “Steph.”

She shook her head, “My dad wasn’t the greatest, but I didn’t want him dead!” She gasped as she angrily wiped away her tears. “Fuck.”

Damian reached out once more and this time Steph let him wrap his arms around her as she trembled, breaking into sobs. Damian just held her close, comforting her and kissing the top of her head.

Tim wanted to comfort her too, but he didn’t want to overwhelm her. Things were still unstated between them and this was a complication that he wasn’t sure would help or hurt things further.

Tim pressed himself against Damian and sighed happily at being close to his mate and adding into the comfort offered to Steph. He was just glad that she was letting them do this for her. But Steph was vulnerable now, they just had to wait and see.
Damian was glad for Tim’s silent support, he was glad that it had been Tim who had broken the news to Stephanie. He hadn’t had the first clue how to tell her that her father was dead. He knew how she felt right now, he had felt that way when Ra’s died.

He kissed the top of her head and she took a deep breath, untangled herself from him and took a step back.

“Thanks for letting me know,” she said, putting herself together.

“Steph,” Tim said.

She crossed her arms over her chest. “I need to be alone, I need to think.”

Damian didn’t think that was a good idea and if the look Tim gave him was any indication, he didn’t think that either.

“You need to lay low for a while. He will most likely be after you too. He knows now that you work with us, he knows…about us and who we are,” Damian explained.

“Well, fuck,” Steph said.

“And he wants the Index really badly,” Tim threw in.

“What did I get myself into…fuck,” Steph said again.

Damian’s fingers itched to grab and hold her, but her body language was very defensive. He balled his hands to fists at his side instead.

“I’m sorry-” Tim began, but Steph cut him off.

“Could you please just leave?”

Damian didn’t want to, but he grabbed Tim’s hand and they left the apartment.

“Not going home, are we?” Tim asked, once they were outside.

“No, I know no one followed us, but there is no telling who Blackwell had brought, someone could sniff her out after all,” Damian replied. He wanted to drag her home to the manor, but knew she would resist. If she were a wolf Bruce could make her stay at the manor, could use his alpha status to make it happen. Damian sighed.

“What then?” Tim asked.

Damian turned his head and looked at the roof opposite of the apartment Steph was staying in.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” Tim said. “I’m not that kind of vigilante.”

“You can do it, you don’t have to swing up there. They have stairs, Tim,” Damian replied. His mind was pretty much made up.
“I hope you weren’t thinking about swinging up there,” Tim said. “It still isn’t late enough for vigilantes to come out and play.”

“We work in daylight too,” Damian said, smiling despite himself. He couldn’t help it, he liked Tim’s sarcastic side.

“In disguise,” Tim replied.

“You like when I dress up,” Damian said, pulling Tim closer, so he was flat against Damian’s chest.

“In Armani,” Tim said, a bit breathless. His eyes were sharp and focused on Damian’s and then he licked his lips and Damian had to kiss him. “Because I like to undress you, unwrap you like the most gorgeous present.”

Damian could feel his cock take an interest, but this was hardly the time or the place. In the middle of the sidewalk and all.

“You’re evil,” Damian said, kissing Tim again. “And distracting.”

“Hmm…” Tim replied.

“And I’m not falling for it.”

“We both know it’s too late for that, you already fell for me,” Tim whispered. ”Come on then, let’s stalk our maybe girlfriend.”

“It’s not stalking,” Damian protested. “She’s in real danger.”

“I know,” Tim said. Damian followed him.

They made it to the roof in no time. The lock was not a problem for Damian, he looked over the roof and then selected the best vantage point.

Tim sent a message to the cave so their pack would know what they were doing and then they just sat there, watching the building, the street, and Steph’s apartment for a while.

After three hours, she put a big sign into the window and Tim burst out laughing. ‘Creeps! Come the fuck in.’

“How did she know?” Damian wondered.

Tim patted his arm, gently. “Maybe she’s smarter than we gave her credit for.”

“No, we gave her all the credit,” Damian said.

“Then, you’re not as stealthy as you thought you were,” Tim replied.

“Lies,” Damian said, getting up and holding a hand out for Tim. He watched as Tim brushed dirt from his clothes and then they went down again, crossed the street and took the elevator to the apartment.

Her door was already open and she was leaning against the frame. “I don’t need a babysitter,” she said.

“It’s not that, we worry,” Tim replied, gently. “You know we care about you.”
She sighed. “Come on in. Did you eat?”

“A few hours ago,” Damian admitted as he followed Stephanie into the apartment.

“What? You didn’t plan on stalking me? I’m shocked,” she said, while she was putting on the kettle and taking out supplies to make sandwiches.

“Steph,” Tim said.

“You know I’m alright, you don’t have to hang out on rooftops and go without a meal—”

“Steph,” Tim said again, “I know you’re not alright. I know because when Damian’s grandfather, who raised him, was killed he tried to pull the same bullshit on me.”

“That’s different, his grandfather wasn’t a criminal and he didn’t get him killed,” Steph said, he put the knife down and took a breath.

“Actually, my grandfather was Ra’s al Ghul, leader of the League of Assassins and yes, I didn’t get him killed, but you didn’t get your dad killed either. It was not your fault.”

She turned to look at them. “Holy fuck, the Head of the Demon raised you?”

“And look, he’s still the picture of sanity.”

Damian gave Tim a look. “Yes, he did. He died when we tried to sabotage his plans of killing every single wolf, and those with the potential on the planet.”

“Your grandfather hated wolves?”

“He did,” Damian confirmed. “I hated myself for a while there too, until Tim.”

“I’m magical like that,” Tim joked.

“You are,” Damian replied earnestly.

Tim looked at Steph again, but Damian could see the slight blush creeping over Tim’s skin.

“Anyway, you aren’t the only one with family problems, and I am here to make sure you will be alright in time. There is no bullshitting me.”

Steph smiled. “It seems like it.” She finished making the sandwiches while Damian made tea for them. They ate in silence. But it wasn’t tense like the last few times.

~4~

“Tell us about your dad,” Tim said gently once they cleaned the kitchen and wandered over to the couch.

Damian had only a vague idea what Tim was doing, but he trusted his boyfriend with his life and heart, so he let Tim do his thing.

Steph sighed. “You know about him.”

“No, we only know about Cluemaster, but that is not what he had been to you. Not all the time, not always.”

She looked at Tim, a bit of wonder in her eyes. “It’s stupid, isn’t it that even after he did all those
horrible things and let his thugs beat me up, I still loved him.”

“It’s not,” Tim said. “You know my parents were hardly ever home when I was a kid…I needed
them and they left me alone.”

“Tim,” Damian said, because he knew what Tim was about to tell her. Tim smiled at him.

“It’s fine,” he reached over and squeezed Damian’s hand and then he looked at Steph again. “I was
abused as a child, it got really bad and when my parents found out they – panicked I think. They
paid my abuser off, moved to Gotham and left me alone in this big old house, because they
couldn’t deal with what had happened to me.”

“Tim,” Steph said, obviously shocked. “They gave him money and let him leave?!”

“Yes, they did,” Tim confirmed. “And even though I was angry at them, really angry, I still loved
them. See? It’s normal.”

“What happened to the man who abused you?” Steph asked.

“Because you want a piece of him?” Tim answered.

“Yes.”

“I dealt with it,” Damian said.

Steph smiled at him. “Can he still walk?”

“He can, but he will have a limp for the rest of his life and I implanted a chip so I know where he is
and what he’s doing.”

“You check that regularly?” Steph wanted to know.

“Yes, even with all the other stuff happening, I do.”

Stephanie nodded. “You care for Tim very much.”

“I care for you very much too,” Damian said. The truth was he cared for them the same way. He
couldn’t help loving her with the same intensity as he loved Tim. “So, tell us about your father.”

Steph leaned into the couch and did just that, once she was done, she looked exhausted and she was
crying again.

“I’m so angry at him for doing this to us and himself.” She looked at them, tears streaking down
her face. “What about my mom? Will Blackwell go after her too? I mean she isn’t in Gotham right
now, but-”

“He’ll most likely stick to you, but we will keep an eye on her,” Damian said. They knew that
Steph’s mom was in Central City right now and Team Arrow had friends there.

“Thanks,” Steph said.

“Don’t mention it,” Damian replied.

“I didn’t think this vigilante thing would fuck me over so much,” she sniffed and then closed her
eyes.
“You should sleep a bit,” Tim said gently.

She grabbed his hand. “I don’t want to be alone.”

Tim and Damian exchanged a look. “We’re gonna stay in the guest room then.”

“Thank you,” she said.

~+~

Damian felt Steph crawl into bed with them during the night, he shifted so that she could get in and then curled around her protectively. Tim only stirred briefly and fisted his fingers in Damian’s shirt, then they all went to sleep again.

Damian woke up to Steph's hot breath against his collarbone. For a moment he just enjoyed the closeeness of the two people he loved and then the events of the last few days crashed over him. He tightened his grip on her with one hand and reached back to search out Tim’s hand. When he found it, Tim shifted closer, he was awake then, Damian thought. Tim kissed his nape and then squeezed his hand.

Damian squeezed back.

They lay there for another hour, not saying anything, waiting for Stephanie to wake up.

“So that's how it feels then,” Steph said into Damian's skin.

“How what feels?”

“To wake up with you,” Steph answered.

“Yes,” Damian said.

“Do you like it?” Tim asked, because Tim always asked the hard questions.

“I do, god, fuck, I really do, and we haven't even fucked,” Steph said.

“It's all sex, sex, sex with you,” Tim replied, leaning over Damian so he could smile at Steph.

“Oh, please, Jay said you guys are fucking on the job.”

“We do not!” Tim and Damian said at the same time.

“Mostly because I am in the Cave and he is out there kicking ass,” Tim admitted. “Also I need to have stern words with Jay about telling lies.”

Steph smiled. It was good to see her smile, Damian decided. He didn't want to break this fragile happiness, but he knew they had to get up, get dressed, and make some kind of plan.

He decided that the world could wait a bit longer and kissed her forehead instead.

~+~

They got up eventually, Tim made coffee and toast for them, and once they were done eating he asked the hard question again.

“So, what are you going to do?”
Steph looked at him. “What can I do?”

“Blackwell killed your father,” Damian said.

“I know that! But he's obviously well connected, rich, smart, and probably aware I am gonna go after him. I'm outmatched and I know it and even I know you don't think it, the fucking Batman doesn't think it, I am not suicidal.” She stood up and paced the kitchen. “He knows how I smell, doesn't he? Because of my dad? Because I visited him? He can track me. Can't he?”

“It's a bit more difficult than that, but there are hunter wolves, he most likely has more than one. They are very good at tracking people, human or otherwise,” Tim said.

Someone like him couldn’t track Steph so easily, but someone like Roy Harper? He could. It was to reason that Blackwell had his own tracker wolves.

“I can do shit,” Steph said. “I can see it written all over your faces, you want me to come back to the manor, because I would be safer there.”

“Yes,” Damian replied. “The Manor is a fortress. It would be very hard to get to you there.”

“And while I am sitting there, you will be out and hunting Blackwell, am I right?”

“Yes, if it helps, John will be there too, because he's in danger as well.”

“John is a wolf, I am useless,” Steph said.

“You are not useless, you are kickass, Steph. I wouldn’t waste my time on someone useless.”

Tim gave him a look. “He means that in a loving way.”

Steph smiled. “I heard so much about the Wayne charm, but I'm not feeling the love right now...”

“I can make you feel it,” Damian cut in.

“And his timing sometimes sucks,” Tim said, long suffering.

Steph laughed and Damian thought he and Tim accomplished a whole fucking lot this morning already.

“Will you come back to the manor?”

“Yes,” Steph said. “But I'm also going on patrol, before you start protesting, you can come with. We can team up.”


“I know you only want to snoop in my underwear drawer,” she answered.

“Guilty as charged,” Damian admitted.

“We'll wait here then,” Tim said.

“Okay,” Steph replied. She bit her lip. “Thanks, for being here and letting me dick around with you and-”

“Hey,” Damian said, grabbing her hand and kissing it lightly. “We love you, of course we'll do
anything to help you.”

“Fuck,” Steph said.

“Too soon? You knew, right?” Damian asked, suddenly unsure.

“Yes, I knew,” Steph admitted. “Just – no one ever said the L word, you know? I mean...it's stupid, but I didn't think anyone would.”

“Idiots every one of them, it's a good thing you’re dating us now,” Tim said.

Steph smiled at him. “Sure of yourself, are you? I think I broke up with you-”

“You know we're the best match for you,” Tim interrupted.

“Why's that?”

Tim smiled. Damian knew what was coming, Tim had played that game before. “We are rich, handsome. Big hearts, are kicking ass, rescuing people and punishing the wicked and we are awesome at fucking.”

Steph stared at him. “You are the one, people should look out for, aren't you?”

Tim smiled sweetly at her. He looked so young and innocent in that moment, Damian wanted to fuck him into the mattress, and wrap him up in blankets at the same time. It was all kinds of fucked up. By the way Steph was looking at Tim, she had a similar problem.

“Go and pack and you might just find out,” Tim said.

Steph licked her lips. “You're on.”

Damian watched her disappear into her bedroom and couldn’t believe how fucking lucky he was.

Things were messed up right now, at least until they got rid of Blackwell, but it seemed they had Steph back in their lives like it should be.
Dick curled more into Jason as he heard a muffled noise. He groaned, feeling tired and cranky when he realized that the noise was someone knocking at the front door.

“Fuck.” Jason grunted, grabbing the comforter and pulling it over their heads. Dick wanted so much just to snuggle in closer, but the person at the door was being rather insistent.

Fuck.

Dick sighed and glanced at the clock. It had only been a few hours since they had gone to bed. He reluctantly turned away from Jay and sat at the edge of the bed. His head was spinning and his whole body ached. He was getting too old for this shit. They had been up so early the day before and their investigation had ended up going far later than they had planned, well into the next day.

And Jay had promised fuck him hard over the kitchen table and rimming the hell out of him. His cock twitched at the thought… but he was still too tired to even touch himself.

“They can fucking wait.” Jason growled as he tugged on Dick’s wrist. It was so tempting to just let him pull Dick close to him and forget everything else.

“I’ll just go down really quick, they’ll keep at it if we ignore it.” Dick reasoned as he got up and reached for his phone. He frowned when he noticed that he missed a few calls from Bruce and Tim. Huh. That couldn’t mean anything good.

“Fine.” Jason grumbled and turned over, burying himself under the comforter. “Hurry back up.”

Dick nodded and slowly made his way downstairs. As he neared the door, he realized it was John knocking. “What?” Dick questioned, swinging the door open and glaring at John.

“Finally,” John sighed and Dick’s initial annoyance faded as he noticed John’s grim appearance.

“What happened?” He asked, his heart skipped a beat at the myriad of emotions flickering over John’s face. Shit, whatever it was, it was bad.

“I know it’s only been a few hours since you’ve been asleep, but there’s been a development.” John began and Dick’s heart sunk, a hollow feeling spreading in his gut. “I know it’s not the wakeup call you wanted, and we did try to call first, but—”

“John, what is it?” Dick cut in, starting to feel John’s distress even more.

“Arthur Brown was killed this morning.”

Dick blinked. “Arthur Brown?” Dick repeated, the name was familiar, but he couldn’t put it into context on just who it— “Oh.” He gasped in sudden realization. “Cluemaster. Steph’s dad. Shit. What the fuck happened?”

“He was shanked during the transport to Blackgate.” John explained. “By one of our kind.”

Dick’s eyes widened. “Blackwell?”

John nodded and Dick felt a wave of dread wash over him.
“Shit. I knew he’d retaliate, but it’s only been a few hours!” Dick argued.

“That you’ve been back with the Index, but it has been almost twenty-four hours since Steph talked with her dad last.” John explained. “If his intel told him about that meeting, he’d be furious and set things in motion.”

Dick groaned, running his hand through his hair. He didn’t even think about that angle. “Shit.”

“Someone better be fucking dead.” Jason snarled as he headed down the stairs. Dick immediately glared at him and Jason paused. “What?”

“Yeah, that someone is Cluemaster.” Dick sighed. “How’s Steph? Does she know?”


“We’re pretty sure it’s him,” John replied, addressing Jason first. “Damian and Tim went over to tell her. Said they were going to camp out near her place until… well, I have no idea. Tim just called to give us an update.”

Dick smiled at that. “They won’t leave her side, maybe they’ll work their shit out too.”

Jason shrugged. “Maybe, they’re all stubborn like that.” Jason sighed, reaching out and taking Dick’s hand in his. Dick closed his eyes briefly at the contact, god did he ever need his lover’s touch. “What are we doing about Blackwell?”

“That’s why I’m here. Bruce has a tentative plan, but we need you back in the cave.” John looked them over. “I know you’d both rather go back to bed, but it couldn’t wait any longer.”

Dick nodded, their pack leader needed them and that’s all he needed to know. “Yeah, give us a chance to shower and get dressed.”

“I’ll let Bruce know, we’ll be waiting for you.” John stated with a crisp nod and left them alone in their little cottage.

“Fuck.” Jason groaned once more and Dick could hear and feel his lover’s anguish. “Is it bad that I’m happy Cluemaster was killed, so we can finally go after that fucking bastard?”

Dick shook his head, pulled Jason into his arms and held him close. They just stood there, with the door still open and just basked in their embrace. It grounded Dick and he felt like he could do anything.

“I need to run.”

Dick’s eyes widened in surprise, usually it was Dick that needed that release. To run. But he understood completely and he nodded. “Yes.” He helped tug off Jason’s pajama pants and boxers, then he leaned up and kissed him hard. “God, I so need this too.” It had been a while.

Jason smirked against his lips. “Yeah.” Jason turned then and there, his soft fur glistening in the sunlight. Dick couldn’t help but gaze at him, loving him so much.

Dick dropped down on all fours and then kissed Jason’s snout. Jason barked at him, licking his face and Dick laughed, wrapping his arms around Jason’s neck before he pulled away and tugged off his clothing, eager to join him.

Jason barked at him again, circling around him, before he darted off. Dick ran after him, they ran
the full length of the gardens. Jason pinned him to the ground and they rolled around, playing for a bit before they ran to the manor. They barked until Alfred let them in through the French doors, smiling fondly at them.

“I assume, you’ll need assistance going down to the cave as well?” He stated as he led the way and opened the staircase for them.

They barked their thanks and then ran down the stairs.

Bruce snorted, smiling as they appeared. “Since you’re already suited up, I’ll tell you the plan.” Bruce began and they sat down in front of him, gazing up at their pack leader. “We need some surveillance where Batman and his Robins cannot go, but you two can.”

Dick barked an affirmative reply and then Bruce showed them on the map where they should infiltrate.

“Do not approach Blackwell,” Bruce stated firmly. “This is an intel seeking mission only. You will return and inform the team. I’ve already contacted Team Arrow for backup.”

Dick and Jay shared a knowing glance at the mention of Team Arrow and nodded.

“And I’ll drop you off,” John added.

“It would have been ideal if Damian and Tim were with you, but they’re making amends with Stephanie. They won’t be back until tomorrow morning at the earliest.” Bruce stated and then dismissed them.

They barked in reply and then darted for the stairs, waiting for John to escort them to the car.

~*~

They searched for hours and didn’t find anything. Reverting to their wolf forms had reinvigorated Dick at first, but now he was just tired. He huffed and sat down.

Jay whined for him to continue, but Dick snorted.

Dick glanced around them and turned back, stretching his arms and legs. “I’m done. Let’s go home… we’ve been doing this for hours.”

Jason grunted and sat down in front of him.

“Jay-”

A twig snapped and they were instantly on full alert. Dick froze, not sure if he should turn back or not. Someone was near. Jason barked at him and Dick hesitated for a second and then transformed back into his wolf form.

They weaved in and out of the foliage, following faint noises and foreign scents, until they found a clearing. There were a few tents and wolves lingering. They didn’t seem to notice Dick’s and Jason’s arrival, so they took a moment to study the wolves. There was no doubt in Dick’s mind that this was their camp.

Dick shared a look with Jason, before he darted away, needing to put as much distance as they could between them. The last thing they needed was for Blackwell to catch their scent, especially Jay’s.
They raced through the wooden area and back towards John. John rushed to open the door for them as he spotted them and they darted into the back of the sedan.

“Well?” John asked as he started the car and began to drive back to the manor.

“We found their campground,” Dick stated as he shifted and then sagged back against the seat.

“But he wasn’t there, I didn’t smell him at all.” Jason spat, shifting as well. He hit the back of the driver’s seat, causing John to jump slightly in his seat. “Fuck him.”

Dick wrapped his arms around Jason and pulled him close, running his fingers through Jason’s hair until he calmed. “We’ll get him. It’s a start.”

“Maybe Bruce has found something,” John shrugged and they continued the rest of the trip in silence.

~*~

They went back to their cottage to shower and dress quickly, before they returned back to the cave for report. Jason briefed Bruce on what they had found and the location of the wolf camp.

Bruce nodded. “What I could find of the money trail suggests that Blackwell isn’t in town.”

“But his men are,” Dick stated. “And one of them most likely killed Cluemaster.”

“Yes.” Bruce confirmed. “We need to draw Blackwell to us.”

Dick frowned, he knew where the discussion was leading and he didn’t want to even consider it. “No.”

“Dick-” Bruce began, but Dick shook his head.

“No, we’re not setting a trap… last time we did, John was hurt and that monster fucking bit him and left him to die!” Dick argued, crossing his arms over his chest. “Just no.”

“But I want to,” Jason insisted and Dick closed his eyes, he knew that Jason would, hence why he didn’t even want to discuss it.

Dick shook his head once more, tears stinging his eyes… he couldn’t risk losing Jason, not like this. “Jay-” his voice wavered and he felt a heaviness in his chest.

He heard Bruce clear his throat and Dick’s gaze snapped over to him, he was so consumed with the thought of his mate that he had forgotten that he wasn’t only with Jay. “I’ll let you two discuss this in private,” Bruce stated and left them alone in the cave.

“I know,” Jason whispered and tugged Dick into his arms. “But nothing will happen.”

“You don’t know that,” Dick sighed, burying his face in the crook of Jason’s neck. Dick nipped lightly at his skin and then he bit him hard, needing to feel their bond.

“Fuck.” Jason shuddered and barred his neck even more to Dick. “I’ll have you at my back and our team…”

Dick licked Jason’s sensitive skin and then bit him again, a little more playfully this time. “Promise me, you won’t get hurt.”
Jason snorted. “Shouldn’t I ask that of you? If you haven’t noticed, you’re the one that tends to get hurt on our missions.”

Dick huffed.

“I promise,” Jason smiled, lifting Dick’s chin up and then kissing him softly. “I love you.”

“Love you too.” Dick replied and deepened the kiss, pushing him back against the desk, carnal thoughts raced through his mind until they heard footsteps and reluctantly parted.

“Have we come to a decision?” Bruce questioned as he studied them.

Dick nodded, threading his fingers with Jason’s. “Yeah.”

“We’re going to do this. And I’m going to be bait.” Jason squeezed Dick’s hand, reassuring his promise.

“Good.” Bruce smiled. “Let’s get to work then.”

~*~

By the time they had made it back to their cottage, Dick was ready to collapse into bed. He was exhausted… they had a busy fucking day after very little sleep.

“Rain check on the rain check?” Dick grumbled as they headed up the stairs. Dick tugged off his clothes and didn’t even bother to change into his pjs before he practically face planted onto their bed.

“Done.” Jason groaned, dropping down in the bed beside him. “Fuck, when did we get so fucking old?”

Dick laughed, curling into him. “It’s all downhill after college.”

“We just graduated,” Jason snorted as he wrapped his arms around Dick.

Dick cuddled close to his mate and just breathed him in. It was still hard to believe that they were college graduates… not that they’ve had time to do anything with those degrees with everything else going on. But soon.

“Tomorrow Team Arrow will be here and the rest of our pack will be home.” Jason murmured against Dick's skin. Jason didn’t have to add that they both considered Steph as part of their pack and they were hopeful after Tim’s last update.

“Yeah,” Dick smiled. It would be so good to catch up with Team Arrow and to have everyone back together. They had hashed out the perfect setup and after a briefing Jay would be bait. Dick shuddered at the thought, he couldn’t help but worry.

“It’ll be okay,” Jason reassured him, kissing Dick’s neck and holding him close.

Dick really hoped so. He felt warm and content in Jay’s arms. He closed his eyes and just breathed in his lover’s scent, drifting off to sleep. Tomorrow would be another long day.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-One

Thirty-one

“So, you want to use Blackwell's greed and his obsession with Jason against him?” Felicity asked. It was more of a statement really.

“Yes,” Bruce replied.

“As a rule, I don't like these kinds of traps,” Felicity said.

Oliver put a hand on her shoulder in a calming gesture. Dick did that to Jason too.

“Dick doesn't like it either,” Jason threw in.

“Can't imagine why,” Roy snorted.

Jason grinned at him. He liked having Roy in his city. They really should meet up more often and not only when there was a madman to take down.

“That's why you guys are here, to make sure nothing bad happens to me and that he and his crazy followers won't get away.”

“About that,” Oliver said. “Most of them aren't too crazy about following him, they are blackmailed into it. There is really only a handful-”

“Right, when you can call thirty a handful,” Roy cut in.

Oliver gave him a look. “Fine, thirty of them are really loyal to Blackwell.”

“Luckily not all of them are in Gotham right now,” Felicity said.

“Some are dealing with some shit in Central City,” Diggle supplied.

“And with shit you mean?” Dick asked.

“Something or other our good friends at Star Labs came up with,” Diggle answered, grinning.

“You guys are the best,” Jason said.

“Not in front of your pack leader,” Roy joked.

Jason risked a glance at Bruce, but he seemed at ease. Jason knew that Bruce hadn't always been a team player but now he was and Jason really hoped that they could meet up with the Flash (how cool was that anyway?) and his team at Star Labs soon.

“It's fine, Bruce knows that we are loyal only to him,” Dick said. He grabbed Jason's hand and squeezed it. Dick had been a bit more affectionate since the plan had been finalized. Jason didn't mind. If Blackwell took the bait they wouldn’t see each other for a few days.

“So when is Blackwell arriving in Gotham?” Jason asked.

“Tomorrow. We will take out the wolf camp you found, after he takes the bait,” Diggle answered.

“Leaves us this evening to work out the kinks,” Dick said.
“I bet,” Roy said.

Jason grinned, he couldn’t help himself.

“I meant, in the plan, the kinks in the plan,” Dick said firmly.

“Yeah, sure,” Roy teased.

“Oh, shut up,” Dick groaned.

They all laughed. It felt good.

~+~

Dinner that evening was a lively affair, not only was all of Team Arrow there, but also Tim and Damian and they got Stephanie to come too.

“You are way hotter in person,” Steph said as she shook Oliver's hand.

“I was totally thinking that the first time he walked into my office,” Felicity replied.

Cass took to Felicity like a duck to water. And Felicity was too happy to play with Cass. This, Jason thought, this is how it should always be.

“Makes you wonder why we don't meet up more often,” Roy said, following Jason's gaze.

“Yeah,” Jason replied. He was watching Oliver and Dick discussing something or other very passionately. He could have listened in on it of course, but he wouldn’t spy on Dick. Or Oliver.

“I'll tell you why we don't meet up more often to just hang out,” Damian said, sitting down on the arm of the sofa Roy and Jason were occupying. “It's because shit is always going down somewhere.”

“No rest for the wicked?” Roy asked.

“I call this rest,” Jason said.

Damian nodded. “Maybe once we take down Blackwell it'll calm down. Then we can go on that trip to Central City and get you that Flash autograph.” Damian was in a good mood and Jason was glad for them. All three of them.

“You're joking, so I assume everything is fine between you and Steph?”

“She's here, isn't she? And she isn't freaking out, so yeah...things are looking up,” Damian replied.

“So....you and Tim are embracing the poly life?” Roy asked.

“Only as far as you are doing it,” Damian replied. “As far as I'm concerned we are in a monogamous three way relationship.”

“Yeah,” Roy answered with a soft look at Felicity and Oliver. “I hear you.”

Jason was glad for them, but he himself couldn’t imagine sharing Dick with someone else. Or be shared by Dick with someone else. He was a one person at a time kind of guy.

He looked at Dick and Dick turned and looked back at him. There was something in his eyes that
made Jason remember that promise he made him two days ago. He wanted Dick now.

“Go,” Roy said.

“What?” Jason asked.

“I can smell how horny you are,” Roy replied. “Just go, grab Dick and fuck it out of your system.”

“Gross,” Damian said, but it lacked all the bite. He was amused.

“You know what? I think I'll do just that,” Jason replied and got up.

Dick met him halfway to the door. He pressed his body against Jason's. “You wanna leave?”

“Yeah,” Jason answered. “I'd fuck you in your old room, really, but everyone would hear.”

Dick rubbed up against Jason again. “They know anyway.”

“Shit, Dick...” Jason said, because it was hard to concentrate and argue why they really shouldn’t be fucking upstairs, with all the wolves in the living room, when Dick was rubbing himself all over Jason.

“Come on then,” Dick said, stepping away. “You have a promise to keep.”

Jason totally intended to.

~+~

Jason slammed the door shut and pressed Dick against it, he kissed Dick like he would never have the chance to do it again. By the time he let go of Dick's lips they were both breathless. Dick put his head against Jason's shoulder. “Lube,” he said. It was more of a hiss, really.

“Yeah,” Jason replied. They had it stashed everywhere, except the kitchen. He grabbed the one from the living room and when he came into the kitchen Dick was already naked and presenting his ass. He looked over his shoulder at Jason. His eyes were sparkling and so dark, Jason could barely make out the blue.

“Come on,” Dick said. He spread his legs in invitation. Jason was tearing at his clothes as he made his way to where Dick was leaning against the kitchen counter.

“You smell like sex,” Jason said, putting his nose into the crock of Dick's neck and inhaling his scent. His mate, his partner, his. His, his. He grabbed Dick by the hair and pulled his head back, so he could get at his neck properly and then he bit Dick, hard. Dick shuddered and moaned loudly.

“Get in me, Jay. Now,” Dick demanded and Jason lubed up his fingers and pushed two into Dick's eager hole. Dick groaned and pushed back. Jason loved to watch Dick fuck himself on his fingers. Loved to see Dick come undone that way, but there was no time for it right now. They both needed more. He wanted to be inside Dick just as badly as Dick wanted him inside.

“You ready?” Jason asked anyway.

“Yes, fuck, Jay. Yes,” Dick said.

Jason lubed up his cock and pushed in. It was always overwhelming to be inside Dick. No matter that they've done it a million times over the years they’ve been together. Dick squeezed Jason's cock once Jason bottomed out. Jason grabbed Dick's hips and set a hard and fast rhythm that had
the counter shaking with the powerful thrusts.

Dick's cock was trapped between the counter and his stomach, Jason knew he couldn’t come like this, but he was absolutely prepared to make good on his promise to rim the ever loving hell out of Dick once he came down from his own orgasm.

“Jay, come on, I want to feel you come inside me,” Dick moaned.

Jason couldn’t help himself, he buried his cock deeper inside Dick and his teeth in Dick's shoulder as he came hard inside Dick's ass. He held on to Dick as his orgasm shook him.

“Fuck, Dick,” Jason said.

Dick laughed. “Yeah, that was one of the better ones.”

Jason laughed against Dick's shoulder blades. Once he thought he would be able to stand on his own, he pulled out of Dick and sank to his knees. He kissed Dick's leg and watched as his come leaked out of Dick. “You're such a beautiful mess, and I love you,” Jason said.

“Jay.”

But Jason didn't give him time to finish whatever was on Dick's mind, he spread Dick's ass and kissed his abused hole. Dick moaned and pushed his ass out further, so Jason could dive in deeper, curl his tongue and fuck Dick into a blissful orgasm that way.

“Come on Dick, touch yourself,” Jason said, biting one ass cheek gently.

“Not yet,” Dick said, but his voice was strained.

Jason smiled and pushed his tongue inside Dick again, he licked the rim of Dick's hole and then bit his ass again gently. Dick swore in French and then Romanian. Jason kept it up for a while until Dick gave in and curled his fingers around his cock. He came with a shout, Jason could feel it against his lips.

“I love you too,” Dick said, once he had his breath back.

“I know,” Jason replied, helping Dick into a sitting position on the floor and then pulling him into his lap.

Dick came willingly. He put his arms around Jason's neck and kissed him.

“You taste like us,” Dick said. “Makes me want to shift and curl up together.”

“I think the bed would be more comfortable, Dick.”

“I don't wanna move,” Dick replied.

Jason gave in. They shifted and took a nap on their kitchen floor.

~+~

Jason was fuming and it was a good thing too, because they had to sell it right. And Bruce certainly knew how to rile someone up.

“You are not the boss of me!” Jason yelled and Bruce just looked at him. And it made Jason want to apologize and rip his throat out at once. It was in the way Bruce could look at you, he remembered that look from what seemed like a lifetime ago. That night he had found Jason, that
time when he told Jason that he would put him down if Jason should kill once more. Bruce was looking at him that way now.
Jason bared his teeth and snarled.

“You will come back now, Jason,” Bruce said.

“Fuck you,” Jason replied and then just ran. They had made a spectacle of themselves in the fucking hall of Wayne towers. If that didn't get back to Blackwell then nothing would, Jason knew. He had nowhere to go now. There was of course that safe house he could use at will, but he didn't want to go there. He wanted to go to Dick and curl up with him. Maybe let Dick fuck him, bite his neck and claim him as his again. He knew it was all pretend, but he felt alone now, homeless, pack-less. He hated that feeling. He stopped running and sat down on a bench. He just breathed and watched the people pass by. His fingers itched to call Dick, but that would be stupid. He sent a short message instead.

~+~

It took Blackwell two days to sniff Jason out. Jason was staying at the safe house after all, he knew it would come to this. Blackwell would have wanted to make sure it wasn't a trap, because Jason suddenly falling out with Bruce and at this time would seem suspicions to anyone. And Blackwell could be called a lot of things, but stupid was not one of them.

“Jason,” Blackwell said and Jason barred his teeth in a snarl. Blackwell was leaning against a sleek car, apparently waiting for Jason in front of the building.

“Stalking me?” Jason asked.

Blackwell smiled. “I never really lost sight of you. You know I wanted to keep you close after your mother-”

“Not a fucking word about her from you,” Jason cut in sharply.

Blackwell raised his hands in a gesture of peace.

Jason's heart was racing.

“I only came to talk,” Blackwell said.

“There is nothing to talk about it,” Jason replied.

“Still so bitter-”

“You killed my mother,” Jason hissed, his old anger nearly overcoming him.

“Would you believe it was an accident? I really cared for her and I wanted her to be like me, like us, Jason.”

Jason didn't believe him. “So she could breed you some more wolves.”

Blackwell nodded. “Yes, if you are any indication, they would have been magnificent.”

“Fuck off,” Jason said.

“For now, but I heard you had a falling out with your leader,” Blackwell said. “I just came by to let you know that you can still come back. You were mine first, after all. I'm sure we can renew our bond,” Blackwell said.
Jason mentally recoiled. “I'm already mated.”

Blackwell smiled. “Ah, he didn't tell you, of course not.”

“Tell me what?” Jason asked.

Blackwell made a few steps toward Jason, but still kept a safe distance. Smart bastard, Jason thought.
“A pack leader can always be with any member of his pack. In fact it's our right.”

“In your dreams,” Jason spat.

Blackwell laughed. “I really like your feral side, Jason. See you tomorrow.”

Jason had half a mind to throw something at Blackwell's retreating back. He didn't.

~+~

“If he bans you from his pack you will lose your mate,” Blackwell said. No pleasantries this time. Blackwell had been coming by Jason's new place for three days now. Offering him a new pack, a new family.

“He wouldn’t, we've gone through a rough patch before,” Jason replied.

“No mate is bound to him, he raised him.”

“He raised me,” Jason said. He could feel Blackwell's heat as the man was walking beside him. He had cornered Jason as Jason had been getting coffee and a Danish for breakfast. Their plan was going well, maybe a bit too well, because Jason’s couldn't help himself, he was curious about all the things Blackwell knew.

“I made you, I taught you how to survive, how to be the real you.”

“You taught me how to kill,” Jason hissed lowly, mindful of the other people on the street.

“That is part of who you are too,” Blackwell said.

“That only shows that you don't know me at all,” Jason spat and crossed the street. Blackwell didn't follow him.

~+~

They should have known, Jason thought as he was staring at the corpse at his feet, that someone would get hurt.

Batman wasn't looking at the corpse, he was looking at Jason. Jason hoped he knew that Blackwell had set Jason up. He lifted his eyes to meet Bruce’s, but all he could see was the blank stare of the Batman.

“I told you what would happen if you crossed that line again,” the Batman said.

Jason nodded, mutely. “I wasn't-”

“His blood is all over you,” the Batman cut in. There was a growl in his voice.

“I know how it looks-”
“I don’t want you to come back to the manor,” The Batman cut in. “I’m only letting you go because of Dick.”

Jason nodded. Bruce hadn't banned him, so he must know that this was a setup and that Jason did it in self-defense.

“Please, I—” Jason began but Bruce was already gone. Jason knew he had to leave, he tore his clothes from his body, bundled them up and turned. He grabbed the bloodied clothes and ran.

It wasn't really a surprise to find Blackwell waiting in front of his apartment building again. Jason growled, but when Blackwell opened the car door he got in.

“You seem to be in trouble, Jay,” Blackwell said once the car was moving. Jason shifted back to human. He was all too aware off Blackwell's gaze on his naked and bloody body. It gave him the shivers in a bad way. “There is a blanket under the seat,” Blackwell added and Jason grabbed it, put it around himself. He felt exhausted.

“Did you set me up?” Jason asked.

“The fact that it’s a question, shows me that we are making progress, Jason,” Blackwell answered.

“Did you?” Jason repeated.

“No,” Blackwell said. Jason didn't believe him.

“He smelled like one of your pack,” Jason said.

Blackwell sniffed. “It was Josh you killed tonight. He and I were...a thing. I believe he might have been jealous of my interest in you.”

“I would never let you touch me!” Jason hissed.

“I know that, Jason. I know, but I don’t think Josh realized that.” He glanced out of the tinted window.

What a bastard, Jason thought. He had set Josh up too. Maybe that guy had even loved Blackwell. Not that Jason thought Blackwell could love a man. He was all about breeding and gay men...they usually didn’t.

“Besides as I told you, as pack leader I can have anyone. Mated or not. Willing or ...less. I can make my pack mates want me. Surely you felt his power over you?”

Jason nodded, he had felt Bruce's power, but Bruce had never and would never do anything like what Blackwell was implying.

“So you sacrificed Josh,” Jason said.

Blackwell looked at him. A flicker of disgust in his eyes. “He had been amusing at first, his adoration, and the way he was so desperate to be fucked and dominated by me. He was such an obedient little pup, but he was useless to me, he couldn’t get it up for anyone beside me.”

“I let Dick fuck me,” Jason said challenging.

Blackwell smiled. “I know, but you fuck him too. You can get it up for women. I know that. You fucked whatever moved when you and Richard were separated. He had a girlfriend, so I assume he could get a woman pregnant too.”
“You’ve always wanted him,” Jason said.

“Yes, he is as magnificent as you are. As his parents were. He had a long and proud line of shifter wolves. Of course I wanted him. I still want him. And I know that you and him are a package deal.”

“Dick would never-”

“Are you so sure? You can't go back. He loves you. I could smell it all over you two at Ra’s fortress. He would do anything to be with you.”

“And you're offering us a place and pack out of the goodness of your heart?”

Blackwell laughed again. “Hardly,” he leaned forward, so their faces were really close. “I offer you a place and a pack, I even promise to let you two be, even though you two are so tempting, I want to eat you up. All I want in return is for you to breed with my best females.” There was a slight pause before the word females and Jason was sure what Blackwell had wanted to say was 'bitches'.

“Dick would never hand over one of his own to you,” Jason argued.

“That would be alright, Jason. He could keep them.”

“And I wouldn’t,” Jason concluded.

“A good deal isn't? Making your lover happy, getting me and Batman off your back?”

Jason bit his lip. It was tempting in a way. Dick always wanted kids. Having one with no strings attached...he could give Dick that with Blackwell's help. And it wouldn’t matter to Jason that much to not raise his own – he couldn’t leave a kid in Blackwell's care. He had to take Blackwell down and he had to get those kids and women out.

“I need to think about it,” Jason said.

“Of course, I know you want to discuss it with that delicious Grayson boy first. You two are magnificent and rare to be sure, but I won't wait forever Jason and I won't offer you this kind of deal again. If you should say no and then discover that no other pack will take you, after all the Starling wolves have a no killing rule too,” he said knowingly, “I won't be so generous.”

“I understand,” Jason said.

“Good, ah, we're at your apartment again,” Blackwell replied.

Jason took the hint, as he stood outside the car Blackwell leaned out. “Two days, Jason. I will be here to collect you and your mate in two days.”

Jason nodded. He needed to get in touch with his team.

He didn't want to drag Dick into this, but if he let Blackwell collect them, he could find out where Blackwell kept the pureblood children and women. They had to take everything away from Blackwell, had to destroy his operation and get rid of all his followers so no one could pick up where Blackwell left off once Jason dealt with the man.

And this offer was his only way in.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-Two

Thirty-two

Bruce’s thoughts were with Jason, they had been for the last few days. He hated this, he hated tearing his pack apart for the mission… he didn’t think he’d feel this torn about it. It affected him as much as watching Dick trying to adapt without his mate by his side.

“You should have seen it,” John’s voice cut through his musings. “It was so adorable. Cass was showing off for Felicity and—” there was a lengthy pause. “Are you even listening to me?”

“Adorable antics between Cass and Felicity.” He replied a bit more sharply than he intended and John sighed, crossing over to him.

“Bruce,” John stressed as he straddled him and wrapped his arms around his neck. “You have to take the good where we can as we wait.”

Bruce huffed, “Too many days have passed by and tonight.” He felt the low growl in his throat as he recalled in vivid clarity as Jason killed that man. Bruce had warned Jason years ago, that if he killed he’d no longer be welcomed in the pack. But, now… Bruce wanted more than anything to wrap his arms around Jason and pull him close. Give Jason the comfort that he had clearly sought.

But he had a part to play, he had to push Jason further away and into Blackwell’s clutches. He growled, his hands curling into fists at his sides. He wanted to finish this once and for all. They just had to wait for Jason’s signal.

John placed his hands over Bruce’s and kissed his brow. “A man died tonight.”

Bruce grunted, he didn’t need to be reminded. At least Bruce’s assumption that it had been self-defense was rewarded when he was able to study the security feed he found of the alley. Before he had Tim erase it.

“I put it in the report,” John began, squeezing his hands. “But I know you’ve not had a chance to read it. His name was Josh Davidson.” His voice trailed off and it sparked Bruce’s interest as John glanced away from Bruce. “But I knew him as J.D.”

Bruce tensed, his eyes widening as he focused on John. “What?”

“I didn’t put that in the report.” John rushed. “Fuck, Bruce. I didn’t recognize him at first, but I knew him from St. Swithin’s. Remember when I said I saw Blackwell there? Well he adopted Josh.”

Bruce tensed, his eyes widening as he focused on John. “What?”

“I didn’t put that in the report.” John rushed. “Fuck, Bruce. I didn’t recognize him at first, but I knew him from St. Swithin’s. Remember when I said I saw Blackwell there? Well he adopted Josh.”

“And made him a part of his pack,” Bruce hissed, wondering what else he may have done to that poor boy. “He set Jason up.” Bruce had known it was a possibility, but this confirmed it.

John nodded and then pressed his head against Bruce neck. “God, I was so fucking stupid. All the signs were there and I didn’t even realize it. His blood also confirmed that he was a pureblood with the gene. He sniffed me out, Bruce. We fooled around a bit. We were horny teens at the time and I didn’t care who I got off with. He was an odd one, or I thought at the time he was. But now I know he was a lone wolf, seeking a pack of his own. And I had no clue.”

Bruce wrapped his arms around John, holding him close. He nipped lightly at John’s neck and just breathed in John’s scent. All the ‘what ifs’ swirled around in his mind, what if Blackwell had taken
in John so many years ago. He shuddered at the thought.

“I don’t want the boys to know.” John sighed. “It’s not pertinent to the case, but I wanted you to know… you’re my mate and I don’t want to hide anything from you. I love you.”

Bruce smiled, lifting John’s chin and kissing him. He savored the kiss, feeling the love of his mate, their bond. “Love you.”

John smiled against his lips and then deepened the kiss as he started to rock against him.

Bruce groaned, his body eagerly responding to his mate. He tugged John’s shirt off and ran his fingers down John’s sides, fully intending to take advantage of this distraction as they continued to wait.

Bruce suddenly tensed, pulling back when he heard scratching against the door. He lifted a finger to his lips and focused his hearing. He heard the whine of his pup. Of Dick.

John frowned and immediately got up. He answered the door and let Dick in. Dick whimpered and Bruce thought he was the saddest looking wolf he’s ever seen. John waved him in, but Dick sat there at the door, looking to Bruce.

“You can stay with us,” Bruce stated and Dick barked his thanks and darted up onto the bed to Bruce’s side. Dick rubbed up against Bruce and then laid his head down on Bruce’s thigh. Bruce sighed, running his fingers through Bruce’s fur. “It’ll be okay, Dick. He’ll be home soon.”

Dick whimpered and closed his eyes.

John joined them back on the bed and scratched behind Dick’s ear. “Rest,” he urged, leaning in and kissing the top of Dick’s head. “You too,” he stated as he took Bruce’s hand in his. “We’ll get through this as a pack.”

Bruce nodded, he knew they would. And he’d do everything in his power to keep his pack safe.

~*~

“It’s Jay!” Dick gasped, holding his phone up. “Something is wrong, he’s asking me to come to him. That’s not part of the plan.”

Bruce frowned, Jason wouldn’t go against their plan unless something had happened.

“I need to go to him,” Dick stressed.

And Bruce knew that there was nothing Bruce could do to stop Dick from going to Jason. To seek out his mate. Bruce rubbed the bridge of his nose and thought of every possible scenario. “Yes, but you’re not going alone.” He stated as his pack filed in for the new modified plan. “Batman will be your surveillance. We do not know what you’re walking into and Jason can’t come to us without breaking his cover. Blackwell will be watching him and possibly have ears on him as well. Damian you’ll patrol with Tim and Steph in the cave. John’s already on the streets.”

“What about us?” Oliver questioned.

“Be ready, I’ll send word as soon as I know anything.” Bruce sighed, running his fingers through his hair. “We may have to deploy the raiding party tonight on the camp.”

Oliver nodded.
“Can we go now?” Dick urged and Bruce nodded.

“You can go into the safe house once I give you the sign that I’m there.” He stated and Dick sighed with relief. “Understood?”

“Understood.”

~*~

Bruce landed on the roof of the building adjacent to the safe house. He stepped out of the shadows long enough for Dick to notice him and head in to see Jason.

Bruce stretched his hearing and cloaked himself in the darkness. He heard Dick’s frantic knocking and then Jason answering it.

There were no words exchanged, but he could hear something a bit more carnal in reply. Bruce wanted to be upset with them, but it had been almost a week and he didn’t blame them for indulging in the moment, now that they were finally together again.

Bruce tuned them out and waited until they were ready to finally talk about the case at hand.

Bruce saw movement by the window and he went back on full alert. He watched as Dick opened it and leaned against the frame, before he turned back to Jason.

“Come home,” Dick pleaded.

“I can’t, you know I can’t. I killed that man.” Jason’s voice wavered and Bruce felt the need to give him comfort once more, but he had to stay put.

“In self-defense!” Dick argued. “Bruce will understand, we miss you. I miss you.”

“There’s another option.”

Bruce’s heart stilled, but this was what they were waiting for.

“What?”

“Tomorrow, Blackwell will come to collect us. We can join his pack,” Jason explained and Bruce scowled, he had expected Blackwell to offer to take Jason in. But the plan was to have Blackwell take the manor by force to retrieve Dick and then launching a counter attack instead.

“But we have a pack—”

“One where I can’t go back to,” Jason scoffed. “There are women and children, we can be a big happy pack.” Jason had stressed the words women and children and suddenly Bruce understood.

In the planning stage, they had never once discussed about the other aspects of Blackwell’s goal. To breed. Blackwell must be keeping them somewhere else… and if they take out Blackwell, they may never find them.

“Shit.” Dick inhaled and suddenly they were both at the window looking out to Bruce, seeking his guidance.

Bruce knew he had to let Dick go, had to let his family go and infiltrate the pack. They needed to save the women and children of Blackwell’s pack as well. Bruce stepped out of the shadow, long enough to give them a quick nod of his head and then he flew up into the sky, heading back to the
They hadn’t planned for this and Bruce berated himself for not even thinking about it. He had lost focus, but now they would make this work. Jason and Dick were on their own, but they would be ready, they would be there to support them.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-Three

Chapter Notes

Warning: this chapter mentions and refers to rape and non-con situations.

Thirty-three

“Ah, the pretty mate,” Blackwell said and Dick bared his teeth like a feral animal. He couldn’t help himself. It wasn't only what he knew about this man, the horrible things he was capable of, it was also the way he looked at Jay. There was something fundamentally wrong about Blackwell.

Adding to it what he did to Josh, Dick just wanted to sink his teeth in his neck and tear his jugular out.

Blackwell laughed. And then looked at Dick. “I will let it slide this time, but you better learn to control yourself around your new pack-leader, boy,” he added and his voice wasn't teasing at all anymore. It was a good thing, Dick thought, that this meeting was in private. He was pretty sure that if he had stepped out of line like this with someone from Blackwell's pack watching, he would have a shiny new scar to show for it. At the very least.

Dick nodded. “Yes.”

“You should apologize, don't you think?” Blackwell asked, but there was something behind his voice, something he didn't like. Dick nearly did apologize – on his knees.

“Blackwell,” Jason said.

Blackwell sighed, mock exasperated. “You used to be fun, Jay.”

“You said you wouldn't mess with Dick,” Jason replied.

“And I'm not. Is he on his knees, kissing my boots?” Blackwell asked.

Dick suppressed a shudder. He hated this man and this man didn't care. He took a sick pleasure in it.

“No, he isn't,” Jason admitted.

“See? I keep my promises. I hope for you, you’ll keep yours.” Blackwell looked at Jason and then at Dick when he said it and Dick nodded. “Good. Here is your new phone. Untraceable of course. I will text you the location.”

“So soon?” Dick asked.

Blackwell smiled. “It takes nine months to carry a child, Dick. I know you know that. I want to start as soon as we can. It might take a few tries, but I'm sure you will deliver healthy pretty pups.”

“Children,” Dick said.

Jason grabbed Dick’s arm and pulled him close.
“You say tomato, I say...and all that jazz,” Blackwell replied. His eyes were daring Dick to press his point, Dick looked away instead. “See you soon,” Blackwell said and left them in the hotel room.

Dick sat down on the bed and put his head in his hands. “I don't think I can do this, Jay.” He was so angry. Just a few minutes with the man and he was ready to kill him with his own hands, claws, teeth.

“We have too, Dick. You know we do,” Jason replied. He was pretty sure that there were wolves looking and listening. They had to be careful.

“I know. But he is so awful. Fuck,” Dick said. He let himself fall backwards onto the soft bed. The hotel was a pricey one, but nothing could chase away the sick feeling in Dick's stomach at the thought of having to be with someone he doesn't love. Would Blackwell demand them to fuck women the next time? Would he want to watch? It was unbearable just thinking about it.

Jason crawled over him and looked down at Dick. “Dick,” he kissed Dick then and it was heavy and desperate and Dick could taste the dread on Jason's tongue. He kissed back anyway.

“I know,” Dick said. They had a plan and they would stick to it. They had backup in the Cave and on the streets. Steph wasn't even on Blackwell's radar since she wasn't a wolf.

“We're going to do it together.”

Dick laughed humorlessly. “Kinda kinky...and I don't really like it.”

“I know, I know,” Jason kissed him again.

Dick closed his eyes and just let Jason distract him for a while with his body.

~+~

The dreaded text message with the time and place came two days later. Dick was glad because the waiting had been torture and Blackwell dropping in on them unexpectedly was even less welcomed. Dick hoped that they could convince the woman or women that they were there to help and get the location out of them, relay it to Batman and have the whole thing shut down for good. He was itching to be done with this. To be done with Blackwell and he knew that Jason was too. Jason had been ready to kill Blackwell years ago. Only his loyalty to Bruce had kept him in check.

Dick wasn't sure there was anything that could hold Jason back this time. They both knew that Bruce would not kill Blackwell, but Dick didn't see a way around it. There was no prison to contain someone as connected as Blackwell, and if that should fail there was no prison that could contain a werewolf of Blackwell's strength and size. The man was a monster. The stuff nightmares were made of.

“Okay,” Jason said. “Okay...”

Dick could see how messed up Jason was by it. He felt similar. Maybe Jason had a little bit more rage inside him than Dick right now.

“Jay,” Dick said, grabbing Jason's hand and squeezing too hard.

“We have to,” Jason said and Dick nodded.

They had to because no one else would get a chance at finding out where these women and
children were. This was their last hope.

Jason grabbed a piece of paper and a pen.

Dick watched as he wrote: *If this fails and we can't get the location, I'll kill him no matter what, Dick.*

Dick nodded and kissed him. Dick would help him. He knew it was the right thing to do, even if Bruce couldn’t see it. In the old days, wolves like Blackwell were put down. There had been law amongst their kind. Packs would gather to speak justice. Bruce’s pack wasn’t the only one who saw the danger Blackwell was. He and Jay both knew that Diggle wanted to kill Blackwell too. And who could blame him? He had a little girl, a pure-blood wolf. She was in danger as long as that fanatic was out there, doing what he wanted.

It had to be done.

~+~

There were two of them. Pretty, Dick thought, but they looked like they didn’t want to be here either. Dick hated it.

“We’ll be waiting outside,” one of the men said who brought the women in.

Jason nodded, grimly.

As soon as the door was closed the women started to strip. And then they just crawled onto the bed and closed their eyes, waiting.

Waiting, Dick thought, with a growing horror of being raped.

“Jay-” he said and couldn’t finish, because his voice broke. He balled his hands into fists. He could not do this. No matter what and he wondered what kind of monster could.

The dark one opened her eyes and looked at them. “Do you need something else?” She asked.

“Like what?” The question slipped out of Dick’s mouth before he could think about it.

“Toys? Restrains?” She asked.

Dick backed away. “No.”

Jason grabbed him and pulled him close, he pressed his forehead against Dick’s and just breathed and soon Dick was breathing with him. “I can’t,” Dick whispered.

“It’s fine,” Jason said. “It’s fine. You just sit down and close your eyes, okay?”

Dick nodded, but he knew he would not be able to close his eyes. Someone had to be a witness to this. Someone other than Jason.

Jason took off his clothes and then crawled over the dark skinned woman. Dick was aware they were under surveillance. Probably no bugs, but cameras.

He strained his ears, but couldn’t hear anything Jason was whispering into the woman’s ear. It was better that way. Dick saw her lips move a bit against Jason’s jaw, looked a bit like a smeared kiss, but they were talking and Dick hoped Jason would soon know what they needed to know.
He focused his eyes on the space between Jason’s shoulder blades where he had left a mark two days ago, because he couldn’t bear the thought of Jason with someone else, even if it was only pretend. Even if he wasn’t inside her. He was touching her and she was touching him, but Dick could not close his eyes.

It seemed like it took forever, but finally Jason pulled away from the woman. She was crying and the other one, the pale one, rushed over to comfort her.

“You two should shower and dress,” Jason said and they nodded. Jason dressed too. He looked worn out and weary. Dick wanted to ask a million questions, but he had to wait until they could talk in private.

~+~

Once they turned the location of the women and children over to Steph, who was their contact on the street, Jason rushed to the bathroom and took a long shower while Dick was just staring blankly at the wall.

“I never hated anyone this much in my life,” Dick said once Jason came out of the shower.

Jason put his arms around Dick and Dick hugged him back hard. He inhaled Jason’s scent: water, soap and that pure Jason smell underneath it all.

“I don’t like feeling like this, Jay.”

“I know, Dick,” Jason said.

“The poor women… how many children did they have from men they hated? How many children were they allowed to keep?” Dick looked up at Jason. He could feel his tears running hot down his cheeks.

“I don’t know, but I do know that it won’t happen again to them, Dick. Because we will stop it.”

“I want to hurt someone, Jay.”

“Suit up then,” Jason replied, “Because I want to hurt those scumbags too.”

Dick looked up at Jason and smiled. He was pretty sure it wasn’t a nice smile. He didn’t care. His smile was reflected on Jason’s face after all.

“You and me?”

“We take Diggle,” Jason said.

Dick nodded. “Yeah.”

~+~

To Dick’s surprise Bruce let them go with only Diggle. The rest of Team Arrow was going to take out that camp in the woods with Damian’s help, while Tim and Felicity were stealing money from Blackwell and destroying all his investments as best they could.

Bruce and John were going after Blackwell.

It was safer that way, Dick knew, and Jason was too angry by what they had seen and heard from the woman to think about anything other than hurting the guards and rescuing the children.
Dick punched, kicked, and broke bones and he didn’t care. It was probably unnecessarily brutal, but he, Diggle and Jason agreed that these man were scum and they needed to hurt.

Once they made their way to the rooms where the women were held, Dick wanted to cry. Some of them were nursing babies, two were very pregnant. “We need a medic,” Dick said into the comm.

“Don’t worry, they will be there soon,” Felicity replied. Her voice was clipped and tight.

Dick knew they would send someone who knew about werewolves and their needs.

He, Diggle, and Jason helped the women outside and then he and Jason made their way to the rooms where the bigger children were kept, while Diggle stayed with the women. Some of them, Dick knew were probably missing persons cases. After all, Blackwell had no qualms about kidnapping.

The children were frightened and they had a hard time making the kids trust them.

Jason was really good with the kids, Dick noted, as they finally made it out of the underground bunker. There were medics already there. John too, in uniform, Dick noted.

“John,” Dick said.

John nodded, finished asking a woman questions and came over.

“What are you doing here?” Jason asked. He looked around, but Bruce nor the Batman were in sight.

“Some of these kids are surely missing, the department has to know. I’m coordinating with Captain Lance in Starling,” John said.

“But – Blackwell?” Jason asked.

“The Batman is on him,” John said.

Jason balled his hands to fists. “Where?”

“Jay-”

“Where?”

“Sending coordinates,” Tim’s voice said and Dick felt Jason relax.

John didn’t look too happy, but he didn’t try to stop them. There was no stopping Jason anyway, Dick knew. This was it and Jason would see it done this time.

Dick was right on his heels.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-Four

Thirty-Four

John ushered the last woman, or rather the girl she really was, into the waiting bus. She was barely of age and she was already with child. John cursed Blackwell under his breath. The man was truly a monster. This girl should be enjoying her teens and not be forced to give Blackwell her first born.

In the end, there were twenty-four children, eleven of them were missing cases that were now closed and soon to be reunited with their families. Sixteen women, more than half of them were pregnant or nursing. And there were seven infants who were held lovingly by their mothers.

And now because of their team’s efforts, they were free to live as they wished. Most of the faces seemed reluctant and unsure, but the hope in their eyes was there too.

John nodded at Diggle as he got on the bus too. He would stay with them and continue to coordinate with Captain Lance as they waited for final word. Most of the missing kids were from Starling. He watched as the bus pulled away, John’s job was done for now. And if need be, he could assist with taking down that bastard that caused all this pain and suffering... it still blew his mind that a pack leader could be so heartless and cruel.

It made him love his mate and pack leader even more.

John tapped his comm. “Cave, what’s the status? Is that bastard dealt with?”

“No, sending coordinates.” Tim replied sharply.

John tensed, no. No. He glanced at his watch and hissed. Jason and Dick had left almost an hour ago. They should have had Batman’s back, they should be done. They should be celebrating.

“Update.”

“Robin3 and Team Arrow are wrapping up the camp, but they’re too far away to lend a hand. Batman has gone offline…”

“Offline?” John inhaled as he switched on his sirens and raced toward the coordinates that Tim had sent him. “How long?”

“Just a few minutes,” Tim replied and John could hear the fear in his voice, they both knew that anything could have happened in those precious few minutes.

“Almost there,” John stated, his heart racing. “Any other intel?”

“Batman had the upper hand and then Blackwell’s lackeys suddenly appeared. I saw four men before the camera feed went down. That’s when I sent the coordinates to the Robins, they’ve been fighting since then-”

“We think, some of them may have shifted,” Felicity’s voice cut in. “There was howling in the background.”

“Shit.” John cursed, Batman was strong, agile, but against Blackwell as a wolf? John should have never left Bruce’s side... but Bruce had insisted that he was good, that John was needed elsewhere. And John had been, but dammit. He could have turned and helped there too.
He slammed on the brakes and skidded into a parking spot that didn’t really exist, but he really didn’t care. John looked around, but he didn’t see a damn thing. The road had ended and there was nothing but dense park woods.

Fuck.

He climbed out of the car and closed his eyes, concentrating on the sounds around him… the smells. It took him a moment, but he heard the commotion and locked in on their current location. John headed in the direction, the scent of blood growing stronger. He tensed as he came up upon a naked body, his throat was ripped to shreds and he had claw marks and bruises marring his skin.

He was one of Blackwell’s men, most likely he shifted back to his human form after he died.

This wasn’t good. This wasn’t good at all.

He advanced forward, he could hear growling and gnawing… wolves on wolves. John froze as he topped over the small hill. The scene before him was something out of a horror film. There were more bodies and he could see Jay and Dick in their wolf forms, each fighting off another wolf. It was gruesome to see. There were still a few wolves off to the side, tending to their wounds…

But where the fuck was Bruce? There wasn’t any sign of the Batman.

Suddenly, there was a howl that curled John’s blood. Blackwell.

John surged forward and came to a dead stop when he saw Blackwell. He was a massive white wolf, John would never forget him… his thoughts drifted back to the night that Blackwell had bit him, turned him.

Blackwell growled at him and John barred his teeth. Blackwell seemed to smirk at him and it took John a moment to realize that the Batman was underneath him, his claws were digging into the Batsuit. And he was gnawing at the neck and the cowl of the Batsuit.

John couldn’t tell if Bruce was even breathing. The weight alone must have been crushing. John felt a rush of panic, his mate was hurting, dying. John’s breathing hitched, his heart racing even faster. He needed to save Bruce, to help him.

Blackwell barked at him and then he made a huge show of clamping down around Batman’s neck. There was a sickening crack and before John even realized what he was doing he had pulled out his gun. His training kicked in, all he could see was a beast, killing the love of his life and he shot him in the head without a second’s thought.

Blackwell howled in distress and looked like he was about to charge John, so he shot him again and kept shooting until he dropped dead on top of Bruce.

It was almost anti-climactic. They had been searching and fighting Blackwell for so long… and now? John shook his head, focusing back on the most important thing in his life. Bruce.

John holstered his gun and rushed to Bruce’s side. He pushed Blackwell’s shifting form aside and his heart broke as he noticed how pale Bruce’s lips were. “Shit, shit.” His cowl was in pieces and there was a huge gash on his head. “Batman!” He cried out, but there was no response… Fuck.

At least he could tell now that Bruce was barely breathing. John quickly looked him over to see if there were any other injuries… if it was safe to move him. He didn’t see anything else, but Bruce was still bleeding profusely from his chest and head.
John wasted no time and picked up the Batman, half of his suit falling off him in tattered pieces. Dick and Jason were instantly by his side, protecting them as John carried Batman to his police car. But the other wolves didn’t move to attack… John had killed their leader and it seemed that they didn’t know what to do next.

At the moment, John didn’t care about the other wolves and he used all his strength to carry Bruce.

John carefully put Bruce in the back seat and looked to Jason and Dick, “Secure the scene.” He stated and they barked in return. “See you back at the cave.”

John tapped the comm as he started the car and the engine roared to life. “Tell the Medic he’s needed, Batman’s been hurt. I’m on my way back.”

~*~

Everything was a haze as he returned to the cave. The others rushed forward to help him transport Bruce to the med bay. John felt helpless as he watched on.

Alfred worked on him for almost an hour, he had bruises, claw marks, and abrasions. The worst was the apparent head injury.

Bruce was unresponsive, in a coma. If Bruce had been able to turn at will, he may have been able to avoid most of his injuries and healed faster. John squeezed Bruce’s hand. “Come back to me.” John urged and wiped at the tears in his eyes. John leaned in and kissed him, wanting so much to curl up with him and hold him close.

“John?”

John shook his head and smiled at Dick. He knew the others were waiting for him to be debriefed and updated on Bruce’s status. John nodded, taking one last look at Bruce and then glanced at Alfred.

“I won’t leave his side, Master John.”

John leaned in once more, kissing Bruce softly on his lips before he followed Dick out to the others. They were all waiting for him, they had all showered and were dressed in normal attire.

“How’s Father?” Damian asked, his voice was tinged with concern, his body tense. Tim and Steph were by his side, giving him the support he needed.

“Stable, but unconscious. He lost a lot of blood… if I hadn’t stopped Blackwell when I did. Bruce might not have made it.” John closed his eyes briefly, needing a calming breath before he could continue. Jason was immediately by his side, wrapping his arms around him and John leaned into him for a moment. Their pack bond was even stronger at the moment and John needed every ounce of that support right now.

Dick seemed to sense it too and he wrapped his arms around them both, they hugged and John felt renewed and ready to go on. John pulled away, letting them comfort each other.

“I can’t believe you shot him.” Roy commented. “You have that no killing rule.”

John shrugged. “That really doesn’t apply to me, I may be part of the team, but I’m a cop first… there was a danger and I acted.” He didn’t even know how he was going to explain all this to Gordon, but he’d worry about that later.
“I’m glad he shot him,” Jason added. “If John hadn’t, I’d have ripped him apart myself.” He hissed. “It’s one thing to be a monster, but there were children and women involved too. You should have seen how he treated them… made them live in that horrible bunker.”

John shuddered, he would never be able to forget. “It’s done.”

“Good riddance,” Damian spat.

“What about his pack?” Diggle questioned and John frowned.

“What about them?” John asked, slightly confused. “They’re free to go home, some had a home before all this-”

“And some didn’t.” Diggle pointed out. “By pack rules, they’re your pack now.”

John blinked at that. “Wait, what?”

“He’s right,” Tim nodded. “You killed the leader, so now his pack becomes yours… it’s basic pack rules. Some have already fled, happy to be free, but some are now just waiting. You have to step up as their pack leader or you have to appoint one.”

“Well shit.” John groaned, rubbing his neck. “I didn’t realize.”

“Right now those that wish to stay are being housed at St. Francis.” Tim explained. “Blackwell’s strongest supporters are dead. You’ll need to speak to the elders that remain to determine who should be appointed as pack leader. I’m assuming you don’t want to lead their pack?”

John nodded. “This is my pack and-” John tensed, realizing for the first time that Cassandra wasn’t there. “Where’s Cass?”

“Felicity is watching over her upstairs, Cass felt your distress and the last thing she needed was to see all this.” Oliver clarified. “Cass is good, Felicity was happy to play and comfort her.”

John sighed with relief. “Thank you,” he glanced over at team Arrow. “Thank you so much, for helping out and-”

“Master John,” Alfred cut in and John immediately turned to him. John tensed, afraid that the news may be bad. “Master Bruce is asking for you.”

“Thank, fucking, god.” John inhaled, ignoring Alfred’s and Tim’s reprimand for his use of language. He rolled his eyes and rushed past Alfred and headed into the med bay.

Bruce groaned as he stiffly turned his head, “John.”

“Bruce!” He gasped and crossed over to him, “How do you feel?”

Bruce grunted, squeezing John’s hand. “What happened?”

John sighed and told Bruce everything that had happened, what he did.

Bruce was silent in response.

“Bruce?” John questioned, his heart aching at the thought that Bruce didn’t agree with what he did… they both had known, the whole team knew that Blackwell needed to be killed. But it went against Batman’s number one rule. “Will you ever forgive me?”
“That was never in question, John.” Bruce stated, a small smile ghosting over his lips. “You did what had to be done. I support you, I love you.”

“Love you too,” John replied, kissing him and climbing into the bed with him. There wasn’t much space, but he needed this, and he knew that Bruce needed it too. To heal.

That’s what they needed now. They were safe, they were home. And Blackwell was history.

Everything else would fall into place.
Thirty-five

“I can't believe it's over,” Steph said, sitting down on the bed. “I mean...I wasn't even a part of this for so long, but-” she cut herself off and buried her face in her hands. “This man changed my life. He had my father killed, he-”

Tim and Damian shared a look.

“You alright?” Tim asked.

“No, I'm not. I saw the women...the girls. They were no older than me and pregnant.” She looked up at them. “He was a monster.”

“We aren't all like that, Steph,” Damian said, gently, but Tim could hear the slight tremor in his voice.

“I know that!” She said, getting up and pacing the bedroom. “I know that. You realize I can't go back to not being Spoiler, right? After what I've seen?”

“Yes,” Tim answered.

“Good,” she replied and then she grabbed a handful of Tim's shirt and pulled him in. The kiss was hard and demanding and a bit on the desperate side. “I love you.”

When they parted he took her face in his hands gently, stroked her cheek. “We love you too.”

“I can't keep up with you two like this, but I'm not ready to be...a werewolf,” she said, looking from Tim to Damian.

“It's alright,” Damian replied.

“I want however to be pack. Like Oliver Queen is,” Steph said.

Tim's heart was beating so fast and his cock was swelling with Steph's admission. She wanted to be with them and she wanted to be pack. It was a big turn on for Tim to be wanted.

“You sure?” Damian asked.

“I am. I’ve been thinking about it a lot, okay? A lot,” Steph replied. She held out her hand and Damian grabbed it, let her pull him to her. “And I want to be pack. This is where I belong. With you two.”

Damian kissed her then and Tim watched, his cock getting harder by the second. Steph's cast had been taken off a few days ago and there was really nothing to stop them this time from falling into bed together. Tim knew that the next case was just around the corner, because such was the life of a vigilante and crime never slept. And there was the other pack to deal with too, but this was their time in between and he intended to make the best of it.

“So...do you guys mate for life?” Steph asked as they parted.

“Kinda,” Tim replied, but he was distracted by her neck and couldn’t really resist pulling her in and licking it. She groaned.
“You're the oral fixated one, right?” Steph asked.

“It's a wolf thing,” Damian answered. He was striping out of his clothes and Tim and Steph stopped kissing and teasing each other to watch him get naked.

Tim loved watching Damian strip. In the beginning, he had been a bit shy about it, but now he was staring as Damian laid himself bare for them. He hadn't thought it would be such a turn on to have someone there who shared the appreciation for Damian’s body.

“We like to bite too,” Tim said. “But don't worry we will go gently on you.”

She pinched his ass. “Maybe I won't go easy on you. I like biting,” she confessed. Her cheeks were turning a delicate pink at the admission. Tim wanted to lick her all over, starting with the heat of her cheeks.

“You two should get naked too,” Damian said as he threw his sock on the floor and stood proud and erect in the middle of the room. Tim had the urge to get on his knees for him.

“Excellent idea,” Steph said and started stripping.

Tim crossed over to where Damian was standing and sank to his knees. “In a moment,” he said and grabbed Damian's cock firmly, stroking it twice and then leaning in. He didn't play around, just swallowed it down as far as he could.

“Oh, fuck,” Steph said. Her voice was breathy and aroused. They had all fooled around a bit in the last few days, but everyone was too stressed out to do anything fancy and languid. Damian's hands stroked Tim's neck and hair before he pulled Tim in a bit deeper. Tim opened up for him. He was aware of Steph watching them and then her naked feet on the floor and she was there, her fingers stroking his nape. “You have no idea how good you look like this,” she said.

Tim hummed. Damian groaned.

“He does,” Damian said. “If you keep that up I'm going to come.”

Tim sucked harder. He knew that Damian would be able to go again in a short time. He wanted to taste Damian at the back of his tongue. “Fuck,” Damian said and came, Tim sucked him through it and then sat back, looking up at Damian.

“Good?”

“As if you don't know it,” Damian replied.

“My turn then,” Steph said. Tim licked his lips. “I didn't mean- oh, hell,” she moaned as Tim turned and buried his face in her pussy. Her clit, Tim thought, was like a tiny cock and he licked and sucked on it like he did to Damian, it seemed to do the trick alright. She was hot and slick and tasted so differently from Damian, but still good. Soon she was shuddering and grabbing Tim's shoulders for support as her orgasm crashed over her.

“Tim...” she gasped.

He hummed against her pussy and she pushed him away gently. He wiped his chin and looked at her. “Good?”

She laughed. “Smug, aren't you?”
“Made you shiver and lose it, didn't I?” Tim asked.

“Maybe Damian and I should repay that favor,” Steph replied.

“If you feel so inclined,” Tim said.

“Get up and take your clothes off,” Steph said. Tim was all too happy to comply. He wanted to be naked with both his lovers, he wanted to rub all over them and feel their skin, the warmth of their flesh, the taste of their sweat.

“The bed, I think, would be good for this,” Damian said.

Tim nodded and got on it. Steph and Damian joined him just moments later and then they were kissing and touching and Tim was so hard it hurt.

“Okay,” Steph said, panting, “Okay…” she looked to Damian and Damian kissed her.

“You take his cock and I’ll take his pretty hole,” Damian said.

Tim moaned. This had been on his fantasy list for a while, and his cock twitched at Damian’s words. It took a little bit of maneuvering but soon Tim’s cock was engulfed by Stephanie’s hot mouth and Damian’s tongue was licking at his hole. He was shaking from it and glad Damian was holding him steady. Damian’s tongue felt so good inside him and Stephanie really knew what she was doing, cradling his balls in her hand gently. He didn’t know if he wanted to thrust inside her warm eager mouth or push back against Damian’s tongue to get it inside him deeper. He never wanted it to end.

“You know you can come, Tim,” Damian said, kissing his neck and then biting just hard enough that it made Tim groan. “We can do it all night long.”

He bit again and Tim came biting his lip. They collapsed onto the bed, sweaty, and sated.

“Well, fuck,” Steph said.

“Yeah,” Damian answered.

“Next time I wanna rim,” she said.

“Deal,” Damian replied.

Tim smiled.

It was a good day.

~+~

“My heart was beating so fucking fast when I passed Jay and Dick and they slipped the paper with the information into my hand. I was sure that Blackwell would somehow know, because he had my dad killed and all.”

“You weren't a threat, because Blackwell didn't see normal humans as a threat.”

“And then John shot him in his human form,” Steph said. “He didn't see that one coming.”

“No one saw that one coming,” Damian replied. “It never crossed our minds, because it isn't what we do. We don't use guns.”
“Well, Tim is very handy with one,” Steph said, sitting up so she was able to look at them. Her breasts were full and bare and Tim reached out to stroke them gently. She smirked. “He did win me my unicorn and all those cute bears and shit on our first date.”

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“Just because we don't approve of them, doesn't mean we don't know how to use them,” Tim said. “I started out before I was turned.”

“Just because we don't approve of them, doesn't mean we don't know how to use them,” Tim said. “I started out before I was turned.”

“To feel in control,” Steph said.

“Yes,” Tim replied. “And I...it's strange, but when I'm on the shooting range I feel calm and when I leave I leave it behind. I don't have a gun at home.”

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“You never told me about that part,” Damian said.

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“I wasn't sure you wanted to talk about it. I mean you never asked after our date with Steph,” Tim said.

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“To be honest, it slipped my mind. You fucked every thought out of my head that night.”

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“You guys suck. I had to get myself off with my fingers,” Steph sighed.

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Damian smiled. “We're going to make up for it.”

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She laughed.

She laughed.

It was good to hear it.

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“Many times,” Tim said.

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“I’ll hold you to it,” she replied and leaned down to kiss first Damian and then Tim. “What happens now?” She asked, snuggling between them again.

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“With the other pack you mean?” Damian asked.

“With the other pack you mean?” Damian asked.

“Yes.”

“Yes.”

Tim had been thinking about it too. Their pack was kinda a pack of misfits. The other pack had been ruled with an iron fist. Tim didn't think they would be a good match, but by werewolf law John was responsible for them now since he killed their leader.

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“Okay…so are all wolves that can turn at will alpha wolves by default?” Steph asked.

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It was nice to hear her ask questions about it. She wanted to know, because she wanted to be pack.

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“Oh, oh! Do you guys going into heat?” She looked from Damian to Tim with wide eyes.

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“No heat cycles,” Damian said. “We’re not animals.”

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“I didn’t mean-” Steph said, but Damian silenced her with a kiss.

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“I know,” he replied when they came up for air. “You’re just curious.”

“I know,” he replied when they came up for air. “You’re just curious.”

“Yeah, so no heat…okay.”

“Yeah, so no heat…okay.”

“Why? You like the idea of us fucking for hours?” Tim teased.
She blushed, which was adorable. “Yeah, kinda…”

“It can be arranged,” Damian said.

“You guys are into roleplaying aren’t you?” She asked.

“We dress in fancy costumes to beat up bad guys, as do you, I’d say hell yes,” Tim answered.

“This is going to be awesome guys,” she said.

Tim had to agree with her.

~+~

“What happens now to that other pack?” Dick asked as they came down for breakfast. Everyone had slept in, Tim figured. And he was sure that he, Damian, and Steph weren’t the only ones who had been celebrating with a lot of sex last night.

Dick and Roy were positively glowing.

John shook his head. “I have no idea. We can’t have them live on the grounds. I don’t think most of them know that Bruce is the Batman, but-” he cut himself off.

Tim took a seat between Damian and Jason.

“You don’t have to decide right now,” Damian said. “Maybe we can discuss it once Father is well again.”

“I didn’t think what it would mean to kill him,” John admitted. “I didn’t think, I just did it. I was on duty, yes, but I didn’t call it in…I’m sure Gordon will have my back, but there will be a hearing.”

“Captain Lance will back you up,” Oliver said.

“Thank you,” John replied.

“We will figure it out,” Dick said. “It’s going to be alright.”

“I know,” John said. He smiled. “The worst is over. He’s gone. Everyone is safe. We’re fine.”

“We are,” Jason replied.

“Let’s table this then,” Roy said. “But you know some of them can come to Starling. It’s a good city for wolves. There are good packs there.”

“Or Central City,” Oliver cut in.

“When are we going to meet the Flash?” Steph asked.

“Flash!” Cass said excited.

“Exactly, little girl, exactly.” Steph laughed.

Cass handed Steph a piece of broccoli. Tim was sure Alfred had made it to cheer her up, because Cass had been distraught by John’s distress last night. It worked like a charm.

Tim looked at them all. His family and his lovers and felt his heart swell with love and pride. He finally knew where he belonged and what he wanted. He had been thinking about telling his
parents that he was a werewolf but now he knew that he would never do it. He knew his parents loved him and would probably accept it like they accepted first Damian and then Steph as Tim’s lovers, but it would endanger them. It would change their worldview too. They would be afraid for Tim, would be afraid of the things that could be lurking in the dark and he didn’t want such a life for them. He wanted them to be happy like he was.

“You’re smiling,” Damian whispered.

Tim kissed his cheek. “I’m happy.”

“It’s a good look on you,” Damian replied.

Tim nodded and started to pile food on his plate. He was going to enjoy this and then he would ask Roy if he wanted to look for Blackwell’s Index pages.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-Six

Thirty-six

Bruce growled, waking up with a start. His body was flush, his chest feeling tight… he couldn’t breathe. He could still feel the massive weight on his chest.

“Bruce?”

Bruce shook his head, unable to catch his breath.

“Hey, it’s okay.” John hummed into his ear as he wrapped his arms around Bruce. “I’m here.” John reassured him, rubbing the back of Bruce’s back. “Breathe with me.” He instructed as he breathed in and out.

Bruce closed his eyes, focusing on his lover’s breath tickling his face and he breathed with him until the crushing weight was no longer there. It had been a few nights, but he hadn’t been able to shake the nightmare and paralyzing feeling that the encounter with Blackwell left on him.

“Yeah, like that.” John smiled against his neck, his lips brushing a soft kiss on Bruce’s skin.

“Wanna talk about it?”

Bruce groaned, lying back down.

John sighed, but he didn’t push him and for that, Bruce was grateful. “Love you,” John whispered as he curled around him, careful not to brush against the bandages on his chest. “How do you feel?”

“Tt.”

John snorted, shaking his head. “Now, I know where your son gets it from.” He teased lightly. “But don’t you go teaching that to Cass.”

Bruce couldn’t help but chuckle at that comment. It was more like he learned that from his son and not the other way around. He glanced over their bed and was surprised that Cassandra hadn’t snuck in. She had been sleeping with them since Bruce had been moved from the med bay to their bedroom. And he was even more surprised that the rest of the pack hadn’t tried to join them as well; although, everyone had made some sort of excuse to come check up on him.

“Bruce?”

“I’ll heal,” he reluctantly replied, brushing his hand over his bandages. The claw marks were too deep and would take more time to heal. His bruises on the other hand had faded, but he was still sore and he tired easily from the blood loss. “I wasn’t able to turn like you and the boys, otherwise I’d be fully healed by now.”

“True,” John nodded. “Tomorrow’s the full moon.”

Bruce hadn’t realized, usually he could feel it deep in his bones, but his injuries had overwhelmed his senses.

“And we still need to talk about Blackwell’s pack.”

Bruce sighed, he had been dreading this talk. He didn’t want to incorporate them into their pack.
“There’s nothing to talk about, John. I don’t-”

“Bruce,” John groaned. “You’re not even giving them a chance. Since you weren’t able to meet with the elders…”

“There’s no need for me to meet with them, I didn’t kill their leader. You did.” Bruce snapped. Tim had filled him in on the pack rules and etiquette that Bruce wasn’t familiar with. Being a pack leader was never what he had set out to do... it just had happened and evolved. He grew with his family. His pack was his family and he was very protective of them. And he didn’t want any of Blackwell’s followers to be a part of their family.

John growled, pulling away. “Yeah, that was me. Protecting your ass. It’s not like I set out to kill him... I just. Fuck, Bruce. You said you were okay with this.”

Bruce grumbled. “Language.”

“Fuck you.” John snipped as he pulled away and got out of bed. “I can’t do this right now. I have to get ready for my meeting with Gordon.”

Bruce flinched slightly, he didn’t mean to start a fight and cause his mate anymore distress. Bruce sighed as he sat up and managed to sit on the side of the bed. He knew that John was concerned with the ramifications that all this had on his job. “You know it’ll be fine. Gordon thinks of you as a son.”

“I know,” John whispered and he reluctantly turned back to Bruce. “It still looks bad, I didn’t call it in and I didn’t stay at the scene of the crime.”

Bruce reached out to him and tugged John into his arms. “You were protecting the Batman. He’ll understand.”

“I just don’t know how to explain it all. Those bite and claw marks are a little hard to justify. He doesn’t know about us.” John pressed his face against Bruce’s neck and Bruce moaned when John bit his neck. He was drawing on the strength of their bond.

Bruce closed his eyes and then tilted John’s chin and kissed him softly. “Then tell him.”

John blinked, his eyes widening in shock. “Just like that?”

Bruce nodded. He had considered it a possibility and he was pretty sure that Gordon had suspected something otherworldly. “He’s kept our identities a secret thus far and he’s always been supportive of our causes. He’s earned the truth.”

“You’re sure?” The relief was written all over John’s face. “I’ve wanted to tell him for so long.”

“Yes.”

John threw his arms around Bruce’s neck and kissed him, “You’re amazing, you know that?”

Bruce chuckled, not feeling up to the praise. “Yeah.”

John grinned. “Love you.”

“Love you, too.”

John pulled away once more and started to get dressed. “So Blackwell’s pack?”
“Yes?” Bruce acknowledged, knowing they had to talk about it even though he didn’t want to.

“Well, most of them have moved on, but there is still a small pack left that had nowhere to go.” John explained as he pulled on his work shirt and turned back to him. “They’re settling in Gotham and I appointed Andrew as leader. He’s the oldest and an Alpha wolf, but he’s not much older than me… and well, I’m kinda worried about them.”

Bruce sighed, not sure what he could even offer the new pack. “What would you have me do, John?”

“I just want to be there for them, if they need anything. Felicity was able to set up a trust fund for them and the others that wanted a free life from the money they took from Blackwell. So they should be good on that front and Tim was able to work his magic and give them the credentials they needed to start new.”

“But?”

“They have no one else, I just want to be their backup, I guess. I just want to offer them a place to come if they need it. A sanctuary.”

Bruce considered John’s request. He understood why John wanted to do this… it was who John was after all. “Very well.”

John smiled. “Thank you.”

~*~

Dinner was a lively affair, everyone was in good spirits. The threat that had been looming over them was gone.

“Man, I really miss our Arrow counterparts. Wish they could have stayed a bit longer.” Jason sighed as he took a sip of his drink. “We so have to meet up again when there is no one trying to kill us.”

“I agree.” Dick nodded. “And I think we should all take a trip to Central City for a little break, take in the sites.”

“Flash!” Cassandra grinned.

“Exactly,” Jason smirked.

“I’m sure we can do something like that.” Bruce smiled. “And now that everything has settled. Have you two decided what you’ll be doing with those degrees of yours?”

Jason shrugged. “I dunno, we’ve not really talked about it. We’ve been too busy celebrating.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head as Dick flushed. “You should start thinking about it.”

“I’m sure Gordon can help you figure it out as well.” John added, reaching out and squeezing Bruce’s hand. “We can always use more help at the station.”

“We will.” Dick nodded.

Bruce smiled, turning his attention to his son and his mates. “Damian, Tim, have you given any thought about where you want to go to college?”
Damian glanced at Stephanie. “We’re still working out the details.”

And by details, Bruce knew that it mainly applied to Stephanie and where she fell into their plans. Stephanie’s place in their pack was still relatively new and for his son’s sake, he hoped that she was sure of her decision to stay. The big test would be tomorrow night, the full moon.

She may have accepted who they were, but she’s never seen them in their wolf forms.

“Very well.” Bruce nodded.

“I go to school?” Cassandra asked, looking between him and John.

“Would you like that?” John questioned and she nodded.

They had discussed it at one point, but they had known at the time that she couldn’t handle it, but now that may be more of a possibility. She had advanced so much since she had come to live with them. Her language skills were still not up to par for her age, but she was doing so much better.

“Then you can go to school too.” Bruce smiled and Cassandra clapped her hands in glee.

~*~

“Today has been a good day,” John commented as they got ready for bed.

“It would be even better if I was able to patrol.” Bruce grumbled and John chuckled.

“You’re benched until after the full moon and you’re fully healed.” John wrapped his arms around him and pulled him close, kissing him. “So you’re all mine for the night.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes,” John grinned.

Bruce smiled, not minding that all. “I gather the talk with Gordon went well.”

“Yeah,” John nodded. “He took it well, all things considering. He tried to play off, but he was pretty shocked about it. Although, he wasn’t at all as surprised as I thought he’d be. He must have suspected.”

“And he’ll have your back?”

John nodded again. “Yes.”

“Good.” Bruce stated as he sat down on the bed, already feeling drained from the evening’s events.

“And, um, there’s something else I kinda want to talk to you about.” John began as he joined him on the bed. “There’s a woman, her name is Caitlyn.”

Bruce raised a brow, studying his mate. “And?”

“She um, she’s a part of the pack that is staying here in Gotham.” John quickly added. “She offered, well. She’s a pureblood and she’s so grateful that we saved her…”

“She’s offered to be a surrogate.” Bruce concluded.

John sighed with relief, nodding his head. “Yes, and I know we talked about it before everything
happened. And you said you’d think about it. I know since then we’ve brought Cass in and god, I love her with all my heart, but I would love to have a child by blood too. But only if you agree.”

Bruce felt a flash of jealousy at the thought of John being with this woman, that he really didn’t know what to say.

“Oh, no.” John shook his head, “I’m not going to have sex with her or anything.”

“I see.”

“So, what do you think?”

“I’m open to the idea,” Bruce began. “But I’ll need to meet her and check out her background.”

John grinned. “Done and done.” John pushed Bruce back onto the bed and straddled him, careful not to put any weight on his chest. “I love you.”

“Love you,” Bruce replied, “But you’re in charge of the dirty diapers.”

John laughed. “We can afford a nanny.”

Bruce snorted, shaking his head. But the happiness that John radiated was enough for Bruce to say yes. He’d do anything for John and his family. His pack. They had been through so much… they deserved this happiness. He wanted to give them the world.
Part Three: Chapter Thirty-Seven

Thirty-seven

Damian was nervous as hell. He didn’t remember ever being his nervous before a full moon.

“You okay?” Tim asked.

“Sure, yeah,” Damian answered. He was okay. Everything was fine. They were safe, the world was still turning, Steph wanted to be pack and Father wasn’t making it difficult. Everything was just peachy.

“You kinda don’t smell okay,” Tim said, with a look at Damian. “You smell like you want to run and hide in a bush.”

Damian shot him a glare. “I do not.”

“Yeah…you do,” Tim replied, he pulled Damian close by the wrist and kissed him softly. “It’s gonna be fine.”

“She freaked out the last time,” Damian pointed out. “And that was Cass, she’s tiny, Tim.”

“She was surprised, she knows now. It will be fine,” Tim assured him.

Damian wanted so badly to believe him. He couldn’t stand the thought of his lover being afraid of him. They still had a few hours until the full moon, but Damian could already feel it in his bones. And Tim’s scent was so much sharper, he wanted to eat Tim up. Wanted to hunt him down and push him into the grass and take him hard and fast and bite his neck to make sure that Tim knew he was Damian’s. And he wanted to do this to Steph too, but that wasn’t going to happen.

Tim kissed him again, this time hard and demanding like he knew what Damian was thinking. He probably did.

“So…” Steph said from the door, she was holding a half-eaten sandwich in one hand and there was French dressing on her lip. Damian wanted to lick her. “Full moon tonight.”

“Yes,” Damian said.

“How does it work?”

Damian blinked. “Excuse me?”

She rolled her eyes, licked her lip. “How does it work? I was never here for it before, so what do I do? Can I even be there?”

“You’re pack, of course you can be there,” Tim said.

“Okay, I wasn’t sure. So how does it work?”

“Usually we get naked and then shift and run around the manor grounds. We play and then do other things.” Damian answered.

“Other things? Like fucking?” Steph asked.
“Yeah,” Tim said.

“Will it be okay for me to be there while you change? I mean will the others be okay with me watching them? Being naked and all?”

Damian hadn’t thought about it, to be honest. It never was an issue because they were all pack. But Steph was new to this and –“Maybe, I’ll better ask.”

“Not that I would be opposed to seeing all these gorgeous men naked or anything,” Stephanie said with a grin.

“You are the worst,” Tim replied.

“Hey, you will be the ones who will fuck and I will be on the sidelines. Benched so to speak, I think it’s only fair that I get my kicks where I can.”

“She has a point,” Tim said.

“I don’t like it,” Damian replied. And he realized he didn’t. He didn’t want her to be staring at men and maybe thinking about them while she got herself off. He shook his head. That was the wolf in him. Possessive and single minded.

She blinked. “Okay?”

“Don’t mind him,” Tim said. “We’re all a bit crazy and feral around the full moon. The animal side is stronger then. Feelings more intense.”

“Ah,” Steph said, biting her lip. “I bet the sex is amazing?”

“It is,” Tim said.

“Damn,” she replied.

Damian took a breath. She smelled like she wanted to be fucked right now. Damian wasn’t sure he should. He was a bit afraid of hurting her. Of going too far, taking her too hard. Tim was right after all, they were all a lot more feral on the night of the full moon.

“We should maybe ask Bruce if it’s okay for you to watch them turn too,” Tim said.

“Yes,” Damian agreed. “You two do that.”

Tim gave him a look, but didn’t argue. He offered Steph his arm and she smiled as she took it.

Damian could breathe easier and think straighter once he was alone again. Having Tim around ready and horny and wild was bad enough, but having Steph there too was nearly unbearable.

He sat down on the bed and just breathed. Maybe he should have asked Roy for pointers after all.

~+~

Cass was shifting between human and wolf all day, because she was just so excited about being able to run with her pack. All of them, Damian knew. Right now she was lying curled up on his lap in her wolf form.

“She’s just so adorable,” Steph said.
Cass cocked her head at Steph and then made a happy noise.

“You don’t seem freaked out,” Damian observed.

She shrugged. “I had some time to think and...you know once the shock wears off and you accept the possibility of something supernatural, I think it falls into place. This is the world I’m living in now. What can I do?”

“Amnesia pill?” Damian asked.

She looked at him. “Is there such a thing? Are you messing with me, lover?”

Lover, Damian thought, had a really nice ring to it. “Maybe I am. How did it go with Father?”

“He and John are fine with me being there, but they like to be alone when they shift, guess that’s kinda their thing. And Dick and Jason are totally fine with me watching the whole thing. Dick is kind of an exhibitionist isn’t he?” Steph asked.

“He likes to show off, but he wouldn’t if you weren’t pack, Stephanie.”

“It’s strange, but I feel all warm and fuzzy when you guys refer to me as pack,” Steph said, sitting down on the couch next to Damian. She let her fingers rest on Cass soft fur and Cass gave a content sigh.

“It’s good you feel that way,” Damian replied.

“For a long time it was only me and my mom and she was working so hard, you know? Because dad didn’t pay child support, how could he? Being in jail half my life. And mom and I tried to be a family, you know? We really did, but once I started being Spoiler half my life had to be kept a secret. And now I have you and you know me.”

“Steph-”

“No, let me. What I’m trying to say is, I don’t know if we’re gonna last, because let’s face it we’re pretty young, but I hope I can always be pack.”

“Of course you will always be pack, Steph,” Dick said from the door.

Damian had known he was standing there, but he hadn’t felt the need to stop Steph from saying what she needed to say.

“Jesus, you guys are like fucking cats,” Steph said, turning to look at Dick.

Cass growled playfully and then jumped up and ran to Dick, who caught her effortlessly.

“Don’t swear in front of my baby girl, we don’t want her to develop any bad habits,” Dick said mock stern.

“If she develops any bad habits that will hardly be my fault, I am the picture of a freaking lady, Dick,” Steph said.

Dick laughed. “So, you ready for tonight?”

She shrugged. “As ready as I can be, I guess? It helps that Cass is shifting back and forth. But she’s pretty small and cuddly.”
“Tim is small and cuddly too,” Dick said. “He is the cutest male wolf I’ve ever seen, don’t tell Jay.”

“I don’t think Jay wants to be called cute anyway,” Damian cut in.

Dick smiled. “You’re probably right.” He let Cass down and she darted away in pursuit of god only knew what. Damian envied her sometimes they joy and freedom. He never had that as a child. “It’s going to be fine, Steph. You don’t have to be afraid.”

“I’m not,” Steph said, “Just nervous I guess.” She licked her lips. “It might help to see one of you shift beforehand…”

“Nice try,” Damian said, curling his fingers around her neck and pulling her close.

She grinned and kissed him.

Dick chuckled as he left the living room.

~+~

Damian could feel the shift in his bones. His skin was on fire and the need to be outside was overwhelming.

“It’s time,” he said to Stephanie.

“Ohay,” she grabbed his hand and they made their way to the garden.

Cass was already in her wolf form as were Dick and Jason.

“Damn, missed it,” Steph joked. But Damian could feel her pulse beating faster under his fingertips. He kissed her and then stepped back, started to strip, knew that Tim was doing the same.

“Does it hurt?” Steph asked.

“No,” Damian replied and then he was on his hands and knees and the shift coming over him. It was over in a few minutes. He looked up at Steph. She looked down at him. Tim trotted to his side, brushed against Damian’s fur. It felt nice.

“Can I touch you?” she asked. Damian nodded and Steph ran her fingers over his ear and then his snout. “You feel soft too.”

Father howled as he and John joined them and Dick and Jay answered. Damian was torn between wanting to run and wanting to stay with Steph. Tim nudged him, licked his snot, bit his ear playfully. Damian growled playfully.

“Go on then, run,” Steph said. “I’ll be here when you guys come back and you better have enough energy left to make good on your promise.”

Tim licked her hand and Damian nodded and then they were running. Damian was chasing Dick and Jason and nearly had them when Cass nipped his tail. He growled and pushed her into the soft earth, bit her neck gently before he let her wriggle out and run away. Tim attacked out of nowhere, barreling into Damian’s side. They fought for dominance for a while until Tim gave in and presented himself to Damian. Damian bit his neck hard as he entered Tim. Tim howled.

Damian felt sheer uncomplicated animal lust and knew that Tim was enjoying it too. They always fucked rougher like this, once a month they just let go and it was liberating and a little bit
intoxicating.

Usually once they were done and spent, they curled up together and took a nap, but this time Tim got on his feet a bit shakily (and Damian delighted in that, after all he made Tim lose all his composure ) and made his way back to where Steph was sitting on a bench, cradling a mug of tea.

Damian approved of this. They lay down at her feet and she put the mug down to run her hands through their fur.

“You two,” she said, but there was love, affection and awe in her voice. Damian had a really good feeling about this whole thing. And once he was in his human form again, he would carry her into the bedroom and make good on his promise.
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Epilogue

Months had flown by and things were really good; really, really good. Jason smirked, sweat rolling down his spine as he thrust in once more.

“Jay!” Dick cried out, shuddering as his orgasm washed over him and he clamped down around Jason’s length.

Jason moaned, biting Dick’s neck hard and fueling their bond even more. The sensations flooding his body pushed him over the edge and he too was crying out his release. “Fuck.” He grunted, collapsing against Dick and just holding him close.

Dick sighed happily, turning and kissing Jason. “I’m gonna be so late! You’re an evil, evil man.”

Jason chuckled. “Just wanted you to think of me all day, rookie.”

Dick smiled brightly. “Yeah.”

“Gordon loves you, John loves you. And you’re the best damn rookie cop the Gotham P.D. has ever seen.” Jason pointed out, knowing it was all true. “You’re golden.”

Dick's cheeks flushed at the compliment. “I still want to make a good impression. Bullock hates me… and I can’t really afford any enemies, I’m a rookie cop after all.”

Jason scoffed. “You’ll make detective in no time.”

“Maybe,” Dick smiled almost wistfully, Jason knew that was Dick's dream. And Jason would do anything to help him achieve it.

He kissed Dick hard and a bit dirty. “Okay,” he pulled back. “You’re free to go.”

Dick gasped. “Dirty bastard.”

“Love you too.” He grinned and Dick smacked him on the arm. “Go, before I handcuff you to the bed.” He teased lightly as Dick’s eyes darkened and Jason could smell how horny he was. Jason groaned, wanting to do just that. It was a newly discovered kink that Jason had every intention in exploring.

“Fuck you.” Dick grumbled, forcing himself to get off the bed and head into the bathroom.

“Promises, promises.”

Jason lazily stroked his cock as he watched Dick get ready for work. Dick looked damn good in uniform.

“You’re being horribly distracting.” Dick huffed, glaring over at Jason.

“What can I say? I love a man in uniform.”
Dick flushed at the compliment and Jason tugged on his tie and pulled him closer to the bed. “Jay,” he whined playfully.

“Yeah?” He smiled and kissed Dick once more. He only let him go when there was a knock at their door. John, no doubt. He had promised to pick Dick up on his way out. So they could drive to the station together.

“I hate you so much right now.” He groaned, adjusting his pants and no doubt willing his erection away.

Jason smirked, smacking Dick on the ass as he turned away. “Have a good day at work, Honey.”

Dick gave him the finger and Jason laughed, following Dick down the stairs.

Jason grabbed Dick and pulled him close, before Dick had a chance to fully open the front door. “Love you, Officer Grayson.”

“Love you, too.” He smiled, leaning into Jason and kissing him once more. “Call me later, after the meeting. I wanna hear everything.”

Jason nodded, his stomach fluttering slightly at the thought. Today was his big meeting with Wayne’s people. Bruce said it was just a technicality, but he was nervous that they wouldn’t see his plan as beneficial and not give him the loan he needed. Bruce could have easily given him the money, but he wanted to do this the right way, he wanted to earn it. Earn this. “Yeah.”

“You might want to dress for success,” John teased from the door.

“Yeah,” Dick grinned. “Oh, you have to wear that one suit? The blue pinstripe, yeah. You look so damn good in it.”

Jason chuckled, he knew exactly which one Dick was talking about. “I don’t need to seduce them.”

“Couldn’t hurt,” Dick winked and then pulled away as John nagged for him to get a move on it. “Later.”

“Later.” Jason nodded.

~*~

Jason startled slightly as he heard whistling in the air and he smirked as he glanced over to see Tim. He knew he looked good. He smirked, pouring himself a cup of coffee. “Slumming?” He teased, running his hand down his suit and crossing over to the table with his coffee in hand. “Or just starving and wanted to raid the fridge?”

“You have no idea how smart you two were to stick close to the manor, cause the food choices are horrendous on campus. Alfred spoiled us rotten.” Tim crossed over to him and moaned. “Waffles?” He sat down and grabbed one, “You’re not going to eat all this are you? I’m starving.”

Jason chuckled. “Eat up. Alfred made plenty, he said I needed to be well fed for my meeting today.”

“Is that today?” Tim smiled. “You’ll rock it. It’s a great business plan and you know, if you need any help I’m good with computers.”

“I may take you up on that.” Jason nodded. Tim would be a great asset and one that he’ll use in the
future. “But I need a business first.”

“Good plan.” Tim agreed as he wolfed down a waffle and started on another.

“So what are you doing here?” Jason questioned, studying him. “Dorm life not up to par?”

“We wanted to move out and try the whole college thing, but I’m not sure it’s really us. Especially, since we can hear half the dorm masturbating on any given night, morning, hour. Ugh.” Tim groaned. “You think Bruce would be mad if we bail on the dorm and move back in or something?”


Tim blinked. “What? You were betting on us?”

Jason chuckled. “Yep. But I gave you the full semester before you’d cave. Bruce already has a safe house near campus with roof access and top security for you two set up and ready to go.”

“He does? Why didn’t he say anything to us?”

“Cause, you two needed to decide what you two wanted to do. You had to try out living in the dorms, ya know? Dick and I thought about all our options, but we needed a place to run and being here was safer for us. So that’s why we checked out the old cottage and set it up for us to live.”

“But we don’t need that… we’ll come here on the full moon.” Tim mused out loud. “I hear you. I’ll talk to Damian, but I think we’ll move to the safe house. It’ll be such a relief and maybe we could actually sleep in peace.”

Jason nodded. “What about Steph?”

Tim smiled. “She’s loving the dorm life, but she can’t hear everyone getting off… but I’m sure she’ll spend her weekends with us.”

“I bet,” Jason chuckled as he glanced at his watch. “I gotta go. Catch you later.”

“Good luck!” Tim called after him.

“Thanks,” Jason sighed. He really needed it.

~*~

Jason sighed in relief.

“It wasn’t that bad, was it?” Bruce chuckled as he rounded the table.

“You have no idea!” Jason gasped. “I was picturing something so much worse. Not you and a little old man.”

“Mister Pearson would take offense to that comment.” Bruce stated, “He’s been with the company for years. Like I said this was just a formality. You have an excellent plan written up. I’m very proud of you.”

Jason flushed slightly at the comment, feeling warm and content. “Thank you.”

“And I believe Alfred is fixing all your favorites tonight to celebrate.”

“To celebrate,” He smiled, “Wow, this is really happening, isn’t it?”
“Yes,” Bruce nodded.

“Shit, I need to call Dick.” Jason grabbed for his phone.

“Language.”

Jason rolled his eyes and dialed Dick’s number. “Hey, babe. I got it.”

~*~

Alfred went all out, the food was excellent and having the whole pack at the dinner table was even better. This was the beginning of a new start for him. They had all moved forward and now Jason could officially do that too.

Jason just took a moment to soak it all in. His family and pack.

Dick squeezed his hand, he was still in his uniform and Jason wanted to pounce on him and have another type of celebration.

John clicked his glass and stood up, “I know this celebration is for Jason.” He paused glancing lovingly at Bruce. “But we thought this would be the best time and place to announce that we’ll have a new addition to the family. We’re going to have a baby.”

There was stunned silence and then an outpouring of congratulations. They had known of course of Caitlyn’s offer and that John and Bruce were pursuing the idea… Jason was just happy that it had been agreed upon by both parties and she wanted to do this for them. It was sweet and maybe, just maybe, a few years down the line Dick and Jason could do the same.

“A sister?” Cassandra asked, looking at them expectantly.

“Maybe,” John shrugged, seemingly unsure. “We don’t find out until next week.”

“You kinda do need a sister,” Steph added in. “Even out the X’s and Y’s in this family.”

Damian snorted.

“What? It’s true. It’s just me and Cass. I think another girl would be perfect.” Steph smiled and Cass nodded her head in agreement.

“We don’t have a choice in the matter,” Bruce stated, squeezing John’s hand. “I’ll love our child.”

John smiled. “Yeah.” He leaned in and kissed Bruce, it was tender and loving and Jason almost felt guilty watching them. Almost.

“So does that mean you two will have a kid one day?” Steph asked, looking over at him and Dick.

“One day, after I have my PI business up and running and Dick becomes a detective. Yeah.” Jason smiled and Dick beamed at him. He knew this was what they had always discussed. One day.

Dick leaned in and kissed him. Jason returned it, he felt so good in this moment. Everything was good and they had a bright future ahead of them.

One day.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you, so much for reading our epic story! We loved writing this for you and we loved every comment and kudos in return! <3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!